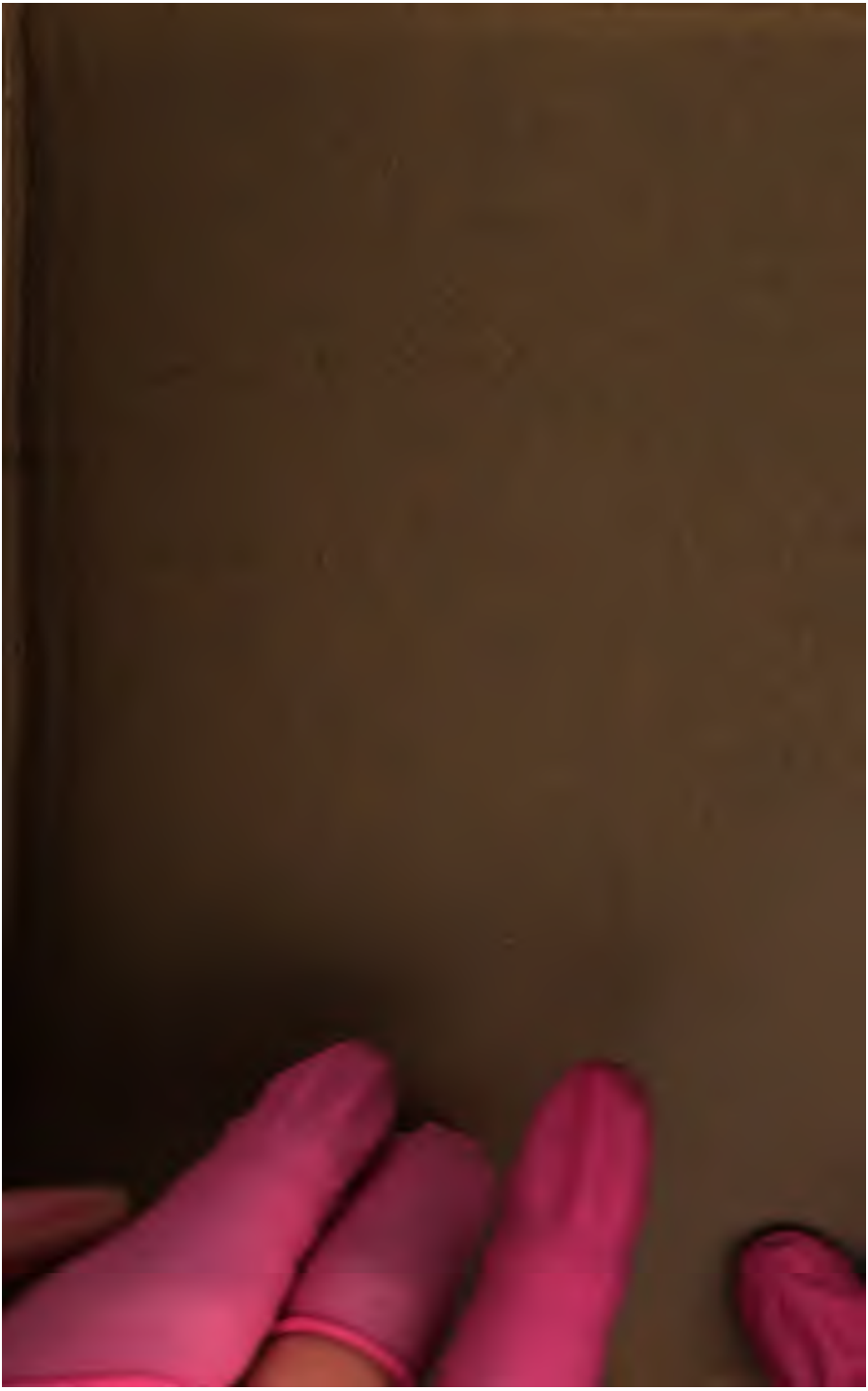

LADY ELINOR MORDAUNT.

EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY THOMAS CONSTABLE,

FOR

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LADY ELINOR MORDAUNT

OR

SUNBEAMS IN THE CASTLE.

BY

MARGARET MARIA GORDON,

AUTHOR OF "WORK, OR PLENTY TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT," "SUNBEAMS IN THE COTTAGE," "LEAVES OF HEALING," ETC., ETC.

"Art thou forgetful? Wouldest thou remember
From New Year's Day to the last of December?
Then read my fancies; they will stick like burs,
And may be to the helpless, comforters.
. . . Oh then, come hither!
And lay my book, thy head and heart together."

JOHN BUNYAN.

EDINBURGH:
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.
1860.

PREFACE.

In sending out another volume, the result of many years' interrupted work and thought, the Authoress would do so with many fears and doubts were its "popularity" her aim and object. A work of didactic fiction destitute of all artistic pretensions is likely to offend the serious, because it is "light,"—the gay, because it is "heavy,"—and the critic, because of its transgressions of the rules of art. She sends it forth, however, nothing fearing,—because she has endeavoured to say what she had to say in the form she believed most suitable, and most according to her ability; and casting it in faith and with prayer "upon the waters," she looks for a blessing "after many days."

PREFACE.

In sending out another volume, the result of many years' interrupted work and thought, the Authoress would do so with many fears and doubts were its "popularity" her aim and object. A work of didactic fiction destitute of all artistic pretensions is likely to offend the serious, because it is "light,"—the gay, because it is "heavy,"—and the critic, because of its transgressions of the rules of art. She sends it forth, however, nothing fearing,—because she has endeavoured to say what she had to say in the form she believed most suitable, and most according [illegible] ability; and casting it in faith and [illegible] yer "upon the waters," she looks for [illegible] r m[illegible] days."

The principal design of this Volume is to portray the progress of a mind educated in exclusiveness and ignorance, and the many influences which awake it to a sense of its social unhealthiness, of which, however, the grand and only cure must ever be the Gospel. Many other topics and evils are touched upon, and an attempt made to indicate the errors of various classes; but nothing has the writer had more at heart than the hope of even this feeble instrument being blessed by Him who alone *can* bless, to the impressing upon women of the upper ranks a sense of their vast responsibilities, as the holders of gifts and talents, of which they must soon give in their account.

PARKHILL, ABERDEEN,
December 14, 1860.

CONTENTS.

Lady Elinor Mordaunt

OR

SUNBEAMS IN THE CASTLE.

A

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted."—Ps. cxix. 71.

"True, it may seem a moment,
As though thou wert forgot,
As though He were unmindful
Of thy peculiar lot.
As though thy grief and anguish
Reached not th' Eternal Throne,
And thou wert left to languish
In sorrow and alone.

"But if, though much should grieve thee,
Thy faith shall ne'er have ceased,
Be sure He will relieve
When thou expect'st it least.
Then hail to thee, victorious!
Thou hast, and thou alone,
The honour, bright and glorious,
The conquest and the throne.

PAUL GERHARDT.

CHAPTER I.

THE CORNER HOUSE.

"Oh, the auld house, the auld house!
What though the rooms were wee;
Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee.

"The bairnies are a' scattered noo,
Some to the Indies gane,
And some, alas! to their lang hame;
Not here we'll meet again.

"Oh, the auld house, the auld house!
Lanely though it be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me."—LADY NAIRN.

"HESTER! Hester!" shouted Dr. Brown through the bay window of the Corner House, "Leslie North is coming on Tuesday!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the invalid within, sitting upright for the first time that day, her expression of pain changing into one radiant with delight. "Tell me all about it. Come in; *do* come in."

"The Norths don't go abroad till November,

and Leslie's coming to us for two months! Can't come in; everybody's wrong to-day, and expects to be put to rights. Good-bye!" And in another minute the old Scotch doctor of the old English village of Woodleigh Mordaunt, had darted into his Brougham with the activity of youth, and was off on a long professional round.

Hester Morris rang her hand-bell. She never liked to keep good news to herself.

"Oh, Susan!" she exclaimed to the thin, elderly waiting-maid, "who do you think is coming?"

"Yes, ma'am, I know. Sally, who's been in the sulks for a week, has stepped across all right to say that Miss Leslie's coming on Tuesday; and Flora's hard set at the cookery book, for new dumplings; and Barney's standing on his head in the back-green, for he says Miss Leslie will be sure to appreeshate him—that boy's just a dictionary, ma'am!"

"Won't she like the new sofa, Susan, and the new shelf of books? and think of hear-

ing Leslie sing again! It's a weary two years since we've had her!"

"Indeed, ma'am, Sally and Flora and me were just saying that Miss North had better stay altogether, when you and the Doctor are so fond on her. There's Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Yates, and Mr. Whiteford would all be proud if she looked the way they're in; and there's young Lord D'Arcy—but maybe he's too grand"—

"Nonsense, Susan," replied her mistress in sharper tones than she generally used in reply to the indulged old servant's confused maunderings; adding in an under tone, "As if anybody could be too grand for our Leslie!"

From that day till the eventful arrival there was an air of joyful expectation in the Corner House and its opposite neighbour; from drawing-room to kitchen, everything that was said and done had reference in some way or other to "Tuesday."

"Anybody would think that Leslie was a piece of perfection, to hear the way we talk of her," said Hester to Dr. Brown, laughing;

"yet the child is full of faults; and I'm sure I scold her from morning till night. Nobody can say that I spoil Leslie!"

"She takes it so winsomely; it's a pleasure to scold her!" answered Dr. Brown fondly.

"So it is," said Hester with emphasis.

What a pleasant old dwelling-place is that ivied Corner House of the principal street of Woodleigh Mordaunt! Quaint and charming is its little turret, popularly called the "Roundel," which forms the tiniest of book-rooms. It is seldom used now, for Hester cannot walk up stairs, but Leslie North is very fond of it, and it is again an inhabited room during her visits. On one side, the Corner House looks out on a fine avenue of lime trees—the pride of the village, which shade the picturesque ruins of an old chapel and unused grave-yard of ancient tombs, while beyond stretches a rich smiling country, watered by the quiet river Leigh, and bounded by low swelling hills, which in the dewy mornings and sunset evenings take every shade of lilac, purple,

and gold. Fantastic shapes, too, those hills assume when the mist falls on them, or dreamy eyes gaze out in the dim twilight. It used to be so very often long ago, for like many other old houses, the Corner House had worn many different aspects in its day, and had not always been the abode of a solitary invalid. Nobody looked out and dreamed and hoped, and smiled and wept, from those western windows now except Leslie North. Flora, indeed, the fat cook, and Susan the thin house-maid, who had been in the Morris family for twenty-seven years, looked out regularly when they aired the rooms; but no tales did the lime trees, and the ruins, and the distant hills, whisper to them. I believe that they were more communicative to Barney, the small Irish boy fresh from a ragged school, whom Miss Morris was training to be a tiger, or "a beast of prey in buttons," as he confidentially explained to Flora, greatly to her horror and dismay. Yes, Barney sometimes crept up to those pretty windows, and felt himself "grow

queer all over," to use his own phraseology, when the last evening glories faded and died away.

On the other side, the Corner House looked out into King Charles's Street, or King Street in modern brevity, which was full of odd gables, and quaint chimney-tops, and old beams of painted wood, conspicuous amongst which were those belonging to Dr. Brown's comfortable mansion. The entrance to the Corner House was from the street by a low, wide, arched passage, through which might be seen the velvet turf and rich sweet September flowers of the old-fashioned sheltered garden. Then if you ascended a few steps to the ivied porch, and traversed a broad matted passage, you would find yourself in Hester's sitting-room of many years, with its low invalid sofa, and its wide south window looking out upon the pleasant garden, and its books and vases of flowers, and few choice pictures and precious likenesses of friends. Well did Hester know and love every leaf and thread, and pattern and fea-

ture within those four walls; for, except to move slowly and gently to and from the adjoining chamber, which was her bedroom, she had rarely been without their range during ten years.

Hester, when a girl, had been remarkably shy—very silent, very grave, and with no pretension to beauty. Her pretty sister, and a family of merry cousins next door, all had lovers and proposals, but none came to Hester. She never expected any. However, one day a friend of the merry cousins came to pay them a long visit, seeking change of air, for he was in delicate health, and had studied too hard at Cambridge. First he took a great fancy to the Corner House garden, with its clipped hedges, and sun-dial, and old moss-house beneath the elm tree, and its path down to the quiet river-side. Then he took another strange fancy, which was to have Hester beside him in the garden, and among the meadows, and where the water plashed in the reedy nooks. She could not help being very glad and grateful, for few in those days

thought much of Hester. Then it became still stranger, for he discovered that shy Hester had sentiment and feeling, and wit and knowledge, when they could be wooed out of their violet-like retirement. Many an hour's reading of Milton and Wordsworth they had in the moss-house, or in Hester's own favourite "Roundel," and other books, too, of still higher meaning, of still deeper depths. Neither was the Book of Books forgotten between those two, for they were both seeking, and one had found—the one who was soonest to need their help—the riches of its hidden treasures. It was a strange courtship that of Walter Gower and Hester Morris! Nobody talked about it, or even thought of it, for the pretty sister and the merry cousins were accustomed to absorb all the admiration, and Walter talked and laughed more with them than with Hester, so they were quite satisfied. At last, Walter Gower was called abroad by family business of importance. No lover's word was said between them at parting, but both felt that

their two hearts had merged into one. He promised to write, and to come back soon. He did neither. But Hester read, "Died suddenly at Ostend, from heart-complaint, on his way to England, Walter Gower, aged twenty-nine." She wondered at the strange thing which had come to her; and her spirit was agonized with a great agony. She never knew why he had not written. Perhaps the letter was lost; perhaps he was too ill; but Hester trusted with the sure trust, which is as good as knowledge, that he had not forgotten her, and thus was spared the bitterest drop in life's cup of sorrow. Hester came forth from her great tribulation a changed woman. In that time of sorrow the Word of God had come to her as a reality, and all things had become new. Before, she had sought peace, but she had never found it. Before, she had tried to be saved in her own way, but now she took the "more excellent way." Before, she had wondered at and scorned the strange word "conversion," but now she acknowledged that the "change" was as great and

certain as light shining into thick darkness; as order emerging from wild chaos; as freedom coming to the ironed captive. God's Spirit has many ways of manifestation, and to her bleeding, bereaved heart the Saviour came gently as Friend and Elder Brother, first saving, and then comforting. In His finished work she found peace, which nothing could take away, and love which was all-sufficient, even for such a lonely, yearning heart as hers. The outward change showed itself speedily; the suffering as well as the cure had worked its appointed work. Every phase of life had new and more beautiful meanings. "What do they know who have not suffered?" There was more dignity, more just self-appreciation, more love, more capacity for action; an aim had arisen in her life —a goal to her journey, which had been wanting, even in her brief time of earthly happiness.

She might have married, but she never did; so after the dear father and mother died, and the brothers went to India, and the

pretty sister married and settled in the far West, and the cousins married too, Hester lived on in the Corner House alone. Next came a mysterious illness, and great agony of pain, which none of the doctors understood, so it was called neuralgia, and nothing did it any good; sometimes she was better, and sometimes she was worse, but almost always in pain, or in painful languor. I could not say that the ten years of such a life came and went without carrying with them much faithlessness, much struggle of heart, many almost hopeless tears when there were none to see, many wayward, nay, rebellious moods.

At first Hester thought that the terrible pain would either pass away quickly, and leave her free to carry out that growing capacity for action of which I have spoken, or that it would open the door wide into the blessed peopled home, where all love fully and work nobly. When she found that she was neither to die nor to recover, that was the time of her trial.

> "There is a secret in the ways of God,
> With His own children, which none others know,
> That sweetens all He does."

And Hester used often to say afterward, that though she had passed through the great change, yet she had required just such a course of training and teaching to bring her into the full liberty and rejoicing of those who have no will but the will of their God. Her will had been to live and work: her Father's will for her had been to live and wait. She came through this time of trial, however, supported by nothing but the great strength of her Saviour; and thus Hester's heart was set at leisure to swell and quiver with gratitude for all the blessings left to her: that dear old home; those simple-minded, attached old servants; Dr. Brown, her faithful friend from earliest years, pastor too as well as physician; and Leslie North, who, as child, girl, and woman, had been the joy of her heart, nursing her in illness, cheering her by those vividly graphic letters which nobody but Leslie knew how to write, and

even, by her very faults, turning Hester's thoughts from her pain and her despondency.

"So many blessings in heaven and earth," said Hester, "how shall I show my gratitude? not by doing great things as I once hoped, but by doing small things faithfully. Let me live and love." As love to God and man is like the sweet ointment which soon bewrayeth itself by sweetening all around, so it came to pass in this manner that Hester's love won others to love, and many were the hearts that thus learned to love the Corner House. Those in sorrow loved it, for no mother's sympathy was tenderer, few mothers' counsels so wise as Hester's. Those in gladness loved it, for Hester's pale, bright face grows ever the brighter when she hears of her neighbours' happiness. The young! Oh, how the young love it! especially on Saturdays, when they listen to "stories" from "Aunt Hester," as they all learn to call her, or romp in the old garden, or in the low odd-shaped rooms, where there is nothing to spoil, and where the mistress thereof dearly

loves a noise; "It really does my pain good, Susan," she would say apologetically. The poor loved those white, low steps, and that readily opened door. Hester could not go to seek them out herself, but she had many emissaries, while her cheerful giving heart, and her thoughtful head, were of as much use to her on her sofa, as if she were a strong woman. I must confess, however, that Dr. Brown never could get Hester cured of the bad habit of allowing herself to be cheated occasionally; indeed, he declared angrily, that he believed she liked it! Many were the lectures he gave her on the Poor Laws, and on the crime of encouraging beggars.

Others had still higher reasons for loving the Corner House. Hester's care for souls was greater than her care for bodies. Frankly and bravely did she speak, putting aside false shame and real timidity, as those speak who call the slumbering from the ruins of a falling house. Many said on earth, and doubtless many will say in heaven, "Hester Morris showed me the way to eternal life." One

class of persons loved the Corner House, who seldom are found within the range of an old maid's influence. The great sorrow of Hester's girlhood was scarcely sorrow now; but it had not withdrawn from her life its grave yet beneficent shadow; it had become one of those

> "Griefs which lie in the heart like treasures,
> Till time hath turned them to solemn pleasures."

Often on the sweet Sabbath, that "gleam of glory after six days' showers,"—or when the calm moonlight brings other spheres and other intelligences so very near us, Hester would murmur softly and yearningly "Walter, dear Walter! I shall see him soon." When, and how, and where she knew not, but joyfully and surely did she know that so it was to be! People often remarked that Hester never, even in jest, said a word in disparagement of the sterner sex. Tenderly and reverently she always judged them, greatly to the disapprobation of certain discontented wives and elderly maidens. Those who knew her best, knew that it was for the

sake of the dead lover of twenty years before. She had seen what man could be, and she loved to believe that there were many like "him." It may have been this very point in Hester's character, that drew to her so much cordial regard from those whom she thus trusted and defended. Many young men entering upon life, came to her for advice and sympathy; many in far away lands counted their friendship with Hester Morris as one of the few bright spots in their lives which would still look bright from the great clear mountains of eternity.

"I'm sure I wish all 'good ladies' were like Hester Morris," said Dr. Brown, "and I don't know why they are not. If only she understood the Poor Laws!"

Dr. Brown was right. Hester Morris was nothing that every woman "good" from the only right principle of goodness might not, and ought not to become, according to the varied circumstances of life.

CHAPTER II.

DR. BROWN'S BREAKFAST-TABLE.

"He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory: but he that seeketh his glory that sent him, the same is true, and no unrighteousness is in him.—JOHN vii. 18.

"But if greatness be so blind,
As to burst in towers of air;
Let it be with goodness lined,
That at least the fall be fair.

"Then, though darken'd, you shall say,
When friends fail, and princes frown;
Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at last a bed of down."[1]

"Oh! true nobilitie, and rightly graced,
With all the jewels that on thee depend,
Where goodnesse doth with greatnesse live embraced,
And outward styles on inward worth attend.

. . . . .

"Where ancestors' examples are perused,
Not in large tomes, or costly tombs alone;
But in their heires; and being dayly used,
Are like their robes more honourable grown."

WILLIAM BASSE.

As Dr. Brown looked from behind his newspaper one September morning, he thought that nothing could possibly be brighter than

[1] Part of an old poem addressed to Lord Bacon, when falling out of favour.—*Author unknown.*

his little breakfast-table, with the clear sunshine sparkling upon the snowy table-cloth, and white china, and silver urn. Now, for the last two years the same sun had shone through the same window, upon the same table; yet somehow it had looked quite different. The fire had burned dingily; Sally, the cross housekeeper and cook, had locked up the "best things;" the toast used to be black and the tea bitter, and above all—for the Doctor was not a man who thought much of these small externals,—there had been the lack of the moral sunshine that now flashed and beamed behind the tea-cups from the eyes of Leslie North, his darling niece. It was a week since "Tuesday," that day when Leslie had well-nigh extinguished dear, happy, Aunt Hester with the vehemence of her greetings; when she had danced and glanced into every old nook and corner of the Corner House, when she had rejoiced Flora's heart with a new cookery book, and Susan's with a "Lady's Companion," and, through the medium of an illustrated Pilgrim's Progress,

made friends with Barney, who decided on the spot that she was "an angel intirely, barrin' the wings." Since then she had stepped into her own old "niche," reading and singing to Aunt Hester, studying very hard and somewhat mysteriously in the little Roundel, scolding and laughing at cross old Sally, who made a point of going about the world like a thunder-storm, except when Leslie's bright face dispelled the clouds, and, as we have seen, making even the cups and saucers, and tea-spoons, and toast-rack, brighter and better in the eyes of Dr. Brown.

Most people said that "Miss North was just the same as ever;" so said the admiring servants, so said the blind woman and sick girl in the village, who were under Leslie's especial charge. Only one person said "our Leslie is not quite our own Leslie," and that was Aunt Hester in a private colloquy with Dr. Brown, who had replied indignantly, "It's all nonsense, — one of your silly fancies; she's identically the same, except perhaps a bit thinner and paler. I daresay

she 's bilious," added he with professional acumen. But Hester was not so easily satisfied. If the western windows and the Roundel walls could have spoken, I suspect they would have said the very same thing as Aunt Hester. Reserved by nature, Leslie North, like all growing and deepening characters, was more reserved year by year, so Hester said to herself, "Whatever it is, I must trust *for* her; it will all come right,—she is in better hands than mine."

"Now, Uncle George," said Leslie North, as she was pouring out the tea, "why don't you ask me what I thought of the people at the Castle last night?"

"Why don't I ask fire and water, or cats and dogs, what they think of each other?" answered the Doctor with a smile, but his expression changed as he added, "She's a fine creature though."

"Do you mean Lady Elinor Mordaunt, uncle?" was all that Leslie said, but it had rather a doubtful sound.

"Ay, ay, I knew how it would be," grumbled the Doctor; "the silly girl would be for showing off, and so your vanity has taken the pet!"

"Not a bit," answered Leslie, laughing; "though Lady Elinor certainly delivered me from 'the delusion of thinking myself interesting,' which Miss Keltie says,[1] is one of the greatest blessings that can be bestowed upon us! and I returned the benefit, for I thought Lady Elinor one of the most uninteresting girls I ever met."

"Leslie, Leslie, don't be hard on the motherless lassie; she has a noble energetic nature, and a craving after the unseen mother, noble-hearted woman that she was. I'll never give up the hope that

> 'He who saved the sainted mother will
> Redeem the child.'"

"Dear Uncle George, if I were but as good and as hopeful as you are," said Leslie; but an impatient "Tut!" warned her that she was on dangerous ground, for the Doctor was

[1] Miss Keltie's *Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling.*

always on the defensive against what he called "flummery;" so she went on to say, "I wish I *could* see anything to like about her; I assure you I tried very hard, for it is so disagreeable not to like people. Why, she is not even pretty!"

"When you've lived a bit longer, darling," said the uncle, "you'll learn to be a better digger into the mines that lie all around us. There's a deal of gold hidden under many a heap of rubbish in the world. This poor child thinks much, though she thinks wrongly. To my mind, Lady Elinor is like the bonnie bits of glass in a kaleidoscope before they are shaken into a pattern. It's the grace of heaven she needs, and nothing less will do it."

"The expression of her countenance struck me as that belonging to a clever though uneducated mind, and I must say there was a look in it as if she needed to be loved," said Leslie thoughtfully.

"Yes, yes, poor thing, she is quite uneducated except by foreign governesses and Lon-

don masters; of the real education of life and circumstance, she has known nothing. However, I think that there is a growing sense of need and ignorance, and a conviction of the falsity of everything that is of the earth earthy, and that is the first step."

"Poor Lady Elinor!" and a wistful, tearful light, came into Leslie's eyes as she added, "Education is a hard thing."

"We make it as hard as we can," said Dr. Brown; "especially you women. You are always making idols of something or other."

Leslie's eyes filled with tears.

"Is that worship of the ideal, indeed, such a common thing with us?"

"I believe it to be part of the education of women; many of the best of you won't come to the REAL, till you've had the FALSE laid in dust and ashes."

Dr. Brown read his newspaper, and drank his tea for about the space of five minutes, during which silence Leslie's thoughts were far, far from the sunny room in Woodleigh Mordaunt. It was with a start and a look of

pain that they came back, and she said with an effort, "It never decreases the pain of all real education to have it said, as one says to a child, 'Very disagreeable, but very good for you, my dear.' Still, it *is* a comfort afterwards, and I hope that poor Lady Elinor, with her wealth and rank, may be educated into being a blessing in the world."

"Her rank!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Whew! sets the wind in that quarter? is this my radical Leslie?"

"Oh, uncle! I never was a Radical, though I dearly love the 'people;' but I've heard Uncle Charlie talk a great deal about the balance of social power, and the want of proportion, either in a wholly aristocratic or wholly democratic mind, and I see now that rank and station are good and great gifts, *because* they influence such myriads of minds."

"Ay," said the Doctor, "there's enough of folks who catch up the words of the great, as if they spoke rubies and diamonds, like the good girl in the fairy tale."

"There are plenty of snobs in the world, no doubt," said Leslie indignantly; "I don't think I'm much of a tuft-hunter,"—(Her uncle laughed outright at the idea, as he looked at her open, independent brow and face, with perhaps a *soupçon* of over self-estimation and self-reliance to be seen thereon)—"and I must say, that people have a wonderfully low estimate of their own position in God's creation, who degrade themselves by toadying the great; but still it is scarcely fair to call all those influenced by rank, snobs and toadies. Do you think it is, uncle?"

"Certainly not; coronets and ancestors are not accidents, but form part of God's great design, and have a right and healthy use, depend upon it; only men and women abuse them to their own glory, instead of using them for God's glory."

"I felt that it might be so yesterday," said Leslie, "Castle Mordaunt is so free from the vulgar trappings of greatness; those old ruined arches and pillars were silvered in

the moonlight, and the tilt-yard, uncle, that *was* charming!"

"I wish the tilt-yard were at Jericho," grumbled Dr. Brown.

"Why and wherefore?" said Leslie, laughing; "that's a far way to send it!"

"Why, that silly child maunders away about crusaders, and tournaments, and suchlike antediluvian stuff; no, I think she calls it mediæval! But you have not told me what you think of Lord D'Arcy; there's no manner of nonsense about *him*."

"Oh, Lord D'Arcy is quite delightful!" replied Leslie, with her frank true face beaming and colouring, which it had a bad habit of doing when she was in the least in earnest about anything.

"Oh, ho!" mentally ejaculated Dr. Brown, peeping round the corner of his newspaper.

"I saw a great deal of him, you know, uncle, this summer at Dunbarstown, and I am sure that his mind is one which will arrive at great good some day, it is so earnest and genial about everything."

"Oh, ho!" again mentally ejaculated Dr. Brown, but he only said in a matter-of-fact sort of a way,—

"Where's your brother-in-law just now?"

"He is among the Manchester factories, heart and soul and body, and Lord D'Arcy has been with him, and is full of what he calls the 'grandeur of manufacturing life;' of course, I heartily agreed to *that*, and if you had only seen how disdainfully his sister's lip curled when she heard us!"

"Is Sir John going abroad with you?" again asked the Doctor, rather absently.

"Yes, I am thankful to say he is; everything goes straight when he and uncle Charlie get together, and he keeps aunt Louisa in capital order!"

Silence again for ten minutes; then Dr. Brown shook himself out of a brown study, threw down the newspaper, put his tea-spoon into his cup, and said deliberately, "I'll tell you what it is. These fine ladies require a missionary every bit as much as the thieves and Hottentots!"

Leslie laughed most irreverently. "Well done, uncle! Grateful would the fine ladies be if they heard you."

"They've heard it often enough," said the uncompromising doctor; "their minds need as much redding-up; only they're a good deal worse, for they ought to know better. Leslie, dear, *you* would be a fine missionary to them."

"I, uncle!" replied Leslie, highly amused. "I am sure I have no turn for fine ladies, and I hope they will never have any turn for me. I flatter myself we are '*antipatica*' to each other."

"Leslie, my dear," replied the Doctor very gravely, "isn't it a strange thing that people who would never be discouraged by the depths of crime, are repelled by haughty looks and cold words, as if these were not just another phase of the sin and the injury from which all are to be restored; just part of the self-worship and self-glory which goes on in high places, ay, and in low places too."

"Yes, I see!" said Leslie thoughtfully, and

after a long pause, she rose from the breakfast-table, saying gaily, "Good-bye, dearest uncle! In the meantime I've a 'mission' to put old Sally into good humour, and see what she will condescend to give us for dinner to-day," and off she flew.

How strange are the sudden sympathies and affections with which we are drawn sometimes unconsciously, sometimes unwillingly, to minds that appear the antipodes of our own! Leslie ordered the dinner, read to Aunt Hester, received "tiresome visitors," walked in the forest with her uncle, discussing an article in the last Quarterly, and studied hard at those mysterious grammars and dictionaries in her beloved Roundel, yet, in the midst of it all, "Poor Lady Elinor," were words that rose up from the depths of the heart that was a tenderly genial one, in spite of its faults and prejudices, and she longed to befriend and counsel and love that motherless girl. Befriend the proud Lady Elinor! *She* would have wondered at the strange idea, yet that day more than one

remembrance crossed her mind also of the sweet fearless eyes that looked steadily into hers, and of the pleasant laugh and smile that came and went so independently of her own cold and haughty manner. Eyes and smile somehow carried a rebuke with them, yet Lady Elinor felt that they were loveable, though she determined not to love them.

CHAPTER III.

LADY ELINOR'S TURRET.

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."—ACTS x. 34.

"Dear Marian, of one clay God made us all,
And though men push and poke and paddle in 't,
(As children play at fashioning dirt-pies);
Assuming difference, lordship, privilege,
Where all 's plain dirt, they come back to it at last;
The first grave-digger proves it with a spade
And pats it all even."

ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."—TENNYSON.

THE Turret-Room, as it was called, was a pretty old-fashioned boudoir; just a place for all manner of quaint fancies and dreamy musings. Its dark-carved panelling, its one choice piece of tapestry, its exquisite Guido

and Raphael, its deep, low casement with late roses peeping in, its odd little turret, containing a winding stair, which led down into a balustraded flower-garden, had just the old-world appearance in which its mistress so much delighted. Over and above there was a ghost—not a mushroom "*revenante*" that nobody knew anything about—but a real, antique, aristocratic ghostess, the pride of Lady Elinor's heart, "walking" in high-heeled shoes and a rustling silk brocade, which must originally have been warranted to "wear well," for the ghost and her gown were known to be four hundred years old.

From the garden went up a rude stair to the gallery of the old tilt-yard; and as Lady Elinor flitted about, sometimes among her roses, sometimes singing an old troubadour ditty to her guitar half-way up the stair, sometimes looking down from the top of the turret upon the whilom scene of knights, and barbs, and guerdons, and fair ladies, she looked exceedingly picturesque though not beautiful. Lady Elinor knew

this right well, and it had been a sorrow to her, for she possessed a keen appreciation of beauty, and it might be said that she longed to see it in herself æsthetically as well as selfishly. Her want of this gift was a blot upon all her fair thought-pictures, of which she always wished to be the centre figure. To such a mind flattery is ever more dangerous than to any other; professions of admiration take away the haunting consciousness of deficiency and want of external harmony with the beautiful. Thus Lady Elinor was prone not so much to self-worship—her inner vision was too clear for that—but to prize highly the external adulation paid to her and her position.

It was strange the understanding there was between the exclusive, unpractical, uneducated mind of this young girl, and the quaint, uncompromising mind of Dr. Brown, gnarled, it is true, with rough places like the oak, but also like the oak having strength and beauty for its chief characteristics. If nobody else had ever spoken to her such un-

palatable truths, neither had any one else ever "understood" Lady Elinor: her stately, kind-hearted, commonplace father never could make out what people meant by understanding other people; her succession of governesses were quite intent on understanding themselves and their own affairs; while Lady Sarah Mordaunt, her stiff maiden aunt and chaperon, had only room in her brain for two fixed ideas—the dignity of the Mordaunts, and the propriety of conduct required in young ladies of rank.

Lady Elinor was seated at her painting-table in the Turret boudoir, the morning after Leslie had dined at the Castle. To all appearance she was entirely engrossed by the heraldic devices which she was illuminating with great skill and success. Even her favourite gules-d'ors, and cheverons, and bars of ermine, failed to interest her, however, for she was in one of those moods when thought has butterfly wings—not that hers were fluttering amidst the roses apparently, but rather in all manner of dark and thorny

places, for there was a look of weariness and dissatisfaction on the smooth brow which often dwelt there, out of character, as it seemed, with the youth and prosperity of the mistress of Castle Mordaunt. In the tangled labyrinth of her inner heart-history there was not one pleasant thing for her thoughts to rest upon. There was a haunting sense of poverty in her life and soul. There was a consciousness of something wanting, something also never possessed. These were not cheering themes of contemplation, so her thoughts flew off to yesterday's dinner-party, and that mysterious attraction—she almost thought it was dislike—which made her so vividly and so frequently recall Miss North's expressive countenance. "I daresay she is a nice person, though certainly rather free and easy, considering all things." And Lady Elinor's eyes became again complacently conscious of the five balls of gold and three bars of ermine which she was delineating. Then she began to build "châteaux en Espagne" about those dear old mediæval times, and about jousts,

and armour, and crusades, and putting all the poor people's wrongs to rights in a much better way than by horrid acts of parliament and county meetings. And then, ah! then, by one of those mysterious transitions in our mysterious minds, the young girl's thoughts flew to the beautiful mother of long ago, the radiant, queenly mother, the white, fragile mother, with her dying eyes lit with undying love for the little Elinor; the mother that was no longer seen, but still lived somewhere—where, where? The next change of thought to good old Dr. Brown was a natural association of ideas—for he was the mother's friend—and to him she had said, "Watch over my Elinor!" But that story which Dr. Brown had once told, that stupid Sunday-school story, why need it come so obtrusively forward in the thoughts of the young heiress? It was a simple story: only that a man of great expectations was rapidly detailing to a friend all that he was to do in the future; to build a princely mansion—"and then?" asked the friend; and

then he was to marry a beautiful wife—"and then?" and then he was to go into Parliament—"and then?" and then be made a peer—"and then?" live to a good old age—"and then?" oh, then, die of course—"AND THEN?" persevered the troublesome friend, but got no answer.

Lady Elinor was glad to have her gloomy cogitations over her own "thens," interrupted by the entrance of her only brother, Francis Mordaunt, Lord D'Arcy; and a darling brother he was, though somehow he and she always differed upon every subject that could be named between them. Lord D'Arcy's appearance was peculiarly prepossessing, though it had not one positive quality. He was neither tall nor short, handsome nor ugly. It was not his eyes, nor his brow, nor his manners, nor his wit, nor his refinement, nor his talents, that were pronounced upon by those who had been in his company. But everybody called him "a fine fellow;" everybody felt that he made them think better of the world, and of the men that live therein;

he was so cheerful, so cordial, so *naïf*, so thoroughly in earnest in all that he undertook, were it only mending toys for the children, whom whether of high or low degree, he always attracted around him; he had a generous but a fiery temper, and a firmness bordering on obstinacy, which his father and sister never attempted to gainsay, for well they knew, that what D'Arcy chose to do, D'Arcy always did. One knew much, a few guessed something, but none knew all the stirrings of the deep earnest being within; of the unsolved problem of life, life that is, and life that is to be, which was pressing anxiously upon his heart and mind. D'Arcy had only just returned from a visit to a friend of his in Scotland, Sir John Dunbar, whom he had also accompanied on an excursion into Lancashire.

Lord D'Arcy established himself in a comfortable arm-chair, quite in a mood for a brotherly and sisterly gossip.

"Well, darling Nell," said he, "how did you like Miss North last night?" His sister

would rather not have answered, for in truth she had not made up her mind, so she said very coldly,—

"Oh, she seems wonderfully like a lady."

"I don't see any wonder in it," said D'Arcy with a vexed expression. "Why, I think her one of the most delightful women I ever met; what can you mean, Elinor?"

"I only mean, that much as we all love dear old Brownie, his people are not likely to be particularly *distingués;* but, of course, as Miss North is sister-in-law to Sir John Dunbar, she is perfection in your eyes," and a little jealous pang shot through the sister's heart.

"Not quite, nor for that reason, but I did give you credit for sufficiently good taste to appreciate that refined, cultivated woman. She is to be at Woodleigh for two months, and would be a most useful companion for you, Elinor."

Lady Elinor was now perfectly clear in her own mind, that she disliked poor Leslie; held up to her as an example, too, as if she were a school-girl! So she retorted, "Papa

was saying this morning, before you came down, D'Arcy, that he was not at all sure that Sir John Dunbar was a good companion for you, and that your head seemed stuffed with Radical notions."

The young man's expressive face flushed with a look of scorn; however, commanding his temper, he said pleasantly, "Sir John Dunbar of that Ilk, one of the oldest families of old Scotland, ought to meet with some respect from you, Nell, who might be a pursuivant of the Herald office."

"Sir John Dunbar lost caste by making a *mésalliance* with manufacturers, and becoming a Radical," said the lady haughtily, for she was rapidly getting out of temper.

"A *mésalliance!*" said D'Arcy indignantly, "so he did in one sense, for his wife, though a sweet gentle creature, was not one who thoroughly entered into his noble and self-denying views; but in any other way it is simply absurd to talk of it; why, his wife's family are more truly refined and high-bred than most of your London fine ladies."

D'Arcy's face was by this time crimson from some unexplained cause, "and as to Dunbar being a Radical, it is my private opinion that you don't know what a Radical is!"

"Pray, don't let us talk politics, D'Arcy; only I hate Sir John Dunbar!"

"Whom you have never seen! However, I don't think there's much love lost between you, for he hates proud, useless, fine ladies."

Elinor's eyes filled with tears, and D'Arcy's heart smote him, so he went up to his sister, and kissing her said, affectionately, "Why, Nelly, we are both cross this morning; forgive me, dear: but I have come home with so many thoughts struggling in my mind, and I wanted a little sympathy, and it is desperately provoking to have one's friends abused."

The first kind word always restored Lady Elinor's good humour, so leaning her head upon his shoulder, she said gently, "Dear D'Arcy, I do always sympathize with you; only I don't want my brother to forget that he is a Mordaunt."

"A Mordaunt! that is a poor thing to be;

I want to be a *man*, a living, working MAN." His sister looked up at him aghast.

"Don't be frightened," said he laughing; "I don't mean to break stones, or cobble shoes, though I declare that would be better than to live and die the automatons with handles to their names, that we scions of noble stocks so often end in."

"These *are* sadly do-nothing times," said Lady Elinor, looking up with a glow of enthusiasm; "what a blessing if the old crusading days would come back again; then you would have plenty to do and dare; how I should like to buckle on your armour, D'Arcy, and send you to fight and conquer on holy ground!"

"These are not do-nothing times, Elinor," said her brother gravely, unheeding of her girlish sally. "There is magnificent life and work going on all around; but how to join it is the question."

"Yes, how to join it, without degrading your birth and rank."

"Pshaw!" said he, the displeased shade

returning to his brow, which softened, however, as he added laughing, "your grand old champions, Nell, must have been rather ill off without a Debrett's Peerage, or a 'Who's Who in 1096!'"

Lady Elinor curled her lip, and gave no reply. After a few minutes' silence, D'Arcy exclaimed, "I wonder what we are all living for! what object in life has my father, or Edward de Lacy, or you, or any of us? What a different thing life is to John Dunbar, or even to Mr. North!"

"Who *is* Mr. North?" asked Lady Elinor superciliously.

"An uncle of Lady Dunbar's, and he has a large mill in Lancashire; don't arch your eyebrows in that Gothic manner, Nell; you are like the tribes of wild Indians that look upon all the arts of civilized life as a degradation."

"I don't care whether I am like a wild Indian or not," said Elinor, "but I do long for those magnificent feudal days back again, when the *canaille* were kept in their proper place."

"That is, burnt and tortured at the will of their masters, and ground down into ignorance and degradation; nice days those were!"

"At all events there was no confusion of ranks there and then."

"Perhaps not on earth, but I suspect there must have been somewhere else, for the *canaille* found places in heaven, and sometimes better places than *nous autres*, if we may believe the Bible."

Lady Elinor painted on very industriously, though she did not know whether she was putting on blue, gold, or vermilion. In a little while she said more gently, "I am not quite so idle and selfish as you seem to think, D'Arcy; I go to see some old women, and I have a school, and this is my day for visiting it."

"Dear sister, I am delighted to hear it; the last time I was at home, I was too busy to hear anything of your sayings and doings: put on your bonnet, and we'll go together,—this bright, breezy day will blow away all our cobwebs."

The brother and sister were soon walking

arm-in-arm through the beautiful glades of Mordaunt Forest. "Only fancy!" said Lord D'Arcy, after a lengthened pause; "Miss North has been at Woodleigh Mordaunt scores of times, and we were always away, except one summer long ago, and then you and I both had measles! It seems so strange now."

"I don't see anything strange in it," answered Lady Elinor obtusely; "people must have measles occasionally."

"Yes; very true, of course," said D'Arcy, who had not heard a word, nor her impatient rejoinder—

"I must say, D'Arcy, you are very provoking!"

Lord D'Arcy's mind seemed harping on one string, for he soon again began with,—

"How I wish I possessed 'that disregard of self which makes heroes and accomplishes wonders.'"[1]

"The long and the short of it is that you want to be heroic over bales of cotton, and to make a nine days' wonder of yourself by marrying"—

[1] Lamartine's *Celebrated Characters.*

D'Arcy reddened, but interrupted her good-humouredly, "You women are always thinking of love and matrimony. I don't mean to set up a mill, I only want to set down self, and do something for other people. But come, dear, I have bothered you enough with my Radicalism, let us look and enjoy."

The scene was lovely. The clear brightness of early autumn was tempered with a filmy haze towards the horizon, which threw back the distant undulations of the Park into a sort of aërial perspective, while the kingly robes of crimson and gold were faintly seen upon the forest trees; and the birds sang a merry roundelay; and the sparkling little river rippled on,—rippled on, with a voice that spoke of peace, and beauty, and quiet progression. Amidst the loveliness and the fitness of created things, the young man's spirit thrilled with the hope and belief, that He who had given its purpose in creation to each leaf, tendril, star, and insect, would do even so to him. It was not so with the dis-

contented heart beside him. "Why am I suffering? What am I? Where am I? What is to be?" The fatal *I* and *me* of Self were yet paramount; and the external brightness fell like a dark shadow upon her and around her.

CHAPTER IV.

DOING GOOD.

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."—Ps. cxxvii. 1.

"I will direct their work in truth."—Isa. lxi. 8.

. . . "Get leave to work
In this world, 'tis the best you get at all,
For God in cursing gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says, 'Sweat
For foreheads.' Men say, 'Crowns,' and so we are crowned,
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work—Get work—
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."—
Elizabeth Barret Browning.

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."
Shakspere.

The path to the Lady's School, as it was called, passed close beside the ancient little village church, which stood in its grey solemn beauty on a slight eminence beneath the shade of the old forest trees. What a peculiar charm there is in those old English country churches!

Something so unchanging and unchanged about their square towers, mullioned windows, sweeping chimes,—venerable tombstones,—pavements, worn by thousands in old times who passed on to worship, to bury their dead, to plight their troth, to consecrate the wailing infant, but who are now treading the pavement of a land we cannot see. Lady Elinor drew her brother into the open door-way, but there to his eyes the charm vanished: simplicity either ancient or modern there was none; it was well-appointed and well-renovated, however, to judge from the coloured glass, crimson velvet, oak carving, highly decorated font, and golden candlesticks. Those in old time who went to the place by the river-side where prayer was wont to be made; those who worshipped on the deck of a fishing-boat, or upon a green hill-side, or upon the shore of the Galilean sea, might have hesitated to enter,—might have failed to recognise a temple for the worship of Him who is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. With an unacknowledged wish

to impress upon D'Arcy a sense of her own good deeds—sceptical as he appeared to be on the subject—she said, pointing to the magnificent altar-cloth, "That's my work."

"Is it, dear?" He said no more,—and Elinor was disappointed. D'Arcy was thinking in truth of the church he had been in but two Sundays before, though it seemed a long time since—of the simple church at the top of the steep path, up by the weeping birches and ferny rocks, away in far Scotland—and of earnest thrilling appeals to heart and conscience, from one who spoke "as a dying man to dying men." At last they came to the school-house, a picturesque little building, upon the fitting up of which Lady Elinor had bestowed great care and attention. A smart-looking schoolmistress with a coquettish cap, was giving out a lesson in a very drowsy tone to eight or nine children, dressed in very pretty uniforms, of an antique shape. The "young lady," as she designated herself, was profuse in her reverences, and complimentary speeches, and admonitions to the

children, to show their gratitude to her ladyship for coming to see them. She then put them through some "show" questions, and they sang a complimentary and sentimental copy of verses addressed to her ladyship, by her ladyship's humble servant, the schoolmistress's cousin.

Lord D'Arcy, wincing under the flattery, took the lesson-book, much to the dismay of Miss Higgins and the distress of the scholars, and proceeded to question them himself. As he expected, the march of intellect in the Lady's School was about as lively as the dead march in Saul.

"Have you your usual attendance to-day, Miss Higgins?" asked Lord D'Arcy, glancing at the empty forms.

"Much of a muchness, please your Lordship. Some of the little ones went off to Miss Morris's school, and the big ones don't care to come; but if you please, your Lordship, we're remarkably select; there was the tinker's granddaughter she wanted to come, but I soon settled her,—as if her ladyship

wanted low company in her ladyship's own school!"

Far more abruptly than was his wont, Lord D'Arcy bowed himself out, and the two went on their way again in silence. "Here 's old Widow Lane's cottage," said Elinor in a piqued voice; "but pray don't come in unless it is quite agreeable to you."

He smiled and said, "I want to see all your friends, Nell."

It was a lovely cottage without, and a tidy one within. Mrs. Lane had a hooked nose, a nut-cracker chin, tortoise-shell spectacles, and a voice that sounded rather as if it did not mean what it said. The old woman seemed ready to sink into the earth with surprise and delight, though, if the truth were told, she had worried her granddaughter, morning, noon, and night, with complaints against "her La'ship," for not coming to see her, or sending a present. Lady Elinor was immediately installed in a chair of honour, as carefully reserved for the Castle visitors, as the Lady of Tillietudlem's chair was kept for the

person of royalty. Then commenced a flow of conversation, the chief topic of which was the glorification of the house of Mordaunt, with a few diversions in favour of her own rheumatism and sleepless nights. Seated like a queen, with the dependant standing before her (the old woman would not sit, for "I knows manners, your La'ship"), and listening with apparent complacency to the flattery lavished upon her, Lady Elinor was in reality feeling very shy and uncomfortable before her brother, for she felt more than she had ever done before, that though it must be right to have schools and visit old women, she had not exactly fallen upon the best way of doing it. When they left the cottage, Elinor could not bear her brother's silence any longer, and said beseechingly, "Dear D'Arcy, I wish you would say what you think, it is so provoking when people don't speak! I know you think I am all wrong."

"My dear Nell," said he affectionately, "I am so utterly at sea myself with respect to doing good, that it ill becomes me to find

fault; I am quite sure, however, that when we wish to do right, the power will be given."

"It is easy to know *what* to do," said Elinor, with a sigh, "if only we knew how to do it."

"Yes, that's the difficulty; there is certainly a screw loose somewhere, dear, in your fine-lady school, and visits to flattering old women; but see, here is the short cut to Woodleigh,—suppose we go and see Miss Morris's rival school. Is she the nice old lady I remember long ago, who lived in a curious old Corner House?"

"I suppose so, and dreadfully good,—'an objectionable female,' as Anna de Lacy calls those Methodist people."

"I suspect your ideas of Methodists are on a par with your ideas of Radicals. Sir John Dunbar raves about Hester Morris, and I promised to call; so come along, Nell, and we will get a hint about schools; and, by the way, oughtn't you to call on Miss North? See, here we are at the very gate."

Lady Elinor hated morning visits, and al-

ways made a point of being "not at home" when any of the Woodleigh Mordaunt "people" called.

"Papa made me leave my card for Miss North, before we asked her to dinner; surely that's enough, and I don't know Miss Morris even by sight."

"Pshaw! never mind, come along," was the only answer she got from the imperious D'Arcy.

Dr. Brown was in the country, and Miss North was at the Corner House. "So much the better," said D'Arcy, so thither they next proceeded.

"Oh, how pretty, and how old!" was Lady Elinor's involuntary exclamation, as they emerged from the arched passage into the Corner-House garden, and looked round on the skilfully preserved and tastefully renovated architecture.

"I should not wonder," said D'Arcy mischievously, "if the Morrises have had possession here as long as your pet ghost has had our family under her wing!"

"Not very likely!" was the scornful answer.

Lady Elinor went up-stairs with a shy awkward feeling of self-consciousness, saying to herself, "What on earth shall I talk about?"—the outward effect of which was, of course, that her manner became additionally disagreeable and haughty, in order to hide the shyness of which she was very much ashamed. It is a pity that people will not let themselves be seen as they are, for shyness is certainly a smaller crime than haughtiness.

Leslie had been singularly pale and depressed all the morning, but paleness and depression both vanished now, and she was her own bright animated self, except when it became her lot to entertain Lady Elinor, and then they both racked their brains for "something to say."

D'Arcy was charmed with Hester's gentle yet playful dignity, and soon grew quite confidential. In answer to his eager inquiries, she confessed to a school called by

her name. "Very unjustly," she said modestly, "for I have little to do with it, and have not been within its walls for ten years." She does not tell, in truth I do not think she remembers, that before her illness, she had given "what she could" of time, strength, thought, and money for the establishment of that sorely-needed school, and when she could give no more herself,

"Pleaded with angel tongue with those who could."

Neither does she tell how in her invalid chamber every difficulty is brought to her, how every child is known by name and character, while a visit to "the dear lady" is one of the highest rewards of the school. All this, and a great deal more, Hester says nothing at all about, for her good deeds are generally voiceless, ascending silently to be registered in God's Book. It transpired that Miss North took an interest in the school, and then came a hesitating request from D'Arcy, "Would Miss North be so very kind as to go with them?" which

was frankly assented to, and soon the trio were on their way, leaving dear Aunt Hester rather discomfited.

"What was the use of her looking so bright all of a sudden? Well! I suppose girls will be girls—even my Leslie; though how any one who had seen,—but what a silly match-making old goose I am! it is not everybody that has my ties of interest and partiality."

"Ma'am! his Lordship's just beautiful! and Barney says that they're just like two angels walking down the street arm in arm, and the proud young lady with them holding her head the wrong way!"

"You allow Barney to talk a great deal of nonsense," replied Susan's mistress, severely, taking up her book and reading so diligently as to check any further eloquence.

Miss Morris's school is a great contrast to Lady Elinor's. The schoolmistress, by the bye, never calls herself a "lady," perhaps because she feels that she is one, perhaps because she has an old-fashioned approbation

of the God-bestowed name of woman ;—and a true woman she is ; see how the children love her, watch her, obey her. Love seems the watchword of the whole school. There are a great many little curtsies for strangers, but there are more smiles and beaming child-eyes for the teacher ; the respect is the respect of love. There are no children there so clever as to make one afraid they won't live, or will set the Thames on fire if they do ; but there is a spirit of intelligence and earnestness and energy about them all, and it is pleasant to see the pride and delight they take in "answering well" to please the teacher and benefactress they love so well. There isa great deal of discipline—almost military—only it is the discipline which is itself disciplined by love.

There was obedience in that school, too, to the Divine command, "Have no respect of persons." There were some pale, stunted

"Young, young children, oh, my brothers !"

who were listening with a look of awakening interest to what was so new to them—little

brands plucked out of the smouldering fires of the neighbouring manufacturing town of Colton, where Hester's kind face had once been familiarly known. The tinker's little granddaughter was there too, Katie Dick, God bless her! with two little children, evidently twins, caressing her on either side.

"Why did you not go to the Lady's school?" asked Lord D'Arcy, patting her head.

"Please, sir," answered she, with a little hesitation, "Miss Higgins said that she would not touch me with a pair of tongs."

"Why did you want to go?"

"Because neighbour Jones's twins went," and a loving look was cast down on them, which surely some child's angel recorded in his book; "and I thought I could may be take care of them, but neighbour Jones wouldn't let them go back, so we all came here, and it 's a deal better."

Just then the child got a glimpse of Miss North, and the little face grew radiant, the tears were in her eyes, however, and her

voice was very low as she said, "Grandmother said to tell you, that the custard-pudding was the sweetest she ever tasted, because you made it your own self." Lady Elinor saw, and heard, and envied the maker of that custard-pudding.

"Can *you* make puddings, Miss North?" exclaimed D'Arcy, with a sudden vivid appreciation of cooking as the first of feminine accomplishments.

"Yes, I should think so," answered Leslie, not a little amused at the enthusiasm. "My uncle's cook was busy, and it was very easy."

"Elinor! do you hear? Why don't you learn how to make puddings?" whispered D'Arcy, but farther discussion of the interesting topic was prevented by the sweet united voices of the children singing the simplest, and the sweetest of all childish melodies—

"Come to the Happy Land,
Come, come away!
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?"

Elinor's heart swelled and thrilled, and she had to turn away to conceal her emotion.

"Ah, this is not a happy land," she said to herself; "but how impossible to find the way to a happier!"

When the brother and sister were once more walking alone, he was as disposed to talk, as he had been silent before; he wanted to tell of something Miss Morris had said to this effect—That nobody could ever do good from a pedestal; there must be an equality of heart, so to speak,—it must not be "Go," "Do," "Reform;" but, "COME *with us*, and we will do thee good." "COME, *let us* go up to the mountain of the Lord."

"I feel as if I had got a *lift up* this morning; don't you, Elinor? It is so evident that *heart* is the chief thing in doing good. Did you see how Katie Dick looked at Miss North, and how lovingly that big girl asked for Miss Morris!"

Lady Elinor, however, was now in a silent mood, and when she reached home, shut her-

self up in the Turret boudoir, and was no more seen till dinner-time.

"Well, dear, how have you enjoyed your morning?" said Hester, when Leslie returned from her expedition.

"Exceedingly; Lord D'Arcy is so very pleasant,—I always feel freshened up when I see him."

"So it appears," said Hester rather drily. "You don't seem to appreciate his sister quite so highly. Now to me, there's a lightsome glint in that young creature's eye, which shows that there's something to work upon."

"Perhaps so, but people will not let us alone. Lord D'Arcy and Uncle George have set their hearts on our being friends, and my being useful to her, and the consequence is that we both feel constrained and awkward; besides, there's so much to 'red up' in my own heart, as my uncle would say, that the idea is absurd of my trying to help on anybody else."

Aunt Hester smoothed the hair off her

darling's forehead, and thought, but would not say, how many gifts she possessed by which she could "help on" many; she only answered,—

"I can't help thinking that it is those who are struggling hard themselves who are fittest to help others to begin to struggle."

"Do you really think so?" and a light came into Leslie's eyes; it was a new thought to her. Then came a long pause.

"Aunt Hester, I do believe that it is easier to love one's enemies than one's relations!"

"A new doctrine, certainly," said Hester, trying to look grave,—for Leslie's face was covered with a grave shadow, as she continued,—

"There's something grand and heroic in loving one's enemies,—some food for that monster Self, in short; but everybody expects one to love relations whatever their natural characters may be, and so nobody appreciates the intense difficulty!"

"What is all this *à propos* to, my dear?"

"I was thinking about poor dear Aunt

Louisa,—she always makes me feel *rasped* all over."

"Very good for you; moral friction is an excellent thing for the constitution."

"A very unfeeling bit of consolation, Aunt Hester," replied Leslie smiling, and then she added gravely, "It has always been a grief to me that I could not *get on* with Aunt Louisa, but now more than ever, because"

"Because what, darling?" whispered Aunt Hester, with her hand upon the bowed down head. The answer came low but clear—

"Because the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has been so much of a reality to me lately, —I don't know what I should have done without it."

"There is some grief in this dear heart that I do not know," whispered Aunt Hester again. No answer came, and she had time to think, "What can it be?" nay, I am ashamed to say that,—old maid as she was,—she was romantic enough to put it in this form, "WHO can it be?"

Then Leslie said, "Yes! but I can't talk

about it,—only I do so wish to show my Saviour's strength in little things too. Oh, Aunt Hester, sometimes I almost despair when I see how small are the daily effects of being His, on myself and other people."

"Despair always seems such an unnecessary waste of time," said Hester. "Instead of moaning and doubting, it would be a great deal better to take the evil temper or the selfishness, or whatever is wrong with us, to Him who is our strength and our sanctification, and not be satisfied till we obtain the victory from Him, and the effects would soon be seen."

"It is very true," said Leslie, "that one always complains of one's-self at the wrong time, and forgets where to go when the temptation is in immediate presence. It is so strange that there is a sort of mental antagonism between Aunt Louisa and me, though in spite of all her odd, cold ways, I really believe she likes me! There is scarcely a subject that we can discuss without feeling annoyed, and then if we don't discuss, there

is such a disagreeable restraint,—and I a Christian! Oh Aunt Hester!"

"Don't be discouraged; begin every day anew; the subject has been worn threadbare, so I can only say what has been said before, but Leslie, dear, do you pray to have the *hooks* taken away?"

"What hooks, Aunt Hester?" asked Leslie, opening her eyes very wide.

"Just the rough jagged points of character that catch and hold fast all the little daily grievances;—such a blessing it is to have these hooks lopped off, and then the grievances fall to the ground, and are trampled under foot, —their proper end."

"I will try," murmured Leslie.

"Then it is a good plan every morning to say, 'Now how much unnecessary suffering can I prevent in this suffering world to-day?' It is so terrible to think of adding even a mite to other people's sufferings when we know what it is to suffer ourselves; the sharp word, the wounding jest, the irritating letter, the uncalled-for judgment, add more weight

to burdens heavy already, than perhaps we wot of."

"I have long felt," said Leslie, "that unless Christianity be for the home and hearth, making us like Christ in our everyday word and work, it is not worth much."

"True, indeed, and how decided, unerring, and beautiful is that family rule and motive of the Scriptures:"—and Hester repeated solemnly, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

"Yes! I will try," repeated Leslie more cheerily; "you have put fresh heart into me," and she lifted up her face child-like to be kissed.

CHAPTER V.

LADY ELINOR'S DIARY.

"For ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you."—DEUT. xii. 9.

"When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' He said, 'pour on him all we can,
Let the world's riches which dispersed lie
Contract into a span.'

"Thus strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then riches, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure,
Rest at the bottom lay.

"'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
So both should losers be.

"'Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'"

GEORGE HERBERT.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

"*Oct.* 1, 185—. . . . I am very miserable, very restless; I wonder why. I suppose people would moralize over me, and say

that I had everything to make me happy; but my heart echoes Madame Maintenon's words of desolation—'Life is a frightful void.' Yet it is not so to all. Miss Morris and Miss North are happy and contented. I thought at first that I envied them, but I do not; the life of 'good people' always seems so uninteresting and monotonous. I wonder what it really means to be 'good;' I suppose it means to settle down to do all sorts of right things, and to have no unruly thoughts, no aspiring hopes and wishes. I should not like that; it is bad enough to beat one's wings against the bars of a cage, but it would be worse to crouch down in grovelling content within. I should like to be good as they were in old times; good and great, converting a nation, standing fearless at a stake, rescuing the oppressed, leading a crusade—not good and little as people must be now, at least taken up with little things, and canting about commonplaces. I don't like what Miss Morris said to D'Arcy about coming down from a pedestal to do good; it

is so pleasant to feel that one has distinctions which others have not, and cannot have. How shocked D'Arcy would be if he heard me! dear, noble D'Arcy, he is much better than I am.

"*Oct. 5th.*—'Jamais, jamais je ne serai aimée comme j'aime.' Poor Madame de Staël! if that was her experience of life, it was very dreary, but mine is drearier, for I do not even love. I wish that I could say with the beautiful lines which Dr. Brown is so fond of quoting—

> 'I live for those who love me,
> Whose hearts are kind and true;
> For the heaven that smiles above me,
> And awaits my spirit too.'

What a paltry, aimless, dining, dancing, dressing, opera-going life lies before me! Papa and Aunt Clement say that I shall marry, and they talk a great deal about political influence, and consolidation of rank, interest, and wealth, as sufficient motives; and that it is plebeian to talk of love marriages. I don't think it is plebeian, but perhaps it is selfish; and now there is some-

stretched out my hand and none have grasped it; I have cried with my voice and there was no answer, like the idolaters to their god. How strange it is to feel the weight of *individuality;* none can lay a finger upon my burden; I must carry it alone, for I alone know it; true, true it is, that—

> 'Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,'

yet it is a cell of which even the hermit knows little. How could I put into words even to myself this weary, unsatisfied craving after peace and rest, which everything earthly seems to mock; these aspirations after something real and true, yet high above my reach,—what does it all mean? . . . I feel such capacities, such powers of action, and can do nothing, save to roll the stone of Sisyphus. Whatever I try to do that is right, fails miserably, and I begin to hate it. If I were but a man, I could go forth and act; but what is left for poor, weak, useless woman to do? here I must stay and suffer. What an existence! People talk of death being lonely; surely it

is not more lonely than the loneliness of life. I think I should not be afraid of death; but GOD—could I meet HIM? I wonder what it would be to *love* God; that would be a wonderful feeling,—surely that would fill the heart."

"*Nov. 20th.*—I read this sentence to-day: —'Happy are they whom God will not allow to thrust their thoughts from them, till the bitter draught has done its work.' I am sure mine are bitter enough. I often wish that I could give up thinking; what good does it do? Will it make me happier in the unthinking London world which year after year I must endure? Will it fit me for that world of awful thought, which sooner or later all must enter? The same writer says,—'There is a Father in heaven who educates his children by various methods.' Can it be that he is even now teaching and guiding ME? No, it cannot be; that great God must be a stern God. He so full of light, yet leaving us in thick darkness. He so full of knowledge, leaving us in our degrading ignorance of all

that is high and great. Why does He not give us pure full light? Why does He not satisfy these cravings which He himself must have put within these created minds? Am I —a worm—speaking daringly of the Creator? No, I am no worm; when God put mind within matter, it ceased to be a worm. Ay, but one might envy the little worm that wants no more than is given to it."

"*Nov. 25th.*—To-day Dr. Brown came to see me, and we walked in the woods together. He told me one of his old-fashioned stories. A nobleman long ago kept a jester, and one day he gave him his staff, telling him to keep it till he met with a greater fool than himself. Some years afterwards the nobleman fell sick, and said to his fool, 'I am going away on a long journey.' 'And when do you return?' asked the fool. 'Never.' 'Have you a friend to meet you at your journey's end?' 'No.' 'What provision have you made for the way?' 'None.' 'Here,' said the fool, 'take the staff, I was never such a fool as that.' Am I wiser than the nobleman; am I as

wise as the fool? But how can one prepare for that fearful eternity? D'Arcy would say, 'Read your Bible.' Whenever I go into his room now, he is reading it; but it never speaks to me, every word is so common, so familiar. I know that it is good for the common people, but I want something greater and grander. I think that Dr. Brown is the only one who knows that there is more thought in me than in the fashionable triflers of society. But even to him I cannot speak, I cannot ask; bolts and bars and heavy chains are drawn around my thoughts, and they cannot escape into expression. We spoke of Miss Morris, and I said how sad it must be for a sickly old maid to have nothing to live for. Dr. Brown smiled, and said that 'she had plenty to live for in this world, and plenty more in the next;' then he said something about the work and the progress of eternity. That gives me a new idea. I always thought that the heaven which good people expect is a place where they are to do nothing but rest and sing psalms for ever. I would not care

for such a heaven as that, though I cannot put into words what I want it to be; how grand to be for ever rising, for ever acting, for ever growing greater and greater! I wonder if Dr. Brown meant anything like that,—I had not courage to ask him."

. . . . . .

After writing that journal, Lady Elinor went to the window, and drawing up the blind, looked out on a moonlight night. How often since our childhood have we all done that same most simple action, and yet how strangely new it ever is to us! It seems as if every time it were a fresh revelation of beauty, a newly filled treasure-house of thought. One night the blue radiant heavens bring a message of peace into our hearts; on another they blend strangely with the joy that is within us; on another they speak of softest and saddest memories; on another their very calmness is a torment to the feverish and turbulent soul; on another, their glories depress us into the very dust. But ever and always it is as if the voice, the mes-

sage, the influence of those nightly watchers, had never been heard and felt before.

To Elinor Mordaunt this night it seemed as if each little ball of purest light, each flash of azure and of silver, spoke of a love calm and unchanging ; but how to reach it, how to reach it ?—of a work noble and lofty and ever successful ; but where, ah, where to find the strength ? The moon and the stars gave no answer.

CHAPTER VI.

A SICK-ROOM.

"The Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks. . . . In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments."—ISA. iii. 16, 18.

. . . "We ignorant of ourselves
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers." SHAKSPERE.

"'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,
Then the gay garden rich in scent and hue.

"'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

"Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful and then the glad.
Tears for a day; for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad."

H. BONAR.

ONE day Dr. Brown returned from his morning round of professional visits, and sat down to rest in his easy-chair. He was not very well, and rather depressed; he scarcely

knew why. Perhaps it was the warm unseasonable weather, perhaps that he had seen that day, as on many other days, in the course of his visits, miserable want in the house of the poor, and great sorrow in the house of the rich. Dr. Brown was not given to depression, for he was a good and a useful man, and that is a sure recipe for a cheerful life. There was not a cottage where he was not welcomed as a friend; not a village child who did not feel as glad to see "the Doctor," as if he were a whole holiday! Not a sick person's face that did not brighten up from its pain and languor, when the sound of his voice was heard at the door. As to his social popularity,—from the tea-parties at Miss Wilson's, where he was the "only man," to the great dinners at the Castle, where there was plenty of title and a good deal of talent,—he was a sought and honoured guest; not that it was always easy to win him from his beloved grim folios and dusty quartos, for he used to say that he liked "dead men's thoughts a deal better than living men's

tongues." He had the charm of an original, though sometimes eccentric simplicity and independence of character and manner; and if the diamond was rather rough without, it was of purest water,—better than the smooth cut surface, and the rough useless stone beneath. Many a time had he been physician to the soul as well as to the body, for home truths that would have been scorned from any one else, often went deep down into the hearts of the young and the influential among his patients. Few people were angry at what Dr. Brown said, with his quaint turn of mind, and homely Scotch accent, and earnest kindliness of manner; the truths he spoke came from his heart—not, as is too often the case with speakers of truth, from his temper, or his conscience, or his intellect—and were often blessed in going into the heart of those to whom he spoke.

After a long reverie in his arm-chair, he roused himself and looked round, and a sense of the inhabited comfort and feminine occupation of the room gradually rose cheeringly

into his mind; the piano was open, colours and drawing-paper were on the table, while beside them lay a delicate-fashioned work-basket, and an open volume. Dr. Brown's eyes brightened more and more, the moodiness was fast melting away, and gratitude for his own share of mercy rising warm and bright.

"Bless her!" he murmured, "she was born to spread sunbeams through this dark weary world, with her winsome ways and her heart in the right place. God bless my Leslie! and keep her own spirit from the dark cloud."

Just then he heard a hurried ring at the front door, whispering voices and stifled sobs; he listened for a minute or two longer, and was just rising in order to ascertain the cause of what is, alas! no uncommon occurrence at a doctor's door, when his housekeeper walked in with a perfect tempest of crossness on her face; it was not real this time, however; it was only to hide the sorrow that was in her heart, for, like many other people, Sally was exceedingly ashamed of feeling anything which she ought to feel.

"Here's a pretty piece of work! Barney and Widow Jones's little Amy have fallen into the water and drownded themselves, and the Castle Lady's been in after them, and Miss Leslie's sent for you like mad, and Flora and Susan are making soft gooses of themselves." But when she had delivered the latter part of her speech to the chairs and tables (for Dr. Brown was off in an instant), and scolded the tender-hearted housemaid for "making a fuss," tears came into her own eyes, and subdued was the voice that whispered, "Sweet Amy! the widow's ae lamb; she'll maybe be in heaven by this time! and Barney, the bit bairn, we'll miss him sore!" All blessings be on little children, for few, and coarse, and evil are the hearts that they do not soften, and brighten, and humanize.

In a few seconds Dr. Brown found himself in the old-fashioned kitchen of the Corner House, and before its blazing fire was a little couch, and on the little couch lay the darling of many hearts, the widow's comfort, little

Amy Jones. A minute or two more, and the life that had been so radiant, would have ebbed into the waters, and the soul into the heart of Him who loves little children; but it had not been too late; the energetic measures, which with feminine presence of mind, Leslie North had adopted on the instant, had succeeded, and Dr. Brown entered to see a pale pink return to the death-like cheeks, and a faint voice lisp, with little fingers clasped, "Our Father." At the blessed sound the poor widow's nerve gave way, and faint and white she lay in her mourning weeds as if dead upon the floor.

Sally's report had, as usual, outstripped the truth, for there was Barney's quaint old-fashioned face, by no means "drownded," but alive with all sorts of contradictory emotions, to which he gave rambling and unheeded utterance. "Mavourneen, you 'll do —the light 's come back—and the rose—and you 'll be the mother's heart-throb yet—but woe 's me, them with bright wings will be sorry, and the white robe that was ready will

be feelin' empty—we'd have been all right by this time, if she'd let us go deep down—but she's a blessed lady, all the same, with her proud face and her strong hand."

Who was it that, walking by the side of the little river, swollen by heavy rains, had seen a little child floating down the stream, then a boy leaping bravely in beyond his depth, and two nigh to death in the hungry waters? Who was it that, aided by the long over-hanging branch of a willow, at the risk of her own life, caught the little precious burden, and stretched the saving hand to the poor Irish boy, and hurried past the dials, and clipped hedges, and moss-house, into the warm old kitchen of the Corner House? Who was it that, though never in such a scene before, seemed inspired with all the requisite activity and energy, —obeying Leslie North's every direction, throwing aside shyness, stiffness, and exclusiveness? Who was it that,—when the mother recovered from the long swoon,—praying, weeping, trembling, clasped the

mourner's hands, receiving as gratefully as it was given the almost inarticulate "God bless you, God reward you"? It was Lady Elinor! for the first time in her life in full action—forgetting self—blessing and being blessed. "*Our* Father!" how those lisped words went home to her heart! Yes; she felt what she had never felt before; a feeling of wide love and brotherhood. Her heart expanded—all and everything came in for a share of that unaccustomed blessing—the first dews of a heart long parched by Self.

"Our *Father!*" Ah, was that great God about to show Himself as such to her; to give her life, and light, and love, and work? Yes! she was no longer useless; she had saved two lives; she had filled a mother's heart with unutterable joy. "Our Father!" Never in her little antique oratory, never while kneeling at the altar in the village church, never in the dim majesty of old cathedrals, had those words borne into her soul the significance with which they had thrilled from the lips of that fragile child.

Go home, Lady Elinor, go home, full of exulting hope, and excited expectation, and vehement prayers for the great things which thou determinest for thyself; but remember that stately palaces and enduring temples must be built upon sure foundations, not upon the shifting sand; remember that before the giant tree rears its branches to the skies, or yields itself as a mast to the stately war-ship, its roots must be driven firm and deep into a fostering soil; remember that before there is true progression upward and onward, the soul must have a right starting-place, or its presumptuous Excelsiors will be smothered in dust and mire.

The day after the accident, Leslie hurried to the Castle, laden with blessings and thanks from Hester Morris, for the preservation of the boy who had made himself loved by every member of the little household, and with timid grateful messages from Mrs. Jones, who, though afraid of intrusion, wished Lady Elinor to know that her darling had woke up bright as a May sunbeam, and had put

in her own little word of prayer, that "Our Father might bless the strong good lady."

Leslie's ardent mind had been full of all manner of enthusiastic and affectionate thoughts and plans about Lady Elinor. It was not the Lady Elinor of the Corner House kitchen, however, that Leslie encountered in the drawing-room of Castle Mordaunt. The excitement had passed away, and, like all shy and sensitive people, Elinor was ashamed of the highly-wrought feelings which she had shown, and nervously afraid of those who had seen them, so she took refuge in a colder, statelier manner than ever, which fell upon Leslie's warm feelings like hail-stones upon a bright hearth-fire. She was not in the least shy herself, so had no sympathy with or understanding of shyness in others, and nothing but the remembrance of Barney and the widow's child could have prevented her disappointment from being mixed with indignation. But when she gave an account of the visit to her uncle, he only smiled and nodded; "Ay, ay, the life's

prisoned up again, but it 's there, and it will win through yet. She 'll be blessed, and a blessing."

One morning, at an untimely hour, Dr. Brown was roused by a summons from the Castle. Lady Elinor was ill. For some time she had been looking extremely fragile —the mental discomfort had told upon the bodily frame — and, predisposed to illness, the wetting she had got in the Leigh Water had given her a shock and a chill from which she had never recovered. In a few days, inflammation of the chest had begun its deadly work. All was excitement and dismay at the Castle. Lord Mordaunt, who was deeply attached to his daughter, was almost out of his senses with apprehension. Lady Clementina Mordaunt was roused out of her usual apathy into being the worst and most fidgety nurse in the world. Lord D'Arcy was a far better one, and watched over his darling sister with trembling anxiety. There were no bounds to Dr. Brown's anxious care and interest, and, while using every

remedy with skilful promptitude and decision, he tried to speak to the immortal soul, but no word from without reached the mind of the sick girl. She heard as though she understood not. Strange hurried words and thoughts crowded up from her own mind in wild and tumultuous confusion. "Wherewithal shall I come before God?" rang in her ears at one moment, or that definition of Death which she had read the day before her illness commenced, "To die is to stand in the presence of the Holy God, denuded of all but conscience."* The next moment her thoughts had flown to the mother of her childhood, but there was no rest there, for, would not the mother be bright and beautiful, and saved, and blessed, and, ah, might not the daughter be severed far and wide for ever! Then would come boomings of music, and sounds of dancers' feet, and glittering lights, and she fancied herself in the gay halls of her one London season. But what, what was this pressing on her so strangely, so awfully

* Isaac Taylor.

—was it death? could it be death? Was she to go forth and away? was her place to know her no more? She had wished for death, and it had come, and she was not ready; she had wearied of life, and now she would give kingdoms for it, ay, even for the life of a worm. Yes, yes, she heard what Dr. Brown said, but it was not for her; she had never loved God or served Him, and still she only feared Him, so how could there be a Saviour for her! And the pulse throbbed tumultuously, and the brain whirled, and the pain raged, and the eyes rolled anxiously around, and there was time for fear and anguish, and self-reproach, but no time for preparation.

At last the excitement was over—there was no longer any danger, but there set in the dull, dead calm of weakness, for the recovery was very slow, and there was a cough, and other slight symptoms, which indicated the necessity for great caution. So weeks passed on, without change, and Lady Elinor was still confined to her sick-room.

Nor was she the most patient or unselfish of invalids. She grew to hate even the pattern of the paper and the furniture in her spacious apartment; its four walls seemed to her like those in the horrible Italian story, which, approaching nearer and nearer, crushed their unfortunate victim. Her nurses were at their wits' ends with her fancies, and the very sight of good, well-meaning "Aunt Clement," threw her into a fit of nervous irritation. But it was not the mere physical suffering of weakness which thus oppressed her—that, she could have borne bravely. She was wrestling with sore, bitter, mental disappointment and mortification. She had expected great things—progress, and knowledge, and rapturous feelings; she had prayed for light and strength, and where were her prayers, where were the aspirations on which she prided herself so much? She had been *afraid* to die with a coward's fear; her mind was deadened and stupified; and she had now no strength even to hope or wish. What was she better or higher than others?

She was chained down, weak, irritable, helpless; the smallest trifles had power to upset her nerves and her temper;—weary, weary! But be of good cheer, Lady Elinor, this illness has its message and its purpose. It is as good that the plough should furrow the hard earth before the sower goes forth to sow, as that the harrow should drag its irons over the seed after it is cast into the prepared soil.

When Lady Elinor was so far recovered as to be moved to the sofa in the adjoining Turret-Room, the Doctor allowed Leslie to see his patient, who, though too proud and shy to ask for it, had been secretly longing for a sight of her kind eyes and sweet face; and, at last, prompted by D'Arcy, and sanctioned by Lady Clementina, who was wofully tired of her post, had ventured to make the request. Leslie understood sick-rooms, and those that dwell therein. She made no advances to intimacy or confidence, entered on no exciting subject, only there she was, with her work or her book,

always sympathizing, always cheerful, always ready to read aloud. It was not long before Elinor grew so accustomed to her presence, and so soothed by her kindness, that she felt an ever-increasing desire to confide her feelings to her; but confidence had hitherto been a word almost unknown to Elinor, except by her wistful yearnings for it, brought up as she had been, almost destitute of genial companionship. It is true that she had sometimes tried to bestow confidence, but her feelings had always returned checked and chilled to the prison of her own morbid and self-occupied mind. It is true that she loved and was loved by her brother most dearly, but there are often barriers between those of the same family which, strangely enough, do not exist between comparative strangers. So Lady Elinor had grown up, giving and receiving no confidence in the higher and deeper signification of the word.

CHAPTER VII.

TURRET-TALK.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."
—PROV. xvii. 17.

"Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

"Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth night and day;
Yes, even me, even me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

"Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

"Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even."—H. BONAR.

"Know thou that pride
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness;—that he who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he hath never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one
The least of nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. Oh, be wiser thou,
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,
True dignity abides with him alone,
Who in the silent hour of inward thought
Can still suspect, and still revere himself
In loneliness of heart."—WORDSWORTH.

DIFFERENT days were these in the Turret boudoir,—transformed into an invalid cham-

ber,—from the old summer times of guitars, and poetry, and heraldic devices. In much weariness and impatience the time lagged on. As Lady Elinor could not be quite well and unfettered, she took refuge in the other extreme, and would not make even the slight efforts which the Doctor thought advisable. Lady Clementina used, therefore, eagerly to encourage little reading and conversational parties in the boudoir, from which, however, she generally stole away to recruit herself, by sitting quite still and straight in her own room, moralizing on the difference between the "rising generation" and young ladies of rank in her own early days —greatly to the disadvantage of the former, especially in times of illness. "We were ill, and got well again, without wearing everybody to thread-papers," said poor Aunt Clement, mournfully.

One relentlessly rainy morning, when the invalid was in a particularly unamusable condition, Leslie began to read aloud a volume of Lamartine's *Celebrated Characters*, and

Lady Elinor's attention was soon fixed. Dr. Brown and Lord D'Arcy came in, and, as the former was tired, and wanted to rest, and the latter was busy carving a doll's cradle for a poor sick child in the village, they begged that the reading might be continued. The party was farther increased by a nephew of Lord Mordaunt's, Lord Edward de Lacy, who was unwillingly detained at the Castle for a few days, waiting for a friend, and finding it desperately "slow;" his cousin Nell with white cheeks and heavy eyes, and gruels, and night-caps; Aunt Clem worse than ever; and D'Arcy engrossed with the only person worth speaking to. Billiard-room and stables having failed this morning, he sauntered into the Turret-Room, to nobody's satisfaction, not even his own.

Leslie laid down the book, after finishing the Life of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, who, finding that to work with his hands was incompatible in those days with nobility, joyfully resigned his aristocratic privileges, and became an artisan.

D'Arcy looked up with sparkling eyes. "There was a great man for you," said he.

Lord Edward, who had been wearily counting the rain-drops, broke in scornfully, "A great snob, I think, to sink himself into a nobody."

"I suspect that the nobody Gutenberg was more famous than the aristocratic somebody would have been," said Leslie, smiling.

"Especially if Montesquieu's definition be a true one," rejoined D'Arcy: "'A lord is a man who sees the king, speaks to the minister, has ancestors, debts, and pensions!'"

What view Lady Elinor might have taken of the subject, it is impossible to say, had not Lord Edward smiled in a fashionably polite but provoking manner. Elinor disliked her cousin, and could not bear anybody but herself to laugh at her brother, so, with the spirit of contradiction strong upon her, she exclaimed, "Yes! he was indeed a noble, self-denying man to give up his aristocracy to do good to his fellow-creatures."

"I don't believe," said Dr. Brown drily,

"that there was any self-denial in the case; besides, who says that he parted with his aristocracy; is there only one kind of aristocracy?"

"True," said D'Arcy; "one can imagine the black hands of an artisan to be more truly great and noble than the white jewelled fingers of an aristocrat. John Dunbar says that there is an aristocracy of labour, of intellect, of honestly won wealth, as well as of rank and birth."

"Aristocracy, in short, being the government by the BEST," said Dr. Brown.

"Yes!" quoted Leslie, with eye and cheek flashing, "'God Almighty's nobles, and not the Court tailor's nobles.' Thank God for the many in the land!'"

D'Arcy's eyes flashed too. "A noble thought," said he; "I'll never forget it."

Lord Edward appeared unconscious that any one had spoken, and turning to Lady Elinor, said listlessly, "By the way, I had a letter from Anna this morning; they are going to get up a splendid fancy ball at

Wester Court, and furnish the suites of apartments entirely in the mediæval style; none of the characters are to be more modern than the days of the Crusaders. What a pity that you will not be able to go; all our set will be there."

"What is 'a set?'" asked Leslie, with an archly innocent look.

"Oh," said Lord Edward superciliously, "it means everybody people know, or ought to know."

"Speak for yourself, then, De Lacy," said Lord D'Arcy. "Everybody that I know won't be there, and nobody I care to know."

"Well," said Dr. Brown, "it's a queer thing to hear human beings talk of themselves as if they were dinner-plates!"

"Yes," answered D'Arcy, laughing; "and they must all be of one pattern, too, for woe betide an odd one from another set! How shockingly 'low' Joan of Arc or Peter the Hermit would be thought, if they were to walk into your fancy ball *in propria persona*, Edward; all you exclusives would be up in arms."

"'The angels speak not ill of dignities,'" said Elinor, following the current of her own thoughts, "so surely man ought to hold rank in honour."

"That is not the principle of exclusiveness," answered D'Arcy, "which is not content with being looked up to, but must also *look down upon.*"

"Ay, ay," said Dr. Brown, "the angels must think it well-nigh as strange, that one human worm should look down upon another, as if a caterpillar should take to being exclusive, or a grain of sand to superciliousness."

"Do you remember that epitaph, uncle, which we read in Melrose Abbey," said Leslie—

"Earth walketh on the earth,
Glittering like gold;
Earth goeth to the earth,
Sooner than it wold.
Earth buildeth on the earth,
Palaces and towers,
Earth sayeth to the earth,
'All shall be ours.'"

"I once read a striking anecdote of your

countrywoman, Lady Glenorchy," said D'Arcy, turning to Leslie. "She was reading that verse in the Bible[1] where it is said that 'not many noble' are called into God's kingdom, and she thanked God with tears in her eyes for that '*m*,' because it might have been 'not *any* noble.'"

"What a different estimate," answered Leslie, "from that of the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough, who declared 'that it was shameful to say of aristocratic hearts, that they could be as sinful as those of the common wretches that crawl the earth.'"

"I think she wasn't so far wrong," said Lord Edward, politely suppressing a yawn.

Lady Elinor's eyes, which had been full of tears, flashed indignantly, but he did not see them.

"After all," said D'Arcy, "I do believe that it is a bad *middleocracy* which makes a bad aristocracy. As long as there is so much 'flunkeyism' in the world, what can you expect? I am sure the way I have sometimes

[1] 1 Cor. i. 26.

been toadied was enough to make one retire to a desert island."

"Flunkeyism indeed!" said Dr. Brown, in high indignation, "that new-fangled word 's a calumny; as if flunkeys in plush and silver lace were not a noble race in comparison to those in fashionable surtouts and crinolines!"

"Don't you think that toads ought to bring an action for damages also?" said Leslie, laughing, "for certainly a toad is a much more respectable member of society than a toady!"

Dr. Brown thought that the conversation had gone far enough, and that the invalid looked tired, so he broke up the party, begging Lady Elinor to take a rest. She did not rest, however. "Not many noble," were words that haunted her. "How then," thought she, "can the world's nobility be so desirable a thing? Am I one of God Almighty's nobles?" and when she took up a Bible that evening, as she had always done from habit, since childhood, her eyes fell

on that strange test of nobility, which declares that the Bereans "were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, to see whether these things were so."[1]

The next morning, Leslie North entered the Turret boudoir with little Amy Jones, who at the invalid's particular request had been a frequent visitor to "the darling lady," as she now called her preserver, and she was always a little sunbeam to Lady Elinor; who was remarkably fond of children, with whom there was no need to be either shy or proud. To-day, the little one proudly carried a basket of lovely autumn violets, as an offering to her sick friend. Something in the scent of the violets, or the child's happy smile, "struck the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound," and carried the young girl back to the days when she too used to enter that room—her mother's room—as joyously. Pride gave way; Elinor burst into

[1] Acts xvii. 11.

tears, and the next moment she was leaning upon Leslie's kind, true, woman's heart. Neither spoke. Little Amy, in great perplexity why the "darling lady" should do such a naughty thing as "cry," could think of no better way of creating a diversion, than striking up her last new hymn, of which, indeed, she was uncommonly proud, and she lisped out in her sweet childish accents,—

"One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!"

"Oh, me," faltered out Lady Elinor, "this is a weary, unloving, miserable world; friend or brother, it is all one; there is no real love in all the earth."

"I know that," answered Leslie; "but still you want a friend."

"Will you be my friend?" asked Elinor, with a look of unusual humility.

"Dear Lady Elinor," said Leslie, much touched, "most happy shall I be to be all to you that I can, but you need a far different

friend; One that cannot change or pass away, —One to make you strong in death, as well as happy in life."

"Where is there such a one?" said Elinor, despairingly.

"Up there," whispered Leslie, looking reverently up to the calm grey heavens. Lady Elinor shook her head impatiently. Leslie continued: "Jesus Christ, 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'"

"People talk of such a thing, I know," said Lady Elinor, "and it sounds very pretty and very comforting; but I don't believe that anybody can love and feel that they are beloved by one not seen, not understood."

Leslie smiled a sweet smile, and clasped her hands. "Oh, if you knew what He has been to me," said she softly and reverently.

Lady Elinor looked up, and then Leslie repeated, almost in a whisper, those beautiful lines beginning with—

"Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a Brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every care."

Lady Elinor sighed, but there was an impatient tone in her voice, as she said, "Well! it may be so; all I can say is, that I don't understand it."

"But may it not be," said Leslie, "because you only seek a Comforter and a Friend? Now, it is first as the Friend of Sinners, as the Saviour, that you must seek and find the Lord Jesus; then you would understand the rest."

Still Lady Elinor only said, "You don't understand me—nobody does; I am better than you think. I have long loved and wished for higher things."

"Very true, but the Bible says, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.' You may go a far way up to heaven, and yet not be seeking heaven in Christ, and till you do that, you are just like a little bird with a string round its leg, soaring up a little way to the sky, but ever pulled down to the earth by a strong hand."

Lady Elinor listened, but still there was the rear of her graceful throat, as she again

repeated, "I am unhappy; but I am not so sinful as you seem to think."

"Have you loved God first, and above all? for if you have not, there is no sin greater than that." Leslie's words, though not responded to, were not useless. They were as little wedges in a mind erstwhile so firmly closed against religious truth, or as Elinor herself might have expressed it, against "commonplaces."

Leslie did not think it wise to talk too much at a time on these subjects, so after a long pause, she said in a lighter tone, "If Uncle George sends you abroad this spring, as he was threatening last night, I wonder if we shall meet anywhere in that glorious south,—we are to be wanderers for many months to come."

"I should like very much to meet you again," answered Lady Elinor frankly; "but D'Arcy tells me that Sir John Dunbar is going with you, and I have a perfect horror of him, to tell you the truth; but I forgot,—he is your brother-in-law. I have been very rude."

"Not at all," said Leslie, laughing; "I like to hear round, unvarnished opinions of my friends."

"It is very odd," continued Lady Elinor, who was in a communicative mood, "why I like you so much, for I must confess you have a pretty deep tinge both of Radicalism and Methodism,—two of Sir John Dunbar's crimes."

"Not guilty to the first charge," answered Leslie gaily, and then deepening into gravity, "and as to the second, I hope indeed that it is so; what else is worth living for, but just to be one of God's people, instead of the world's people? and that is what Methodism means, as you use the word, which most emphatically describes John Dunbar. I assure you, however, that no prejudice can possibly stand against him; he is so noble, so kind, so free from all masculine *littlenesses*."

"I hate perfect men," said Lady Elinor curtly.

"Sir John would smile to hear himself so classed," answered Leslie; "besides, he is not

one of your milk-and-water Goody-two-Shoes pieces of perfection; he gives one the idea of one who has not come to be what he is, without a struggle. He has one great charm, the greatest that man, woman, or child can have in my opinion,—he is perfectly *true*."

"Do you think that *I* am true?" asked Lady Elinor, hesitatingly.

"Not entirely," answered Leslie candidly. "I think that you are quite truthful, dear Lady Elinor, though not quite true."

"That is a distinction without a difference," returned Lady Elinor, rather tartly.

"I don't think so; I have met with people who, from faults of education, thought it no harm to tell 'white lies,' who yet by nature were so ingenuous that few could mistake their characters; others again would not say an untruthful word for worlds, and yet give, and try to give, quite false ideas of themselves."

"And you think that I belong to the last class?"

"I do, indeed; you often make yourself

appear quite different from what you are; and—forgive me for saying it—much worse than you are."

"Yes, I know; I like to mystify people. I can't bear everybody to read me as if I were a book; and if I see they don't appreciate me, which, by the by, is generally the case, I like to make them think as ill of me as possible."

"Thoroughly unamiable, and thoroughly incompatible with trueness, dear Lady Elinor!

> 'To thine own self be true,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.'"

"What plain language you *true* people do use!" replied Lady Elinor, wincing, but smiling. "Now, tell me who else is to be of your party on the Continent?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles North, my uncle and aunt."

"Are they nice?"

"Uncle Charlie is a darling, and Aunt Louisa—"

"Is *not* a darling, to judge by the change

in your tell-tale face," said Lady Elinor, laughing; but, as Leslie coloured rather painfully, she went on, "Then Miss Gordon, a charming niece, or cousin, or sister of Sir John's, is not going?"

"I suppose you mean his niece, Juliet Gordon?—no; she is to remain in the Highlands all winter. I don't think she is exactly what one describes as a 'charming' person; but she is beautiful—oh, a sight to look upon!" said Leslie enthusiastically.

Lady Elinor felt a little spasm of something approaching to jealousy.

Leslie continued, "She has a great deal of character, and is very good, but—"

"Please go on," said Lady Elinor; "I like a character with *buts!*"

"Well, if you understand me, it is the sort of character that requires a deep, great love to soften it. Uncle Charles says it must be a hopeless love; but I think the humility of a prosperous affection would give her the womanliness she needs."

"Really, Miss North," said Lady Elinor,

suppressing a deep sigh, and forcing a smile to come whether it would or no, "if you go about reading characters in this way, you must be quite a mental Bodleian or Vatican."

"I certainly have not been following the good old rule, 'Talk of things not persons.' I know it is one of my snares," said Leslie, ingenuously.

Some days afterwards Lady Elinor wrote as follows :—

"*Jan. 5th.*—I have not written in my journal for a long time, and now if it is anything like the pages of my dreary listless heart, it will be but a worthless record. Yet I feel a strong will sometimes rising up within me. I *must* escape from this vacuity of life and motive. Higher things are around me and above me, and I *must* rise to them. I have such a strange sensation—not of being in actual darkness—but of walking in light with closed eyes, as if I *could* see, were they but opened for me, and if light came, that glorious 'Licht, mehr Licht,'

which Goethe craved at the hour of death, then strength and hope would come too. . . . Miss North speaks of strange things,—of having found such comfort and help, and the Saviour seems to her a living Person, a Friend, and Brother. I could almost be angry at the plain-spoken things she says—but I do feel that she is right, and that I am all wrong—I who used to speak so proudly. I can scarcely realize that I once thought so complacently of myself. Was I the same then, or have I grown much worse? Had I then this selfish, vain, cowardly heart, afraid of dying, afraid of suffering? this irritable, unreasonable temper? I am so weak, too, since my illness; weak both in body and mind; I can do nothing that I used to do. Everything is a burden, and an effort, and an anxiety to me. Surely I am walking in the Valley of Humiliation, which Dr. Brown used to show me a picture of, in his old brown *Pilgrim's Progress*, when I was a little child; but I am plucking no sweet Heart's-Ease from its banks. Dear Dr. Brown! how cross

and ungrateful I was to him to-day! He was speaking of selfishness as a universal fault. I said I was *not* selfish, and he put his hand on my head, and whispered, 'Now, what do you think of from morning till night—is it not Lady Elinor, in some form or other?' How frightfully true it was! and because it *was* true I was so angry! but he only smiled and said, 'There's some use in scolding you, my dear, for you take it so ill, that one knows it goes home!' He read me something out of a magazine, which, after he left the room, I copied, though I would not acknowledge that I was struck by it. 'Self & Co. is a good Christian firm, provided the "Co." be sufficiently comprehensive; but Self alone, all Self, and with no thought beyond Self, is a miserable, sordid piece of case-hardened impracticability, abhorred of all good angels, and with which no one who believes in the three Christian graces desires to have anything to do. We spoke of Self *alone*. The phrase is incorrect. Self never is quite alone. Segregated from all mankind,

the self-worshipper is an object of special and peculiar interest to the Father of Evil. Self and Satan "cotton" to one another, and the latter becomes the silent partner of the former—so it is Self & Co. after all! Let all whose affections *strike inward*, but neither *outward* nor *upward*, be assured that the pleasantest sensation their self-adoration can ever give them, is as far beneath the exquisite enjoyment which flows from the exercise of charity, mercy, and loving-kindness, as God's footstool is beneath His throne.'

"I *must* arise from this abyss of selfishness; but how? Oh, if I had some one to love that I could pour devoted thought and feeling upon—some one to look up to, up and away from Self—I could learn to be unselfish, I think. But no one loves me best of all; I am no one's first object. Dear, kind Miss North, how earnestly she spoke! It *would* be a wonderful thing to love God; the great, holy, marvellous God. Surely that would fill the heart; but how impossible!"

The first step toward the truth is to feel the need of truth. The first earnest longing for the morning makes us turn from all other lights, whether star or taper. Before the first spring of the steed upon its onward career, the barriers which stayed its progress must fall or be shattered. So it was with Lady Elinor. So it is with every soul educating BY God FOR God.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TOUR.

And he led them forth by the right way."—Ps. cxii. 7.

"The soul that sees Him, or receives, sublimed,
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before;
Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked."

"But truths on which depend our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread,
With such a lustre he that runs may read."

COWPER.

"What end should cause us take such pain,
But that same end which every living wight,
Should make his mark, high heaven to attain?
Is not from hence the way that leadeth right,
To that most glorious House that glistereth bright,
With burning stars, and ever-living light."

SPENSER.

TIME had passed on. The 10th of January took Leslie North away from Woodleigh Mordaunt, leaving a sorrowful blank in the Corner House, and beneath the pointed roofs

and painted beams of its opposite neighbour. What was very strange also, was that Lord D'Arcy in the Castle, and little Barney in the kitchen, as well as Aunt Hester in her sick-room, had felt as if nothing had gone quite smoothly and pleasantly since that identical date! At first, Barney did little but dig his knuckles into his eyes, and utter Irish howls in the back-green, which quite upset Flora's weak nerves. Afterwards, he comforted himself by building various castles in the air, which mysteriously enough seemed connected with Miss North's studies in the Roundel, and which resulted in Susan's announcing in great consternation,—"Please ma'am, Barney says that he 's going to be a missionary instead of a tiger!"

At the Castle, the winter seemed very long. A cough and other symptoms of delicacy still remaining, Dr. Brown thought it unwise to expose Lady Elinor to the rigours of an English spring; it was therefore settled that she should go abroad for a few months, accompanied by her father and brother, while

Lady Clementina joyfully seized the opportunity of reposing in state at D'Arcy Manor.

Lady Elinor stood at the window of the Turret-Room, gazing long upon the still wintry trees, amongst which the east wind howled mournfully. It was the evening before she was to leave home on her way to those foreign lands which she had long wished to visit, but now that the time had come, it found her weak and nervous, with very contradictory feelings. She feared, yet longed to look into the future; changes of thought, of feeling, and of circumstance, must surely take place before she looked on those elms and beeches clothed in their autumnal beauty; and a vague fear intruded, that the woes of discontent and selfishness might be found peculiarly those of which you may "change the place but keep the pain." Lady Elinor was learning to call things by their right names,—always a step towards improvement.

Except the annual move of the family to London, or to D'Arcy Manor, or to the seaside, Lady Elinor had been little from home,

and now she said good-bye to the favourite Turret, and barbican, and picture-gallery, and her old nurse, and Dr. Brown, with a sensation of melancholy foreboding that perhaps she might never see them again, while tears gathered in kindly eyes that noted the wan face and drooping form of the youthful lady of the Castle.

Spring went by and summer came, and summer passed on its way, and then quickly re-appeared the harvests and forest glories and full-orbed moons of the autumn, and Castle Mordaunt was once more full of life and movement.

"This is the 5th of September," said Lady Elinor, the day after her return home in the bloom of renovated health and strength; "in four days they will be here, and how pleasant it will be to talk over all our adventures,—won't it, D'Arcy!"

D'Arcy smiled an answering smile full of content, but said nothing; he had grown graver and quieter than he used to be. In a

few minutes, Lady Elinor resumed with a slightly conscious laugh: "D'Arcy, do you remember how nearly we quarrelled about Sir John Dunbar and his relations one day last year; I did not think then, that I should be counting the days till their arrival at Castle Mordaunt,—not that I have changed my mind much about Sir John Dunbar. I don't like *him* yet, remember."

"Don't you?" said D'Arcy, with a shade of incredulity in his tone.

"No, I do *not*," answered Elinor, growing emphatic and impatient. "I don't like people who influence everybody; even papa, who was prejudiced enough at first, did whatever he told him. I declare I like Mrs. North a great deal better, who is always disagreeable!—now you never know whether Sir John is to be agreeable or not."

"You are very ungrateful, Elinor."

"Oh, yes! I know what you mean. I wish it had been Mr. North that picked me up that day," said Lady Elinor, bent only on demonstrating her own consistency.

"That saved your life at the risk of his own, would be the right way to put it, Elinor."

Leslie North had been quite right. It was one of the faults of Lady Elinor's character, that she had often a perverse desire to make herself appear worse than she was. D'Arcy on the contrary was too simple and straightforward to understand this, and Lady Elinor invariably felt injured by his want of comprehension. The brother and sister went on with their occupations in silence, but with great industry; they were finishing sketches which they had made during their tour. Lady Elinor had brought home a large volume of clever sketches, though some of them would have been quite uninteresting in the eyes of strangers, being mere indications of associations she wished to preserve,—it was in fact the only journal she had kept. After D'Arcy left the room, she laid down her brush, and turning over the leaves from the beginning, her attention and memory were every now and then arrested. There was the

pretty, lively market-place of Calais, with the picturesque caps and gay colours of the peasantry, recalling the novelty and interest peculiar to the first sensation of being in a foreign land. There were sketches of the Seine and its bridges,—of the old Hôtel de Clunie, that strange remnant of the Past, rising up in the midst of working-day Parisian life,—characteristic little bits, too, of Père la Chaise, and St. Denis, and Versailles; but a few rapid, commonplace lines, denoting a plain, unchapel-like little chapel in a Parisian street, fixed her attention more earnestly. It was a small "Chapelle Evangélique," to which, feeling almost as if she were doing a wrong action, she accompanied her brother, and joined in the simple French Presbyterian service; the simplicity, the pathos, the earnestness of the preacher, the beauty of the singing, the charm of the foreign tongue, were never to be forgotten,—she felt almost as if transported back to the "upper room" of primitive Christianity; it was there, too, that D'Arcy greeted with start, and quiver,

and voiceless welcome, the fair, handsome, mild-looking man, and the distinguished, dark, proud woman, who had sat on the bench behind. It was Mr. North and his wife, and the shorter, stronger, darker man, who was sitting so motionless with folded arms behind a pillar, was Sir John Dunbar. There was no need to tell D'Arcy or Elinor who the fourth of the group was, with the peculiar sunshine upon brow and lip.

How it happened Elinor never knew, but so it was, that after a fortnight of the process of amalgamation in Paris, the unlikely elements formed one party for the rest of the way. Lord Mordaunt took a sudden fancy both to Sir John Dunbar and Mr. North, and, though Lady Elinor still cherished an amiable dislike to anybody she heard "raved about," as she expressed it, yet it was such a comfort to have her father pleased and amused, that externally, at all events, she was on civil terms with the redoubtable baronet. Mrs. North was a great and continued astonishment to her; the mill-owner's wife had met

the Earl's daughter with a *hauteur* equal to her own, only, being quite unmixed with shyness, it had considerably the advantage of poor Lady Elinor's somewhat embarrassed haughtiness. However, the two ladies never came into collision, for Mrs. North was not displeased at the rank of her travelling companions, and was, besides, generally wrapped in silence and abstraction; they contented themselves with each making in secret some severe disadvantageous reflections on the nature of "Pride, ugly pride."

A good way farther on came a sketch of a rustic seat, looking out upon that blue, blue Mediterranean, where she had been left for the whole of a delicious southern April morning, resting with Miss North and a pile of Miss North's books. Leslie had read to her with singular beauty of feeling and intonation, several of Elizabeth Barret Browning's poems, and then with one of those quick transitions which had such a charm for Elinor, she threw down the book, saying, "Oh, one needs *more* than that, much more!" and

taking up an old brown little book, called *Rutherford's Letters*, she read a few sentences; quaint, uncompromising stuff Elinor thought it, yet strangely, mysteriously arresting. "Build your nest upon no tree here, for God hath sold the forest unto death, and every tree whereupon we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee, and mount up, and build upon the ROCK." D'Arcy came up at that moment, and Elinor remembered well noticing and wondering why Leslie's bright upward glance and animated voice fell, fell, and saddened. Leslie was not now so frank with D'Arcy as she used to be. Another sketch was the interior of a picturesque old Italian inn. In that room Lady Elinor had read a book over which Leslie had wept and shivered, and yet thanked God that Patriotism was left in the world; it was called *Doctor Antonio*. In that room, too, she had heard a discussion on the political questions involved in that book between her father and Sir John Dunbar; she scarcely knew what Lord Mordaunt's argu-

ments were, though once they would have been her own, but every word upon the other side made her thrill and glow with the strange consciousness that she was in a land of living heroes, instead of the old dead ones she had dreamed of so often—a land wherein the *canaille*, as she would have called them in her proud ignorant days, were patriots to the death, besides many a man noble in name as well as deed. D'Arcy had been too generous to remind his sister of her old prejudices. Lady Elinor turned over the pages of her sketch-book rapidly, till she came to some favourite memorials of a visit they had paid to the glorious Piedmontese "Valleys." Again had she been fired by the recital of great deeds upon the spot where they were done; brave defences of churches and homes, braver endurance of exile, and torture, and death; and, finally, the "Glorious Return" of the Vaudois to their own Valleys through obstacles that seemed like those sung in the fabled days of old. Elinor Mordaunt quite forgot that these

were heroes who knew nought of heralds' offices, or nobility that was of the earth, earthy. Next came a pretty sketch of a vine-covered châlet, at the door of which they were sitting, looking down on the green chestnuts and white hamlets of the Valleys, and up to the snowy peaks where dwelt the chamois and lämmergeier, when Leslie had told with quiet, earnest tone, tales of the martyrs and heroes of Scottish hills and valleys. "These were true crusaders, Lady Elinor," Sir John had said; "brave, knightly hearts who bore the cross for God's truth, in obscurity, unselfishness, daily weariness, pain, and fortitude, and such hearts have we in our land to this day."

And Leslie said, "Come to Scotland, Lady Elinor; come, and see."

There was another sketch which she hurried by with a thrill of horror. It represented a precipice of the Simplon, and but a few minutes after that hurried sketch was taken, there had been a start, a swerve, a hideous faintness, a cry from the others, and

she knew no more till she found herself safe, caught up by Sir John Dunbar's strong arm, while the mule lay crushed and bleeding far below;—how could she have spoken so heartlessly to D'Arcy about that day! There were a great many sketches from Geneva, but she had not cared so much about that part of their tour as Miss North had done. The old Reformers had no charm for her, unless they had been martyred. There, however, for the first time she was introduced into religious society which differed greatly from the "good people" whom she had formerly pictured to herself. There was a rare union of intellect, simplicity, religion, and refinement. She could not help observing the high place which Sir John Dunbar and Miss North took in this society, which seemed to have a different rule of social consideration; the manufacturer's niece was evidently ranked higher than the earl's daughter. It was strange. It was not agreeable. Lady Elinor liked to be first in the estimation and attention of those around her. Moreover, she was reluc-

tantly compelled to own the superiority, and this admission made her think long. She did not envy, but she wondered at, the unconscious ease of manner, the conversational powers, the vividness of sympathy, the universal information possessed by her new friend.

A sketch of the glacier of Rosenlaui was a favourite of Lady Elinor's. She had looked and loved and admired so thoroughly, before she had drawn the dumb lines, that they had become instinct with utterance. Snows and flowers! Rough places and verdure close together! so was it in her life. But it was not enough that amusement and congenial society should for a time remove the morbid suffering. There was sunshine also upon the glacier. Had she the sunshine of true light yet falling upon her life? Never again could she be contented with the darkness of earthly light. She craved for something bright, brighter, brightest; would it ever come? twilight could not content her now.

"Whatever you do, don't be half a Christian," Leslie North had said to her one day,

and had quoted some lines that had impressed and startled her much :—

> "Almost! did Jesus only almost leave the sky,
> Assume my flesh, and only almost die?
> Then shall I only almost take my cross,
> And only almost count all gain my loss?
> Forbid it, Lord, and help me to resign
> My heart to thee, and be entirely THINE."

No, no! it must be full light, or no light. Next came disjointed sketches of an inn-yard at Lyons; she remembered well jotting them down as she sat looking out of the window in a paroxysm of self-reproach. Mr. North and his niece were impatient to see the manufactories, and everything connected with them. D'Arcy and Sir John expected her, as a matter of course, to go with them and be exceedingly interested; even Lord Mordaunt was to go to please Miss North, as he gallantly said. But Lady Elinor was in a perverse mood; she wondered to herself how people like the Norths, who never could be guessed to have the misfortune of being connected with mills, should be so fond of recalling it to other people's memory, and she

declared aloud, that she was tired, and knew nothing about manufactures, and was not interested in machinery. There was an expression upon Sir John's frank face, which made Lady Elinor remember an old remark of D'Arcy's, that "Dunbar hated fine ladies;" but she did not care for that,—only when they returned she felt as if she had shut herself out from the fresh new world of thought and interest into which they had entered. The beauty of the manufactures, the state of the operatives, the admirable elementary schools for instruction in the art of drawing and designing patterns, the incentives held out to industry and success, furnished them with conversation for the rest of the day. Lady Elinor's mind was opening fast, like the green buds of spring after sunny showers, and it was now sufficiently widened to make her regret the loss of a single new thought or idea.

Many sketches besides, there were, which seemed to make her hear again the sound of many waters falling over old grey rocks with

their sweet and musical teachings; or which brought back to her mental vision the grand silent mountains, the tops whereof seem to go into heaven, and to be hushed with something of its glorious solemnity; or the sleeping rosy waters of the sun-tinged lakes, or the silver and golden ripples of the stately rivers she had wandered beside; or the sun rising in his strength, making the snowy glaciers warm and bright, or setting in his eventide glory of flushed and verdant and fleecy mist.

The dressing-bell had sounded for some time, when she reluctantly closed her beloved sketch-book, thinking as she recalled her state of feeling the evening before she left home, that after all the pleasures of memory are greater than the pleasures of anticipation.

As Lady Elinor sped along the corridor, she stopped at the door of D'Arcy's dressing-room, where he was still busily engaged in reading. "Forgive poor Nell, D'Arcy; she isn't so naughty as she says," and the brother and sister exchanged a silent and affection-

ate kiss. She left the room with a lightened heart, but not without noticing that there was a look of care upon D'Arcy's brow, while beside him there was an open Bible. Her face shaded over: "Poor D'Arcy," she said to herself, "there's sorrow in store for him; I wonder that he does not see that she is not in love with him. How very strange it is, for he is *so* lovable; she does not encourage him, I must confess. How difficult it was for papa to persuade her to come here even for a few days, and I did not like to give him a hint; and even with Miss Morris, she is only to stay for a week. I am sure that it is because she is afraid now that D'Arcy cares for her; it is very noble of her, and yet the idea that *she* should discourage Lord D'Arcy of D'Arcy is too absurd." The old haughtiness returned to her brow as she added, "It is a great mercy, for I must have an equal for my sister-in-law." Her conscience smote her at that moment with a remembrance of certain often-felt feelings of inferiority, and so her soliloquy suddenly closed.

The day came, and with it Sir John Dunbar and his sister-in-law. At the last moment, Mrs. North had taken one of her sudden caprices, and insisted upon going straight home, and as it was embodied in a strange and indescribable illness, "something quite new, my love," her husband was obliged to accompany her.

Lady Elinor felt that it was a different thing meeting friends and conversing with them frankly, in picturesque vine-covered hostelries, or in mountain passes, or in boats on Italian lakes, from meeting and conversing with them in the stately drawing-rooms of Castle Mordaunt. The spell of shyness and self-consciousness was fast creeping upon poor Elinor, who had received her visitors alone, and it was producing its usual effect of a corresponding stiffness in the guests. Lady Elinor was only nineteen, and had a great many faults, so we must not wonder at one of the causes of her failure being the fact that she had sundry naughty, little intentions of impressing Sir John Dunbar with

a sense of her own importance in her own house, as she had sometimes a rankling suspicion that he had not thoroughly appreciated her merits! The confidence of "Macgregor on his native heath" failed her, however, and Lord Mordaunt and Lord D'Arcy did not enter the room too soon. In a short time, the young hostess received a further reinforcement, which unexpectedly did her good service. The Duchess of Wenderton had offered to dine at Castle Mordaunt that day, remaining all night, on her way to join the Duke on the Highland moors. Lady Elinor had been rather nervous as to how her guests would amalgamate. She need not have been alarmed. The moment the Duchess entered the room, all stiffness was at an end. She was a happy specimen of high rank and its advantages. Not unconscious of it, but receiving it as a talent to be turned to good account, the consciousness only added another charm of kindliness and humility to her manner and her influence. If she never repulsed or neglected, neither

did she ever "patronize," for an instinct told her how much she should dislike both herself, and she had an old-fashioned predilection for the Divine command, "Do unto others what ye would that men should do unto you." The Duke and Duchess of Wenderton had been great travellers: they had roughed it in the desert, they had explored Palestine, they had seen the rising of the midnight sun in the far north, they had penetrated into Africa, they had walked behind the green and white curtain of Niagara, they had mingled in the society of not only well-nigh every court in Europe, but of many a circle which their own "set" might have considered vulgar and democratic, and they had brought back the broad liberal views of citizens of the world, who had found and welcomed their own level.

The Duchess knew Sir John Dunbar well as one of the band of Christian philanthropists to which her husband also belonged, who are the hope of our land; and she surprised Elinor by requesting a particular introduction

to Miss North, of whom she had often heard from a mutual friend. In a few minutes, Lady Elinor had forgotten her shyness; the charm of perfect good breeding and unconsciousness of self had done its work, and the whole party gathered round the fire in animated conversation, forgetting the fatigues of their several journeys.

At dinner, their number was increased by Dr. Brown, and a lady and gentleman who had lately succeeded to an estate very near Castle Mordaunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Audley were not remarkable for genius, or beauty, or wit, or talent, but they *were* remarkable for the large development of their bumps of veneration, as shown to their fellow-worms. What made this more remarkable was, that so far as birth and education can make people gentlemen and ladies, they were both such; therefore their continual self-assertion and fear of compromising themselves, were works of supererogation. Another remarkable feature in the case was, that they were amiable, kind, pleasant-tem-

pered people, and yet would not hesitate to look down upon those out of the magic pale of fashion, especially when any one was there to see; they would sit with silent dignity in a "promiscuous" party, their very garments seeming to say with a rustle, "stand by, I am greater than thou;" or, fastening upon one or two of the "select few," would gain for themselves by their exclusive attentions, the imputation of being "great bores." But the most remarkable feature of all was, that Mr. and Mrs. Scott Audley professed "the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ,"[1] except upon one point, which they chose to take into no account,—they *had* "respect of persons!" Upon the present occasion, Lady Elinor Mordaunt's philanthropic feelings ought to have been gratified, for two of her guests were in a state of supreme felicity. A real live duchess, an earl, an earl's eldest son, an earl's daughter, and a baronet who was at the same time grandson to a marquis; what a harvest for the post-office, and for those who delighted

[1] See James i. 1-9.

in the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Audley! To be sure they looked askance at Miss North and Dr. Brown, and it was a considerable shock to their feelings to see the deference paid to the latter, who had never given out his stores of quaint wisdom and fine thought more genially,—stimulated by the sympathy of Sir John, the vivacious intelligence of the Duchess and Leslie North, and by the bright and affectionate eyes of Lady Elinor, who, pleased and gratified that her old friend should be so appreciated, had never appeared to greater advantage. It was more difficult to do her part properly in the drawing-room, for she was so ungrateful as to tire dreadfully of Mrs. Scott Audley, and she longed to join in the quiet thoughtful talk going on in the large window, between the two other ladies. When the gentlemen came in, the conversation again became general, and soon took a turn which Mrs. Scott Audley thought rather objectionable for ears polite. "What *is* trade?" said she with a

slight shudder, and indignant little rustle of her new brocade.

"Trade is the noblest thing in the world," answered D'Arcy, seating himself between Miss North and the offending lady, and looking so solemn, that his father said laughing, "Hear, hear! D'Arcy is going to give us a definition from one of Pinnock's Catechisms!"

Mrs. Scott Audley was divided between contempt of the sentiment expressed by the young lord, and admiration of the quarter from whence it came. Partly to hide her own amusement, and partly to occupy Mrs. Scott Audley, as the gentlemen seemed perversely inclined to be plebeian in their topics of discussion, Lady Elinor proposed music, and shortly after the Scott Audleys' carriage was announced, and the hostess was left free to enjoy that great pleasure of listening to the conversation of refined and cultivated people, who have been educated by the faithful use of eyes, ears, and hearts.

CHAPTER IX.

SALTAIRE.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—ECCLES. ix. 10.
"Do all to the glory of God."—1 COR. x. 31.

"He that good thinketh, good may do,
And God will bless him thereunto;
For was never good work wrought,
Without beginning of good thought."
Vide MRS. JAMIESON'S *Commonplace Book.*

"Inventress of the woof, fair Lina flings
The flying shuttle through the dancing strings,
Inlays the broidered weft with flowery dyes;
Quick beat the reeds, the pedals fall and rise;
Slow from the beam the lengths of warp unwind,
And dance and nod the massy weights behind."
DARWIN.

"I know this world is brighter than I thought,
Having a window into heaven; henceforth
Life hath for me a purpose and a drift."
TAYLOR.

MRS. SCOTT AUDLEY would have been amazed, in fact, incredulous, had she been informed that the Duchess of Wenderton was prevailed on to alter her original plan, and remain another day at Castle Mordaunt, solely on account of an expedition which the

rest of the party intended to make to Saltaire, the "model" factory of Great Britain. Lady Elinor did not like going by railway, which, to save time, they intended to do; she was sure she should be stifled by the smoke and dirt of the factory, and she did not expect to see much that would interest her. However, she resolved to sacrifice herself, partly from politeness to her guests, and partly, perhaps—such is the inconsistency of human nature—because she saw that Sir John Dunbar had not forgotten the day at Lyons, as he did not seem to expect her to go. Accordingly, they all started early one lovely morning, and there were many beautiful nooks and corners of scenery—quaint old Yorkshire houses, beautiful little dells and streamlets, green wooded knolls almost overhanging their iron path, past all of which they were borne swiftly by the stately engine with its wreaths of snowy steam, and awfully resistless wheels, and strange unearthly articulation. Truly, there is wonder, and might, and thought, and power, and therefore

poetry in railways. From Bradford they took two carriages, and after a short drive they entered the green valley watered by the Aire—green, and beautiful, and smokeless still, though in the middle of it was reared the giant factory of Saltaire,—with its well-managed smoke-consuming chimneys,—named after its large-hearted, large-handed proprietor, Mr. Titus Salt.

It was a strange scene that presented itself to Lady Elinor. Leslie was quite at home in it, and delighted in being so; the Duchess had seen much machinery, and gone through many factories in various parts of the world; to them, therefore, it was the vastness and magnificence of the scale, and the perfection of the arrangements, which were principally astonishing and suggestive. But to Lady Elinor it opened up a new range of thought and vision. It seemed as if she had stepped out of a dark, narrow, little world of her own, and entered into a wide, fresh one, which had lain all around her, though unseen and unknown. Was this

what she had ridiculed as a "mill?" Was all this well-applied energy and power the mere art of vulgar money-making, as she and Mrs. Scott Audley had alike thought, each in their separate and far-apart region of mind?

The building itself would have put to shame many a palace, in its vast proportions and judicious ornaments; while the light, graceful iron-work, the huge, majestic steam-engines, the gigantic fly-wheels, steadying and equalizing the whole machinery with grace and dignity; the rows of workers, vying with each other in health, in neatness, and in propriety of conduct; the enormous rooms of exquisite cleanliness and order, one of which was two acres in extent, and contained twelve hundred looms, all struck her with wonder and awe.

"There is the poetry of POWER here," said Sir John, who was close to Elinor, as she stood breathless before one of the huge steam-engines, and he quoted the well-known lines about him who—

"Bade with cold streams the quick expansive stop,
And sunk the immense of vapour to a drop;
Pressed by the ponderous air, the piston falls
Resistless, sliding through its iron walls;
Quick moves the balanced beam of giant birth,
Wields his large limbs, and nodding, shakes the earth."[1]

"The worst of all this is," said Lady Elinor, with a sudden doubt, "that while the machines seem turned into men, the men degenerate into machines. One could quite fancy the beams and wires instinct with human intelligence, but what a monotonous, mechanical life the poor human beings lead; is it not terribly degrading?"

"Certainly not," answered Sir John; "the occupation gives time for thought; and it is matter of fact, that both in America and England there is a large amount of intelligence and cultivation of mind amongst factory-workers; then skill, and attention, and regularity, and delicacy of touch are all required, and, I believe, take it all in all, it is about the best and safest life you can get for the working classes."

The process of transmuting the wool of

[1] Darwin.

the Alpaca sheep into a fabric of great usefulness and beauty was exceedingly interesting, but Lady Elinor could not give her mind to it as the others did. She could scarcely turn from the grand features around to the details however beautiful. What life, what energy, what unresting perseverance, what successful and thoroughly finished work in all directions; no mistakes, no confusion, no idleness—something grand and majestic in the very noise! She could almost fancy the incessant booming and the movement of the huge beams to be voices speaking, and hands waving cheer and encouragement to successful labour. Yes; it was all very different from what she had expected a mill to be, as she frankly told Sir John Dunbar.

"You must remember," said he, "that all mills and all manufacturers are not like Saltaire and Mr. Salt. You will often find the leaven of gross worldliness and money-making leavening the whole lump; but this is what may be, and ought to be, and often is, though on a smaller scale. All this is

the result of *mind*, remember, and of one most simple and unassuming mind."

"Do you know Mr. Salt?" asked Lady Elinor.

"Yes, very well. I am glad to say he is to meet us at Bradford, for I want you to see him. This is a new phase of life to you, is it not?" and he looked at his companion with more interest than he had yet shown.

"Yes, entirely, and most striking. What did you mean by this being the result of *mind?* I never before connected the idea of intellect or genius with a mill or wool spinning!"

"I daresay not; you fine ladies have a different standard of mental gifts from other people." Lady Elinor blushed rather angrily, but Sir John was smiling his own peculiar frank smile, and nobody was ever angry then.

"I meant," continued he, "that he had no outward or material advantages; neither riches, nor position, nor influential friends. He commenced life in a position which

people call 'low;' but he was possessed of high intelligence, forethought, prudence, and energy."

At this moment they entered another vast chamber, where the whirring and clicking of the machinery effectually prevented further conversation.

When they had seen the interior of the factory, they walked to the rapidly rising town of Saltaire, built solely to accommodate Mr. Salt's four thousand work-people with their families. On their way, Lady Elinor asked for further particulars of Mr. Salt's history.

"Well, then," said Sir John, "you must know that about twenty years ago, Mr. Salt saw one day in a Liverpool warehouse, an immense pile of dirty sacks filled with a remarkably ugly, musty-fusty sort of wool, at which every commercial nose was elevated in disdain. They had been there since the memory of man, and indeed no one knew where they had come from; rats fed upon them, merchants groaned, clerks sneered,

strangers wondered, and in short, the unfortunate sacks, if they had any fine feelings, must often have been sorely wounded; but their day was at hand. Mr. Salt did not see with other people's eyes; he had that rare gift, eyes of his own. He looked, he touched, he examined, he thought, and at last he offered 8d. per pound for the entire contents of the dirty sacks; thereby gaining for himself the enthusiastic gratitude and joy of the despairing owners, and the imputation of being fit for bedlam. The musty-fusty stuff turned out to be the wool, resembling hair, of the Alpaca sheep of South America. From that unappreciated store, Mr. Salt commenced and established the great Alpaca trade, by means of which in good years, he has realized at the rate of a hundred thousand a year.[1] But look around you,—as you have seen how the money is made, you must see how it is spent."

Schools, reading-rooms, libraries, shops,

[1] This account of the origin of the Alpaca trade, I have taken from Dickens' *Household Words*. The description of Saltaire, I wrote after a visit to it in 1855.

strèets of comfortable houses, and a beautiful church were all in the process of erection. Some of the houses were finished and inhabited, and into one or two of these the party entered, to see and admire the admirable arrangements for the health, comfort, and respectability of the "workman's home."

"What enormous enviable POWER vested in one man!" said Lord D'Arcy.

"Yes," said the Duchess. "Not the power of making money, but the power of making happiness."

"And higher things than happiness," said Leslie, "for it is said that the slaveholder can make his slaves happy, but one sees here the power of elevating."

"True," said Sir John. "There is an immense lever at work here, the effects of which must tell upon the widening circles produced by these four thousand workers and their families; but after all that is said and written about the condition of the working classes, we come to this, that the lever must be

worked internally, and not from without. Self-elevation is what must do good."

"Then all this is of no use," said D'Arcy. "Masters and proprietors can do nothing! How can that be?"

"Pardon me," said Sir John; "they can do much; they can provide the lever, they can put it into its proper place, but they cannot, and ought not to work it."

"Define your lever, if you please," said D'Arcy.

"Here are first-rate ones, all around you," answered Sir John; "good houses, gardens, regular work, pleasant and friendly intercourse with their employer, and above all, means of substantial and religious EDUCATION."

"Now tell me," said D'Arcy, "some of the unsuccessful efforts to raise the lever from without."

"Everything that makes a man depend on others instead of himself, charity for instance. Put a man who has been struggling with degradation and poverty into a good house,

and tell him in your generosity, that you will take no rent for it; you will not do him half the service that you would do if you roused him to work, and save, and give you the full rent on the very day and hour."

"Just in the same way," said Leslie North, "if you give a book, or supply a periodical to an intelligent cottager, it is never so much valued as if you put him on a way to buy or subscribe for it himself."

"Then another false attempt to elevate, consists in a sort of patronizing of the working man. I am no Radical, but I do think the working classes will never elevate themselves while they have that cringeing dependence upon their superiors, which, in its reaction, generally produces discontent and insubordination."

"Do you know," said the Duchess, "it has often struck me that the efforts for the benefit of the working classes would do more good if they could be made less ostentatious; those meetings one sees reported in all the newspapers, with long strings of titles and

long discussions about the state of the poor, must be injurious to independence of feeling among them; *we* should not like to see our faults and necessities talked about in the *Times*."

"Perhaps you are right," said Sir John. "If more were done by each proprietor, we could afford to talk less about it."

"Another thing I am always afraid of," said the Duchess, "is meddling with the poor, or dictating to them as if one were necessarily their superior."

"Ah, yes," said Sir John, "that is fatal; no good will be done among the poor, except as by friend to friend."

Lord D'Arcy quoted Miss Morris's remark about the impossibility of doing good from a pedestal. Lady Elinor remembered how much she had disliked it, but she blushed and hesitated as an idea struck her, and then, turning to Sir John Dunbar, said in a low voice, "But how difficult to do so honestly, because we *are* their superiors."

"Yes," answered he gently, "in everything

which we cannot help having—money, rank, dress, manner, education—but *are* we always, or even *often*, their superiors in better things? Should we be even *equal* to them, were we in their places with no better antecedents than theirs?"

"One is always afraid in these days of levers," said Leslie, "of the gospel being forgotten or made second, while it surely ought to go first in the work of elevation."

"But don't you think," said Sir John, "that God intended us to remove the obstacles from the way of the gospel? You can't save a man by making him a teetotaller, and teaching him how to read his Bible, and placing him in a respectable house, but you put him in a better position for receiving the missionary and his message. When our Lord raised Lazarus from the dead, while He alone could speak the life-giving word, He yet told those around to roll away the stone from the sepulchre. We cannot convert souls, but we are fellow-workers with Him while rolling away as

many stones as we can from the moral sepulchres around us."

"It is good, too, to remember," remarked the Duchess, turning to Lady Elinor, who was listening with marked attention, "that without *the* great lever neither they nor we can be truly elevated; the gospel is what we want to keep everybody in their right places, as the saying is."

"And what beautiful and simple rules both for high and low we find in the Bible," said Leslie. "'Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, and he will exalt you in due time;' 'In honour preferring one another.'"

"Yes," answered Sir John, "the root of the pride and exclusiveness both of Radicalism and High Toryism (for, like all other extremes, they meet half-way) is just Self exalted and God dethroned."

They had been waiting all this time for the carriages, which now appeared in sight, so they all quickened their steps, but Lord D'Arcy lingered behind a few moments

longer, detaining Leslie to give a last look to Saltaire, and said, "Yet one must still hear wretched people talk of such men as '*only* a wool-spinner,' or '*only* a cotton-manufacturer!'"

"Well, well," playfully answered Sir John, who had overheard the remark, "let the wretched people alone, but never let any one say of you, 'he is *only* a young lord!'"

"No, it shall not be," said he, fervently; "I must live and work!"

At Bradford, while the party were at lunch, Mr. Salt was announced, and was warmly greeted by Sir John Dunbar and Mr. North, who were both well acquainted with him. The rest looked on him with great interest as "a man of the times," who not only had the welfare of thousands in his keeping, but who faithfully fulfilled his trust. He was a modest, unassuming-looking man, with a countenance expressive of mingled sense, benevolence, and determination. They all became such good friends, that Mr. Salt

asked them to drink tea at his place, "The Crow's Nest," which was on their way home, and there see the only flock of Alpaca sheep in the kingdom, which, after many disappointments, were at last becoming acclimatized. It was a lovely place, with pretty undulating wooded grounds, and well-kept lawns, gardens, and conservatories. The total absence of pretension, the genuine hospitality, the pleasant cordiality and simplicity of the intelligent family circle, the signs all around of refined tastes and employments, could not but make the evening pass pleasantly. The tall, graceful lamas, or alpacas, some black, some white, with their swan-like necks, were also duly admired, and the Mordaunt party reached home, very late, and thoroughly tired, but with stores of new thoughts and ideas, which made each record it as a "white day."

To the regret of all, the Duchess of Wenderton left the Castle the next morning. After she had gone, the rest of the party assembled in the tilt-yard gallery, still a

favourite resort of Lady Elinor's. She and Miss North took their work, and there was a talk of reading aloud, but everybody was tired, and the demonstrations of industry ended in a somewhat idle enjoyment of the exquisite autumn morning, and a good deal of desultory conversation. Lady Elinor looked around with a sort of bewildered doubt of her own identity; was this the same tilt-yard she had known long ago? was she the same person? were these friends the same people she had in those days disliked and dreaded?

Dr. Brown was there too, buried as usual in a newspaper, before he set out on his daily round; he had a patient in the Castle household, and Lady Elinor made this an excuse for wiling him thither as often as possible.

> "'A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, to command;'[1]

"that always seems to me a most apt descrip-

[1] Wordsworth.

tion of the Duchess of Wenderton," said D'Arcy; "don't you think so, Dr. Brown?"

"Precious few of them there are," grumbled Dr. Brown, spelling away at his newspaper.

"Oh! oh, Dr. Brown!" exclaimed two emphatic feminine voices at once.

His face emerged for a moment, as he said archly, "Perhaps you never heard the old rhyme,

> 'God made man upright, and *he*
> Would have continued so, but *she*—'"

After a burst of laughter and indignation, Lady Elinor continued—"But, Dr. Brown, I am sure that you *do* appreciate the Duchess; I saw it."

"It's a hard case that a man can't read his newspaper, for duchesses," said Dr. Brown, throwing it down with a good-humoured smile. "I think her a good, respectable sort of woman."

"What a description! I hope nobody says that of *us*, Miss North!" said Lady Elinor, laughing.

"I'll tell you what I like about her," said

the Doctor, warming; "she seems to me a woman with 'the law of kindness upon her tongue' and in her heart."

"And how rare that is!" said Sir John.

"Oh, John, do you really think that it is peculiarly rare among women?" said his sister-in-law.

"I think that you very rarely see it consistently carried out; many an apparently right-minded woman is thoroughly kind to her equals, most gentle and thoughtful of all those decidedly her inferiors, or dependants, but bring her into contact with those not of her own class but very near it, and the great chain of kindness which ought to bind all classes is broken in a moment."

"Ay, ay, I've often hammered at that in my own mind," said Dr. Brown; "if Mrs. Higgins wants a card to a party, or Mrs. Sniggins curtsies in the wrong place, they find themselves outside a fortification of ice in a jiffy."

"Dr. Brown, you are getting cross," said Lady Elinor, "but I know how to mollify

you ; will you take me to call on Miss Morris ? D'Arcy and I have a design on her."

"Right glad shall I be, Lady Elinor," replied the Doctor, brightening up ; "I always wanted you and her to draw together ; she's a noble woman."

"Superior to Mrs. Scott Audley and Lady Fairton?" maliciously interposed D'Arcy, who knew that these were two of the Doctor's weak points.

"Don't name them together, my Lord ; I'm surprised at you. Mrs. Scott Audley"—here the Doctor was interrupted by a fit of angry coughing, and D'Arcy went on—

"Did she ever thank you for your present of Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*, Doctor ?"

"What a book to give her!" said Lady Elinor.

"The Doctor was so exasperated when he was attending her on one occasion, by finding day after day an open peerage on the table, that at last he armed himself with Thackeray, and left it open at the place where he calls the peerage 'The Bible of Snobs,'

and nobody knows if she discovered who it came from!"

"That accounts, then," said Sir John, "for the good lady showing such intimate knowledge and interest in my mother and all her family; I was innocent enough to be quite puzzled."

"But who is Lady Fairton?"

Dr. Brown groaned.

"A very fashionable 'good lady,' who lives near Colton, and thinks one world isn't enough, and so tries to keep hold of both."

"Don't you think," said Leslie, "that we have demolished our neighbours sufficiently for to-day?"

"I won't be scolded," said Lady Elinor, laughing; "so I shall retire from society. Look, how exquisite the light is on that ruined arch; I must colour my yesterday's sketch;" and she sped lightly down the old staircase. Leslie watched her for a few minutes, thinking how pleasant and animated she looked when not constrained by self-consciousness and haughty shyness; she could not help

remarking also how much her countenance had gained in softness and expression since the first day she had seen it, when it had struck her as very hard and uneducated. Leslie turned, rather expecting to find Sir John watching too, but he did not seem to see what she had been seeing, so fixed was his attention on some point in the opposite direction, and in a few minutes when Dr. Brown went on his way, Sir John said he would accompany him to the village. D'Arcy was delighted to find the coast clear, for he had been longing all the morning for that pleasant thing, "a talk" with Leslie North, though it had lately become a rare pleasure, he scarcely knew why or how. He had a plan to tell her of. There was a Scotch estate which his father had never taken any interest in, and he himself had scarcely remembered was in existence, till Sir John in their morning walk had casually mentioned that it was in great disorder, and the people sunk in discomfort and degradation.

"Why should not I go and live there, and

improve the land and the people ; it would be living to some purpose, at all events."

"That is the very thing," said Leslie, looking up with the bright glance of sincerity which gave her eyes such a charm, "You will do good to the people and to yourself, and besides, you may be part of the good leaven which is sorely required to leaven the lump of careless proprietors. You are going into Parliament soon, though, are you not ?"

"My father wishes me to stand for the county, by the bye, in which Langcroft is situated ; but it will not be till the next dissolution, for Mr. Campbell has suddenly recovered his health, and does not mean to resign his seat, and I am very glad."

"So am I; a year or two of life and work in private will be a good preparation."

"The only thing is, I am afraid my father will not approve ; I must talk to him about it to-morrow."

"To-day—*now*," said Leslie, with one of her sudden flashes ; "one never can count on the morrow, and it is time you were busy."

"I will go this instant; say 'God speed' to me, Leslie! Leslie!"

She did say it, but with deep gravity, and there was no answer in the fair face and thoughtful eyes to his accent of tenderness.

He looked disappointed, and hesitated for one instant, and then went to his father's library with his higher purposes beaming bright in his eyes, and a new and manlier firmness on his fine brow.

Every power of persuasion and argument did he use with his father, who was at first quite impracticable; he could not afford to spend money on wild-goose schemes and new-fangled ideas. Why could not the people go on as they had done all their lives? the rents had always been paid, and there was a respectable factor, and he supposed there must be a parish church somewhere near; why should his son go and make a factor, or a schoolmaster, or an architect, or a missionary of himself? it was all nonsense. D'Arcy's patience was fast giving way, when most opportunely Sir John Dunbar entered the

library. Lord Mordaunt never dreamed of calling him a Radical now, though he sometimes mourned over his new notions and strange theories. On the present occasion, his practical good sense gave the subject a different aspect; he talked of the improvement of land, the good rate of interest, the increased influence in the county. There was some sense in all that, Lord Mordaunt thought; so with a groan and pathetic declaration that D'Arcy always "managed to get his own way," the affair was settled, and D'Arcy felt a real object—a new, unselfish hope springing up in his life.

CHAPTER X.

COLTON.

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—JAMES i. 27.

"Man's world is bleak and bitter;
Wherever he has trod
He spoils the tender beauty
That blossoms on the sod,
And blasts the loving heaven
Of the great good world of God.

"There strength on coward weakness
In cruel might will roll;
Beauty and joy are cankers
That eat away the soul;
And love—O God, avenge it—
The plague-spot of the whole.

"Man's world is Pain and Terror,
He found it pure and fair,
And wove in nets of sorrow
The golden summer air,
Black, hideous, cold and dreary,
Man's curse, not God's, is there.

"And yet God's world is speaking:
Man will not hear it call;
But listens where the echoes
Of his own discords fall,
Then clamours back to Heaven
That God has done it all."

. . . "Take physic, Pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just."

SHAKSPERE.

"Oh, fight we not within a cursed world,
Whose very air teems thick with leagued fiends?"

KINGSLEY.

"LESLIE," said Sir John Dunbar, as they were all lingering in the breakfast-room be-

fore separating for the day, "how long is it since Miss Morris has heard from that fine fellow, Philip Gower?"

"Not for a very long time."

Leslie's voice was generally a free, frank, impulsive one; but it could be strangely slow and measured sometimes. Struck by it, D'Arcy looked up from his map of Scotland, and exclaimed,—

"Miss North, you are dreadfully tired this morning! Saltaire was too much for you, I fear."

Leslie looked annoyed at being noticed, and a little colour came back to her cheeks.

"That is a name I have heard before," said Elinor, finishing her tea.

"It is to be hoped so," answered Sir John, drily;—"he is a distinguished traveller; one of the pioneers of the 'noble army' who take good tidings to other lands, instead of fire and sword. He is himself a medical missionary, if I mistake not. I scarcely know him except by fame, but you must often have met him at Miss Morris's, Leslie?"

"Sometimes," said Leslie.

"Is he equal to his very high reputation?"

"Yes," said Leslie.

"Isn't there some romantic story connected with his friendship with Miss Morris?"

"Miss Morris was engaged to Mr. Gower's eldest brother who died," answered Leslie briefly.

"I am astonished to hear you approve of missions, Dunbar, with all your practical good sense," said Lord Mordaunt, rising to go to his library.

"I should be very much ashamed of myself, if I did *not*, Lord Mordaunt; one might as well not approve of the Bible, which gives the message, and sends the messengers to 'all nations'"—Lord Mordaunt vanished with his newspapers, but Sir John finished his sentence—"and tells us the result; 'a great multitude which no man can number, of all kindreds, and peoples, and tongues,' safe and rejoicing before the Saviour."

"I must plead guilty," said D'Arcy, "to not feeling much interest in foreign mis-

sions, when there is so much to do at home; heathen enough at our own door, I'm afraid. Miss North, are you interested in 'Borybooloo?'"

"Deeply!" said Leslie, who seemed doomed to be a catechetical subject this morning; "but then I think we must win a right to be so."

"How do you mean?"

"By beginning at our own doors; fling the stone into the waters, and the circle will widen outward; to neglect the Home Mission for the Foreign is a mockery, but 'Borybooloo' in its right place will bring a blessing upon both."

"Elinor, have you remembered our plan about Colton and Miss Morris?" said D'Arcy, aside.

"No—yes," hesitated Elinor; "I have not forgotten it, but—"

"But what now, Elinor? Women are always making difficulties," said D'Arcy, impatiently. He had not liked the conversation at all, and was decidedly "cross."

His sister answered gently, "I only hesitated because Miss Morris will think me so much better than I am, and I am so afraid of being a hypocrite. I am only going to Colton because you wish it, not because I like visiting the poor."

"Dearest Nell!" exclaimed her brother, penitently, "but let us go nevertheless. God will perhaps put the liking into your heart, and then, you know that you are to help me at Langcroft."

The whole party met Dr. Brown that afternoon in Hester's sitting-room; it was the day that Leslie had fixed, and obstinately adhered to, for leaving the Castle, and going to dear Aunt Hester for one precious week before returning home. Hester was suffering less than usual, thankful to get back her darling, and delighted to see the others. Even while sustaining an animated and interesting conversation, however, her quick eye and quicker thoughts had come to a decision on several important points, somewhat as follows:—"She knows he cares for

her now; and she doesn't, no, she doesn't care for him! Good and wise as he is, he has his own share of vanity, and he won't believe it yet. What a change in Lady Elinor's countenance! there are great things in store for that mind; the true Sun will soon shine in upon it."

Lord D'Arcy told Hester that he and his sister wished to see with their own eyes the state of some of the poor at Colton, a small manufacturing town about three miles from Woodleigh; he had heard that Miss Morris had still many interests there, and it had struck him that perhaps she could introduce them to some one who could take them to some of the houses.

"Why, Leslie," said Sir John, "I heard the other day at Colton that you were Miss Morris's almoner; can you not go?"

Leslie blushed deeply; she had several reasons for not wishing to go; for one thing it looked like a parade, and she had an old-fashioned remembrance of the words almost forgotten in these our days, "Let not thy

left hand know what thy right hand doeth." But Lady Elinor exclaimed with delight, "Oh, yes, Miss North, please do go; it will be so much nicer than going with a stranger, and we can talk it all over afterwards!" And Aunt Hester said quietly, "If you don't dislike it very much, do go, my dear, it may be useful."

So it was arranged that the Castle party were to call for Leslie the next day after luncheon. The conversation then turned on some of the social questions of the day: each had some anecdote to tell, or personal experience to relate, bearing on a class of subjects which opened up another world of work and thrilling interest to Lady Elinor. Sir John told of a visit he had paid to some of the London dens of thieves in company with a city missionary, who had made himself the friend as well as teacher of many who, in the depths of degradation, had hearts which gave back affection and respect; one noted thief had tested the sincerity of his rebuker, by asking him to walk with him,

arm-in-arm, through some of the crowded thoroughfares of London,—true servant of Him "who put forth His hand" to the diseased and the sinful,—the missionary hesitated not. Deeply touched, the outcast listened to the words of his teaching with "hearing ears," and is now a respectable member of society. Not long after, Sir John had seen the funeral of that devoted missionary followed by weeping outcasts, who only left the sad procession at a halfpenny toll, which they had not wherewithal to pay.

Dr. Brown had gone to see a gin-palace with his own eyes—one of those edifices at the corners of the streets, with their brilliant jets of gas and glowing red curtains, round which millions flutter like moths to their destruction—and, oh, the horrors he had seen that night! Men that might be young, and strong, and intelligent, prostrating themselves into the drivelling imbecility of dotage, or transforming themselves into raging bears and tigers; mothers with their wan, starved, fevered babes in their arms, losing every

womanly and motherly feeling in the fatal draught; women, young and fair, hardening themselves against the pangs of a wounded conscience;—no hope, no hope, where that hideous, glittering fluid was ready to glide with its Satanic poison into heart, and brain, and soul. "Oh," said Dr. Brown, "it made me feel as if I could lay down my life to take the gospel to poor perishing souls, yet alas, I had almost forgotten it in a week. Truly they might say, 'Vain is the help of man.'"

Hester Morris, in the days of her health and activity, had gone, under the protection of a police-officer—and for an especial object—to see some of the worst parts of a large manufacturing city,—and even now she covered her face with her hands, when she recalled the sights of that day. It had appeared to her a fit suburb for Satan's own city, for

> "Souls were wandering far and wide,
> And curses swarmed on every side."

Bold shameless faces were there,—unwedded

mothers,—thieving women just set loose from prison,—countenances without a trace of hope, or joy, or intelligence,—awful burlesques of music (that thing of joy and sweetness), in the hideous taverns,—little children without a feature of lovesome, gleesome childhood, resembling the imps and spectres of some nightmare dream ;—and the sting and the reproach which the whole awful scene had burnt in upon her mind had been, that respectable men and innocent women had all the time been sitting at home with folded arms, and legislators legislating with closed eyes, and nothing done, nothing doing, for those sore evils under the sun.

Then followed some conversation as to the "problems" involved in the state of the "masses." Why are these things permitted by Providence ? How can they be remedied ? Leslie quoted, "The beginning and the end of what is the matter with us in these days is that we have forgotten God." Dr. Brown said that all social evils were from the want of God's true and loving religion, and

the substitution of selfishness, which might be called the Devil's religion. Lord D'Arcy, with a look and tone of hesitation, confessed that it was an appalling thought and doubt with him, what was to become of these victims of a state of society which was not their fault? was it consistent with the character and work of God that they should be left to perish?

"My dear young friend," cried Hester, roused out of her usual calmness, "put that thought out of your mind as if it were the deadly poison of a viper. Dare the clay direct the hand of the potter?"

"Why should we think about it at all?" said Leslie, whose faith was the faith of a little child. "We *know* that our God *is* a God of love, and all we have to do is to be loving too."

"Ah!" said Dr. Brown, "that's the thing we want; practical love to God and man in the 'masses' of the well-educated and God-fearing in our land, then if mass met mass we know what would be the result. A

noticeable thing it is that few find fault with God who are working for Him ; it is only the idle who have time to think that they could have created a better world."

Lady Elinor said with a sigh of relief, "You will have none of these horrors at Langcroft, D'Arcy ; how pleasant it must be to see country labourers at work in such a beautiful land as Scotland !"

Leslie shook her head, and Sir John replied, "I am afraid that such things are only beautiful in pictures and poems, my dear Lady Elinor. I don't think that there is anything worse for women than field work."

"Ah !" said Lady Elinor, "I remember that you told me at Saltaire that mill work was so much better, but I can scarcely imagine it. Surely it must be more elevating to labour amongst God's beautiful works, than man's monotonous machinery."

"Yes," answered Sir John, "if the labour were carried on alone, or with those who see God in His works ; but you have little idea of the coarseness, levity, and even crime which

are the result of the promiscuous gatherings on the harvest-field, that favourite theme of poets and painters;—not to speak of bothies and feeing markets, and all their train of evils."

"That is very true," said Hester; "but I think that we must guard against the supposition that these evils are necessary concomitants of any particular mode of employment; it is the evil heart, and the evil upbringing, that are the roots, and the evil conduct will spring up and flourish, whether in town or country—in mills or in harvest-fields."

Just then Dr. Brown broke in wrathfully, "Hester Morris! I do declare, there's that fat cook of your's stuffing a notorious vagabond at the kitchen door, and I saw you send out Susan with a sixpence, not an hour ago, to as bad a baggage as you could see; it's a sin and a shame to fly in the face of the Poor Laws, as you do."

Hester looked humorously guilty, as she was in the habit of looking when Dr. Brown

scolded her. "I couldn't help it, dear Dr. Brown; she looked so thin and hungry. Is it only good people who are to be fed and clothed? in that case there would be a considerable stoppage in dining and dressing amongst us. We don't deserve it so very much more—do we?"

"Feminine arguments," growled Dr. Brown. "Who would ever argue with a woman!"

"I am not arguing, only I don't want to be wiser than the Creator of the sunshine and the sweet dews, which fall upon the evil and the good alike," said Hester, as she had said many times before.

"I am thoroughly orthodox on the point of not giving to street beggars," said Sir John, smiling; "yet I must confess that the involuntary twinge of conscience which one has in the act of turning away from the white faces and weary feet, sometimes makes me doubt whether, as Miss Morris says, we are not wise overmuch."

"Don't you think that we are always wise overmuch, when we go beyond the Bible?

God says, 'Give to him that asketh thee,'" said Leslie; "I know a Christian gentleman who thinks it right to give a penny or a piece of bread to every beggar he meets; he wraps them in a tract, so as to give food for soul and body."

"I think it never can be wrong to give the poor creatures a dinner," said Hester.

"*On dit* that your favourite 'guardianship of the poor,' results in something like the paternal government of Russia and Austria," said Leslie, who always took Aunt Hester's part.

"I don't believe a word of it," retorted Dr. Brown; "paupers mustn't be turned into milk-sops and mol-coddles."

Smoke, smoke, and tall red chimneys, of course, foretold their approach to Colton. Lady Elinor hated those red chimneys; they were so unpoetical and unpicturesque. "Fancy a red chimney in a sketch," she could not help saying to Leslie, who answered laughing, "Well! it would at least

be the complementary colour to your greens! But I am so lost to all sense of propriety as to think a good tall red chimney a grand object—so many associations with it of work, and power, and thought,—a sort of signal tower belonging to 'the Captains of Industry,' as you know Carlyle calls manufacturers." Lady Elinor did *not* know, but she could not help liking the idea; she was silent for some time, revolving in her mind whether it might not be better thus to invest common modern things with some of the grandeurs of chivalry, instead of lamenting its fate as dead and gone —smothered in the dust of the dark ages.

Though the courts were black, and filled with dirt and rubbish, and the streets narrow and stifling, Lady Elinor was at first sight surprised at the comparatively respectable appearance of some of the houses. Upon entering them, however, she saw aspects of "the poor," different indeed from the pampered old men at the picturesque almshouses near Castle Mordaunt, or from flattering Widow Lane, or from the family of beautiful

children at the Avenue Lodge. Stern gaunt poverty, anger at being poor, and at those who were *not* poor, were deeply lined upon many a haggard face. Here was a disabled workman lamed by the blow of a brick-bat, at a riot the week before; ever since which he had chafed like a lion in his den from whence he was now peering out. At first, he scowled defiance on the party, till he recognised Leslie, and his face softened. "That woman was made of right good stuff, warp and weft," he said of her behind her back, and checked his oaths before her face, which he would not do, "no, not for the Queen beside." Leslie had a newspaper to give him, and a book from Hester's lending library, called *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, and he settled down for the rest of the day, mute and tamed, buried deeply in far more useful written thoughts than his own rebellious ones. The termagant wife was in a worse humour than usual, because her husband could not work, and her child had been "took badly" with another turn of erysipe-

las. Fiercely would she have repelled any "preaching" or "meddling," but how could she resist the gentleness with which Leslie had soothed and amused the sick child the last time she was there, and the nice jelly and biscuits from Hester, which had found their way to her since; and so now she went on speaking about her troubles to Leslie, and Leslie listened, and Leslie questioned, and Leslie sympathized, and when she went away, there was a warmer and better feeling at that woman's heart, and reverently was the tract which Leslie had left behind, taken up and laid aside in safety, till she could find or make time to read it. Lady Elinor had been looking and listening, and hoping that D'Arcy was not remembering her own stately visits to Widow Lane, but indeed he had quite forgotten the past, so anxious was he to obtain hints for his own intercourse with the poor for the future. Then they entered another house, dirty and miserable, the darkened and diseased air hanging like a pall upon soul and body; a repining, useless wife

and a bed-ridden husband were the woes there. Leslie had learned to watch all the different shades of character, and did not think it necessary to wear the solemn reproving look and demeanour which some people assume in visiting the poor. Accordingly, her cheerful tone, pleasant smile, and intelligent talk about some of the news of the day, made the sick man feel as if he had seen the sun; that sun the full beauty of which he had not looked on for many a weary day. It had paved the way too, on former visits, to his grateful acceptance of her offer to read and explain a chapter of the Bible to him, which he did not know how to read for himself, and which he would have called "methodee stuff" if any one but Leslie had read it to him. After that man, in his weary hours of wakefulness, had gone over in memory word by word all the pleasant ones which his kind visitor had spoken, he did not forget the solemn sentences she had read and explained, but revered and longed for the faith which she had told him

of, and which he had seen in her, and which she had told him he might ask and receive for himself. Lady Fairton, without the least hesitation, would have condemned Leslie's conversation as unsuitable and undignified, but I do not believe that those who looked down and listened from heaven thought so. Our party next climbed a long stair, at the top of which they found an old woman of a different sort; she had seen better days, and her misery was that in her fallen estate, she could not obtain the respect and acknowledgment of superiority which she craved; very full of enmity and rebellion, therefore, was her perpetually irritated mind. Leslie, however, was so genuinely respectful in her manner, that necessary element in all successful intercourse with the poor; so full of sympathy, even while she pointed out the little follies and errors, and spoke of the Fountain opened for all sin, that in course of time the poor old woman began to strive to be meek and lowly, like the blessed Jesus of whom her visitor so often spoke and read to her.

In another room, on the same floor, they found only a little blind girl, and, oh, how the meek little face lit up with joy and gratitude as the sweet voice which was to her instead of a visible presence, touched her ear! She became almost voluble, as Leslie encouraged her by kind word and kind arm round her waist, to tell with all the simplicity of childhood about how kind "Father" had been lately, and how he listened to the chapter in her own Bible with the raised letters, which Miss Morris had got her taught to read, and how, the night before, he had come home from the alehouse earlier than he had ever done before, that he might not keep her up as she was not well; and how the poor, heavy-laden mother was learning the beautiful hymn beginning with "I lay my sins on Jesus," which Leslie had taught the blind girl, and which she in her turn taught the mother line by line. All this time the swift little fingers never relaxed their industry in plaiting straw, which Leslie also had taught her. It was a touching sight, and Lady

Elinor's eyes were dimmed with tears, while D'Arcy did not quite know how an odd choking in his throat might end. "Go thou and do likewise," were words sounding in his heart and her heart all the while. Many other houses they passed by, which Leslie refused to take them to, as it might do mischief; many other faces they saw, and many other voices they heard, which did not raise Lady Elinor's opinion of manufacturing towns. Leslie told them, however, that things were looking worse than usual just now, in consequence of an unsuccessful strike a short time before, and the mistaken workmen and their unfortunate families were still suffering from the wasted time, and debts, and "scores," necessarily incurred when cupboard and purse were alike empty; she told them likewise that this was the worst view they could have had of manufacturing life, which had its various aspects like everything else,—the mills were old and dirty, the mill-owners tyrannical and money-making, but she hoped that the schoolmaster Experience was abroad among mas-

ters now-a-days, and that those who would not do better from principle, would at least do so from interest; she added, however, that the blame was not quite one-sided. The improvidence and extravagance in food of the English peasantry, especially in the manufacturing districts, was very great; that miserable dirty house with the broken window which she pointed out, would often have smoking within its walls, luxuries which people of much greater means would never think of in Scotland,—a duck and green peas for dinner one day, a sweetbread for supper another, with plenty of strong beer and ale, while the poor children go ragged and soapless, and the wife remains destitute of the ordinary implements for keeping her house in order. Just then, Sir John joined them, and confirmed part of Leslie's statement, by being in a very bad humour with the dirty, ill-regulated factories which he had seen, and the harsh, indifferent manners of the masters to the "hands."

There was no "talking over" that day's expedition with Leslie North, or even with D'Arcy; Lady Elinor had no language for it except deep down in the recesses of a heart that was awaking from the long slumber of self, sloth, and vanity.

CHAPTER XI.

GOOD PEOPLE.

"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly an the sinner appear?"—1 PET. iv. 18.

"All that watch for iniquity are cut off: that make a man an offender for a word, . . and turn aside the just for a thing of nought."—ISA. xxix. 20, 21.

. . . . "Distrust that word,
There is none 'good' save God, said Jesus Christ.
. . . Now may the good Lord pardon all good men."—
E. BARRET BROWNING.

"A saint! and what imports the name,
Thus banded in derision's game;
Holy and separate from sin,
To good, nay even to God akin!

"A saint! oh, scorner, give some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine,
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand.

"Would though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could bide;
Like kingly salutation given,
In mockery to the King of Heaven."—MARRIOTT.

LADY FAIRTON was one of those who labour to bind fast together what have for ever been put asunder, "God and mammon." Lady Fairton's name flourished in every subscrip-

tion list, and in every list of patronesses for charitable sales. Lady Fairton was secretary to two missionary associations and treasurer to a Dorcas Clothing Society, facts of which only a few of her ultra-fashionable acquaintances were left in ignorance. Lady Fairton was a regular attender at church, though in a locomotive style, for she would follow the fashionable preacher of the day, from church to chapel, as the case might be, and was almost as charmed to have a clerical lion at her house, as the last new author, or a real live marquis. Lady Fairton never went to balls herself; but she had had her daughters' feet carefully educated by Madame la Grace, so it seemed to be more a matter of astonishment to herself than to other people, when the very satisfactory results appeared in every ball-room of the season. None see and shrink from inconsistency more than the young, so Lady Fairton's daughters were more worldly than the daughters of the worldliest; it was impossible for them to esteem an obscured, nay, deformed religion.

Mama's bazaars, and mama's districts, and mama's tracts, were sneered at in the private confabulations of the sisterhood all the more because of her strenuous endeavours after the mammons of worldly ease and worldly fashion.

One thing was noticeable in Lady Fairton's character,—the loudest profession of her sinfulness never seemed to interfere with her love and tenderness to herself, while on the contrary, sinfulness in anybody else, especially in any other woman, called out the liveliest feelings of indignation and abhorrence. No one could be more virtuously indignant with the fallen; no one could thank God more fervently that she was not as some others; no one could be more shocked at the naming of things by their true names, even for the holy purpose of discovering and removing the evil; yet, strange to say, there were occasions when, if fashion or convenience prompted, she could be

> "To others' faults a little blind,
> To others' vices very kind."

One day Lady Fairton's carriage, in which she had been making a "charitable round," stood at the door of the Corner House. In the drawing-room, sat Hester a little more dignified and a little more flushed than usual. Her visitor was saying, in decided accents, "I look upon it as an undoubted encouragement to crime, Miss Morris, to countenance such a wretch."

"I hope that it is an encouragement to broken-hearted repentance in the present instance," answered Hester, and she turned aside her head for a moment, as the remembrance of the betrayed girl, in her remorseful anguish, came too vividly to her mind.

"Sentimental nonsense!" answered her ladyship; "we owe it to society to make an example of such people."

"I quite agree with you," said Hester, fixing her calm eye upon Lady Fairton, "as regards the author of this fearful ill."

Lady Fairton quailed. How could Hester know, that she had been making the most strenuous efforts to get the Honourable Cap-

tain Tracy to come to her archery meeting last week!

"Oh!" she said rallying, "one must conform to the usages of society, you know, and really Tracy is an excellent fellow, though easily led away, but it is quite a different thing with regard to this vile creature."

"The Jews of Sinai," said Hester, "would have been astonished to hear that the thunders, and the lightnings, and the piercing voice of the law were sent for women only!"

"I don't understand such reasoning," said Lady Fairton coldly.

"If we don't understand it now, we shall all understand it in eternity," said Hester firmly, "when the penitent sinner will be clothed in the Saviour's righteousness, and the impenitent will bear the full measure of his iniquity, where there is no respect of persons or vices."

"I hope you don't suspect me of ignorance of God's commandments?" asked Lady Fairton with considerable vehemence.

"I think that there must be very strange ignorance somewhere," said Hester, "for it

seems to me that women of the so-called 'upper classes' think it enough to keep the seventh commandment themselves, and break it for other people."

"I was not aware that in our Protestant country we held the doctrine of works of supererogation," said her visitor with a sneer.

"Certainly not, but we are apt to forget that in the awful list of broken laws, and the breakers thereof, will be numbered those who have tempted others by false charity, or by undue harshness, to break even the least of God's commandments."

"Nobody can accuse *me* of false charity," d Lady Fairton with considerable emphasis.

'Perhaps not," answered Hester drily; ut when we reject only the tempted whose ety is odious to us, and court the tempter e society is pleasing or convenient, we e fellow-workers in the iniquity, and do more to spread corruption than the principal agents."

Just then further conversation was prevented by the entrance of Lady Elinor

and Lord D'Arcy, who were beginning to feel quite at home in the Corner House. Hester rejoiced to see them, hoping that it would prove a signal of departure to Lady Fairton, who was always very trying to her gentle, retiring nature. Not so easily moved was Lady Fairton, however; her purpose of lecturing Miss Morris had somehow been humiliatingly defeated, but here was something to make up for it—an opportunity to be introduced to Lady Elinor Mordaunt, whom she knew well by name and sight, and valued accordingly. "How could that old goose come to know such people?" was her private commentary, while all that met the ear was an insinuating and audible whisper, "Pray, introduce me to her charming ladyship, my good Miss Morris." Hester briefly performed the ceremony. All Lady Elinor's old stateliness came back to her, and Lady Fairton was glad to retire somewhat sooner than she anticipated, rather crestfallen, but quite consoled by the prospect of being now able to talk of "My friend Lady

Elinor," or "that delightful creature, Elinor Mordaunt."

"Is the coast clear?" asked a rough, dolorous voice beneath the window, through the door panes of which Dr. Brown had vanished with his newspaper, when the intruder appeared, who always had the effect of an east wind upon his temper and general disposition.

"Oh, recreant knight!" said Leslie, opening the window to let him enter; "how could you leave us to face the foe alone?"

"That woman's enough to make people turn heathens," answered he with a groan; "I should like to know what even you can say for her, Mistress Hester, who have a good word to say for everybody?"

"For one thing, Lady Fairton never gives anything to beggars!" suggested Hester, with a comical look.

Dr. Brown made a wry face in silence.

Leslie hesitated for a moment, and then said in her frank, impetuous way, "Dear Aunt Hester, I wish I could like people who profess to be 'good,' but so many of them

repel one with their whining voices, and set phrases and inconsistencies. Just look at Lady Fairton, or even Mrs. Wilson, who says and does such silly things, that one feels quite provoked with her, and she must do a great deal of harm."

"Just look at yourself, my dear," said Hester rather severely. "What right have you or I to say to anybody, 'Stand by, I am more consistent, more sincere than thou?' We had better not blame our neighbours, till we are quite sure that our own motives and actions have no taint of worldliness, inconsistency, and even HYPOCRISY."

"But then we struggle hard against what is wrong," said Leslie, colouring.

"And, for all you know, poor Mrs. Wilson struggles much harder. I believe that she loves her Saviour most truly, but she is not very strong either in mind or body, and, therefore, has many little peculiarities of voice and habits which, however weighty in your eyes, will be of little import in the day when God maketh up His jewels."

"I must say, Leslie, that it's a sin and shame to class Mrs. Wilson with such a woman as Lady Fairton; the one is as good an old soul as ever lived, though a bit tiresome, while the other—" the Doctor's cough recommenced its vehemence.

"Yes," said Hester, "to stand up for the class of professors to which I fear poor Lady Fairton belongs, would be a very dangerous kind of charity; the tares and the wheat must grow together till the harvest, only don't let us forget that weak straggling wheat is as apt to be taken for tares, as strong tares to be taken for wheat."

"But, Miss Morris," interposed Lord D'Arcy, "surely you will retract that word hypocrisy; bad as we are, I don't think we are hypocrites because we see the faults of good people. Elinor and I were agreeing this morning, by the bye, how very different you were from most of them, so you are scarcely a fair judge."

"I won't have my mouth stopped by what I suppose you mean as a compliment, though

certainly a very dubious one," said Hester, with a grave smile. "I accuse one and all of you of hypocrisy!"

"Oh!"

"I won't be put down by 'ohs' either," she continued playfully; "many a time have I plumed myself upon my great aversion to cant and over-profession, but when I looked deep down, I found in every case that it proceeded from what I shall call, if it pleases you better, unconscious hypocrisy; in some way or other the stricter profession, or the more useful actions rebuked me, and I was glad to make an excuse to myself by finding out the bad, instead of imitating the good."

"Perhaps there is some truth in what you say," said D'Arcy reluctantly; "but still you must allow that religious people as a class are not what they ought to be."

"But, dear Lord D'Arcy," answered Hester, "I don't think that we have any right to expect even renewed human nature to be what it ought to be, till it is clothed in its eternal and glorious robe."

"In land that is reclaiming from the waste morass, the wonder is not to find the weed and the swampy hole, but to see the flower and grain at all," said Leslie thoughtfully.

"Exactly," answered Hester; "even after we have taken Christ for our sanctification, there will be but a gradual development of the new principle of life. It is a progressive work, and even to the last there will be hay and stubble to be burnt off the solid rock, and spots to be absorbed in the shining Sun of Christ's righteousness."

"Take you care, Hester," said Dr. Brown, "that you don't make black white; my opinion is that inconsistency in religious people does more harm to religion than anything else."

"Sorry should I be to confound right and wrong; all I contend for is, that each of us should first take the great beams of sin out of our own eyes, and then we may gently and kindly try to remove the motes of inconsistency from our neighbours'."

"Then we should be more like Christ," said Leslie. "Oh to be more like Him in our every-day words, thoughts, and deeds!"

"More about Christ and less about religion in short," said Hester.

"It 's just the old story Self," said the Doctor; "for as the ploughman said to Hervey, 'righteous Self is a great deal worse than sinful Self.' We have a great deal of theoretical asceticism, as it may be called, but vastly little self-crucifixion. Good People are always saying this is a sin, and that is a sin, and you mustn't do t'other thing, but I don't see that they practise what they preach; they only like to crucify other people's flesh, not their own."

"It would not do to square down precept to practice, would it, dear Dr. Brown?"

"I would like to see a better battling after practice, though," said the Doctor. "Talking without doing is the very way to get rid of the offence of the Cross, and then, woe's me for the Church of Christ."

"I don't see how that can be," said Leslie,

"for the world hates strict precept as much as it hates strict practice."

"Not the religious world, that large and respectable body. This is how I think it is; —religion is the fashion now-a-days, and it is remarkably easy to talk and shake one's head and denounce other people, so long as we don't take up the cross of being doers of God's word, and so the easier it seems to be a saint the more popular will the Cross become, and the greater number will say, 'Lord, Lord,' and prophesy in His name, and yet have the door shut in their faces, or be saved as by fire."

A deep shade came over Hester's face as she said, "Alas, I fear that it is an awful truth, that very few professors of religion can say with Paul, 'That which ye have heard and seen in me, do.'"

"Few indeed! and oh, how apt we all are," said Leslie, "to forget that Christ bore the Cross *unjustly*, so far as man was concerned; whereas, whenever we make ourselves

justly disliked by our tempers and follies then we plume ourselves on bearing the cross."

"It seems to me," said Lady Elinor very timidly, "that religious people know less of their social faults than others, because none of their own coterie like to find fault with them for fear of being considered treacherous, and so they are only rebuked by caricaturists like Dickens, which makes them feel martyrs, and so no good is done."

"A very true saying, Lady Elinor," said Dr. Brown, who was always delighted when his favourite made a thoughtful remark. "I'm sure when I hold up a certain obsolete text of Scripture to some of my 'good' friends I am looked upon as a reprobate."

"What text do you mean?" asked Leslie.

Dr. Brown repeated those too often forgotten but impressively commanding words, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

"Yes, indeed," said Hester sadly, "I grant that there is a great and almost universal need of reformation in that respect;

to blush to find themselves famous is not the characteristic of the doers of good deeds in the present day."

"How one's mind reposes upon FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE for that very thing," said Leslie enthusiastically; "it is so rare to find a violet spirit in the stately, erect lily or sunflower."

"True, painfully true," answered Hester; "but all the more need for each of us to be following that commandment of which Dr. Brown has reminded us, and then to try to lead others to it; 'each one mend one' is better than 'each one blaming many.'"

"I never saw such a woman as you are, Hester," grumbled Dr. Brown, "for making one do that remarkably inconvenient thing—becoming acquainted with one's-self instead of one's neighbours."

They all laughed, and D'Arcy quoted that clever saying of somebody's, "that most of us have only a bowing acquaintance with ourselves!"

Watches were looked at, and D'Arcy

told Miss Morris that he had come to say good-bye to her and to Miss North, for on the following day he and Sir John Dunbar were going to Scotland; they were to go together to Langcroft to look about them and arrange some winter plans, but Lord D'Arcy meant to return to Woodleigh Mordaunt before he settled in what he called his new, hard-working home, and as he said so, his glance, bright with hope and love, dwelt upon Leslie's speaking face, which certainly exhibited, in consequence, a good many signs of confusion and annoyance.

"She does not care for him," said three people in the room to themselves, but so thought not the young man.

After the brother and sister had departed, Leslie North stole up to the western windows to quiet and refresh her mind, by watching the autumnal sun sinking to rest beneath the low purple hills of her childhood. Once they had been the outermost bounds of her day-dreams and girlish fancies; now her heart's inmost treasure was far, oh, how far

beyond that glowing horizon. She gazed and dreamed even as of old, only feathery palm-trees and gleaming tents rose between her and the sea-green, purple, and golden sky; and a massive, toil-worn brow, and deep-set eyes, so different from all other eyes, were there too, and she felt all the sorrows of life grow small and distant, while she trusted in that noble heart and was not afraid of aught but the perils of the way—Death might come but not Doubt. Take care, Leslie. Such fond trustings and imaginings are dangerous as they are fair. No idol is so sure and strong as those built up of fragrant woods and costly stones.

> "Whatever passes as a cloud between
> The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
> Causing that brighter world to disappear
> Or seem less lovely, or its hope less dear,—
> That is our world, our idol, though it wear
> Affection's impress or devotion's air."

Hester, in the meantime, had been left alone, and glad she was of an hour's solitude, for the conversation recorded above had left a painful impression upon her mind. It was too true, she admitted to herself, that in the

present day, when "religion walks in silver slippers," and there is the temptation of being proud of Christianity, even while ashamed of Christ, that a new class of dangers and diseases have arisen in the Christian Church, unknown in the days of the dungeon, the stake, and the amphitheatre. It is too true that it is generally only the saw and the file of the caricaturist and the enemy, which touch these wounds, and but seldom the friendly probe of the surgeon, and so they spread and fester. Then the words of Dr. Brown came to her memory about "obsolete" texts of Scripture, and it seemed to her that that was the root of the whole malady. Forgetfulness of that living, abiding, nourishing Word, by every portion of which man is to live. Text after text, grown indeed almost "obsolete," crowded to her memory. "When thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee," words forgotten as though they had never been, in the hurry of the crowded, expensive, trouble-

some entertainment given to those who are expected "to bid us again." "Judge NOT that ye be not judged," words at which few pause ere they utter the crude, hard judgment, ere they hold up the unnecessary unscriptural test for the spirituality of others, ere they indulge in narrow, sectarian bigotry which is of man's word but not of God's word, while they forget to prove themselves by the simplest scriptural standard. "Love not the world," complied with by forsaking the ball and the opera, but disobeyed by taking the same craving for excitement to the platform and the religious soirée. The command to the strong to "bear the infirmities of the weak, and so fulfil the law of Christ," the command to all to "bear each other's burdens," altogether forgotten; the naturally brave and outspoken Christian finding fault with the timid, the naturally timid and retiring finding fault with the apparent ostentation of the bold and decided—though neither the retiringness nor the decision are gifts of faith but only of nature—each, in short, criticising

others for the faults they themselves "are not inclined to," and forgetting to criticise themselves for those sins "they have a mind to." "Have no respect of persons," often forgotten, alas! by the Christian aristocrat in his pride of birth and station, and still oftener by the middle class Christian in his undue and undignified appreciation of those superior to himself in earthly rank. "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men to be seen of them, . . . do not sound a trumpet before thee," so far laid aside that it would seem on the contrary as if each worker said like the unsanctified and unscrupulous Jehu, "Come and see my zeal for the Lord of hosts." The commanded characteristic of being a "peculiar" people kept in the background as far as "peculiar" command of temper, "peculiar" humility, "peculiar" anxiety to win others from the broad way, and only exhibited by the easy methods of peculiar intonations of voice, peculiar phrases, peculiar attention to external forms, peculiar self-congratulations. Hester

had one remedy for uneasiness of mind, and that she now as ever successfully applied. Fervent were the prayers that ascended from that invalid couch, while the soft evening rays shone upon it, and the flowers created by the Hearer and the Answerer of prayer bloomed in brightly, and the little songsters of the garden seemed as if they knew that a soul near them was in its most childlike, and therefore sublimest attitude. I do not know what the words of Hester's prayer were, but I am sure that these were not amongst them, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as these others;" but that with the self-knowledge and self-abasement which were the characteristics of her Christian character, she confessed and mourned the smallest approaches to these inconsistencies in her own heart and conduct.

Then, and not till then, she resolved to consider it another part of her work on earth to rouse up professing Christians to a sense of those imperfections which prevent them from adorning the gospel of Him who grew in

favour with man as well as with God, and whose early Church "praised God, and had favour with all the people," only in those days the favour of God was sought first and last, and before all.

"Lord, what a change within us, one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make;
We kneel—and all around us seems to lower;
We rise—and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear."—TRENCH.

After that hour's communion, strength, and sunshine, Hester could again take courage, and be of good cheer, thanking God from her heart that she belonged to those who, though weak and sinful and inconsistent, were yet struggling to be on the "right side," in these days of solemn strife, and who were considered by the great holy God as his tenderest charge. "Whoso toucheth my people, toucheth the apple of mine eye," said He who took one for "His friend," and named another "a man after his own heart," from among those whom self-righteous fellow-sinners might have branded as hopelessly fallen and inconsistent.

"Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

"The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

"The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

On the afternoon that the travellers were to leave Castle Mordaunt, a more cold and formal farewell even than usual was exchanged between Sir John Dunbar and Lady Elinor, and then D'Arcy drew his sister into the Turret Boudoir.

"Elinor!" said he, deep and low, "when I come back I mean to ask Leslie North to be my wife."

Elinor did not speak or raise her eyes.

"Elinor!" and the voice came huskier, "let me have no aristocratic nonsense from you, I shall have enough of trouble with my father." His hand was pressed, but no words would come.

"Elinor! if she consents to be your sister, will you take her to your heart?"

Elinor only whispered, "D'Arcy, dearest D'Arcy, I do not think she will. You are too confident."

"Love like mine MUST win love," and the look of fear and pain that had come into his eyes was but for a second; "Elinor Mordaunt, answer my question."

Then came a sharp pang of jealousy; she to be nothing, Leslie to be everything! A flash of the old haughty pride, a throb of the old hopes of great things for D'Arcy, then a rush of softer, holier feelings, and she said low and tremulous, but still clear and truthful, "If Leslie North becomes my brother's wife, she shall be my cherished and beloved sister."

D'Arcy *looked* but did not speak his loving and grateful answer. After a pause he said, "I feel so happy to-day! what a beautiful world it is! everything seems so bright with hope, and so strong with new strength."

But Elinor said very sadly, "I don't know why I feel so nervous about your going away to-day," and she did a very unusual thing with her, she burst into tears. But time and trains wait not upon ladies' nerves; a bustle in the passage, an impatient voice, "D'Arcy, D'Arcy, you will lose the train," (it was sometimes said mournfully afterwards "oh, that he *had* lost it"), and he was off with the light exulting step of health and strength, and joyous, youthful manhood.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RAILWAY.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. —HEB. xii. 11.

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies
But in battalions."—SHAKSPERE.

"The process long, of years,
The discipline of life,
Of outward woes, and secret tears,
Sickness and strife:—
The idols taken from thee one by one,
Till thou canst dare to live with ME alone.

"Some gentle souls there are,
Who yield unto my love;
Who ripening fast beneath my care,
I soon remove;
But thou stiff-necked art, and hard to rule,
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school."
WHYTEHEAD.

"Loss, woe, weariness, all pain, each want, each earthly load,
Are in the many-linked chain that draws earth up to God."
AIRD.

LORD D'Arcy and his friend were soon on the platform of Woodleigh Mordaunt station. King Charles and his long-tressed cavaliers,

who in old times had rested their champing steeds under those oaks that even then were full of years, might have disdained the iron and the wood, the ticket-office and the shrill whistle, the spruce guards and the phlegmatic porters. Yet every railway station with its varied crowds, its hurrying feet and anxious brows, its vicissitudes of noise and silence, repose and action, life and apparent death, has elements of romance before which the stories of elder days pale in interest. See that huge, swift, mighty mass, with its pillars of white smoke by day, and its furnaces of red flame by night, instinct with life and power and majesty almost as if it were a double-bridled leviathan created by the great Creator! The many-horsed chariot of the monarch, the tapestried litter of the fair dame, and the barb of the brave knight are beautiful in song, romance, and picture, but the courser of steam and iron which goes to and fro, binding the nations of the earth into brotherhood,—is it not better than they? Nor is that all of wonder. In the days of weird

and of witchcraft what fancied marvels could compare with the hum within those white posts, and the thrill of the dark wires, and the click of the magic box, which tell of space and time annihilated, of the earth girdled in well-nigh forty minutes, of lightning tidings, flashed over the calm land, and sped by a twin sister under the stormy sea? Yes! a railway-station, with its telegraphs, and flying engines, is one of the sights of the earth —one of the wonders of the world. So said the friends as they paced the unusually crowded platform. There had been an excursion train. Gay flags and music, and many groups,—some tired, some mirthful, some with husky voices and flushed faces, telling tales of beer-shops and taverns;—a strange, motley multitude!—but which and how many had made ready for the Eternity into which the iron rail is often the swiftest and surest pathway? A white smoke in the distance, a roar like many wild animals, a waving signal, a clanging bell, and the long train dashed in among the expecting crowd.

Then a hurry for seats, laughter, cheers, oaths, and remonstrances, a rush and a whistle, and they were off and away—whither?

D'Arcy shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about having come by the wrong train—such a crowd, so inconvenient,—and he looked at the other passengers as if they were intruders from the second class, which in truth they were. He threw on his travelling-cap, and established himself as comfortably as he could; luckily the inconvenience would not last long, as they were to get out *en route*, and stay all night with a friend whom Sir John Dunbar wished to see upon business, and then go on to Scotland by the next morning's express. D'Arcy expected a good long talk with his friend about what was to be done next week, next month, next year, but Sir John was busy with that pale, tired woman opposite, and the paler child: how comfortable he made them!—how grateful they looked!—and the old lady on the other side quite revived

from her fatigue at the sound of his cheerful voice, while a young grandson began to tell him all about their famous holiday, and what brother George and he were going to do to-morrow—that morrow which might never come to them! D'Arcy felt a little ashamed of his bad humour when he saw how pleasant and useful his companion made himself. "How different Dunbar is from the vulgar people one meets with in railways wrapped up in furs and exclusiveness, and looking as if other people were specimens, or wild beasts!" So he roused himself, and looked about to see if there was anything left for him to do, but the stout gentleman who was his *vis-à-vis* was inaccessible behind his newspaper, buried in stocks, consols, and—to-morrows! So D'Arcy looked out of the window, and watched the hedges and banks with their long-drawn, ribbony greenness, and the telegraph wires waving up and down as they rushed on, still on, and he dreamed of Langcroft and Leslie, and many bright to-morrows! Booming, rattling, shrieking, crashing—a mile or two

farther—then a new sound amongst the old accustomed ones—the "danger whistle!"—a brief summons from many to-morrows!—a newspaper clutched madly—a sharp oath—the wail of a frightened child—a word of heart-wrung prayer—a smoke, a heat, a shock as if the earth were cleft, and its prisoned fires set loose—a reel, a plunge down a steep bank—thick silence and thicker darkness upon D'Arcy and many more;—oh, God! is it Death?

When "the sun fell, and all the land was dark," what a sight he left behind! Eyes that had greeted his rising with laugh and song, quenched in death; forms that had been beautiful in strength and symmetry, disfigured writhing lumps of clay; loving hearts desolate and breaking, because in the twinkling of an eye the beloved were not; mothers alternately clasping their dead and their dying children; wives seeking their husbands, yet passing by as if they were strangers. Oh that it were yesterday, and the morrow were not to come!—the morrow

which is to dawn upon so many dead bodies here, and so many disembodied spirits, where, oh, where?

"My God! my Saviour!" muttered a faint voice down, down that fearful bank; it came from beneath fragments of wood and iron, a crushed newspaper, and a dead child. "D'Arcy! thank God!"—and in a moment Sir John Dunbar, who had been marvellously preserved from injury, had extricated him, and was kneeling beside him on the disfigured turf.

"John! I am dying," he whispered faintly. "Leslie, Leslie! if I could but see Leslie!"

If in joy we think lightly of our beloved, if in mirth their names are not heard, yet in pain and in anguish they ever come next to the Great Name which we instinctively utter.

An engine and some fresh carriages were soon in readiness to convey such of the sufferers as could be moved to the nearest station, which was Colton. When they arrived there, D'Arcy's imploring whisper was, "Home, home," so, in a short time, they

were again at the station they had left but a few hours before. A telegraphic message had brought Dr. Brown to the platform, alarmed and anxious. When he saw the shattered arm and felt the pulse, he shook his head, and said that D'Arcy could not bear the long drive to the Castle, but must be taken at once to his house, which was not far from the station, while he despatched a messenger for the father and sister, who, unfortunately, had set out on a long drive from which they had not yet returned.

That afternoon Leslie had walked to Colton on some errands of mercy for Aunt Hester. Her step and her heart were both light. She was glad that Lord D'Arcy had left the neighbourhood, and hoped that she had prevented him from committing himself. She had asked and received permission, though a reluctant one, from her uncle Charles, to stay a little while longer at the Corner House, which she always felt to be her pleasantest rest and dearest home. She had

promised to dine with Dr. Brown that day, and, on consulting her watch in the middle of her homeward walk, she found that she would be too late;—what would Sally say? So half laughing and half vexed, she sped across the country, in her most energetic manner, trespassing on this field of turnips, jumping across that ditch, climbing one or two fences, braving a herd of cattle, and at last, smiling and glowing with her exertions, a picture of bloom and brightness, she presented herself at the low, wide, dining-room window which she had expected to find lighted up, and Sally's reproachful face flattened upon the panes watching for her; but no Sally was there, and no light, save the pale early twilight of the autumnal evening. The door-window opened at a touch—she looked in—there was a strong odour of chloroform; a mattress spread on the floor; a pale, exhausted being reclining upon it, and Sir John Dunbar bending over. Leslie stood transfixed; all bloom and brightness gone. Dr. Brown waved her back, then came out,

and whispered the sad story to her in agitated accents, adding, "He does nothing but call for you; it may be the death of him."

"It was Leslie's step; Leslie, Leslie! I must, I will see her!"

"Go, go; he 's like a spoiled child; but I can't be answerable; he must see no one," said Dr. Brown anxiously.

As Leslie North stole trembling into the house by the other entrance, she saw one face pale with woe in the passage, and another purpled by agitation. She never forgot the look of smothered sorrow upon Lord Mordaunt's face,—all the world was little to him in comparison with his son, though it had been but seldom that he showed his affection. Leslie took the father and daughter into a quiet room, her gentle, soothing, hopeful, words, more hopeful than she felt, did them good; she promised that they should be sent for the moment the sufferer was able to see them; she pressed Lady Elinor's hand, who was not satisfied, but with a rare impulsiveness threw her arms round Leslie's neck and

kissed her; Leslie returned the embrace, with a low "God bless you, God strengthen you!"

Then she stole away to do everything, order everything, think of everything that could be of use and comfort, for Leslie was a peculiarly helpful, practical woman; indeed, so much more household superintendence was needed under these circumstances that Dr. Brown implored of her to delay her return to Manchester, and stay to help him, for there was no one to take her place, so for many days though unseen, she ministered to the helpless, suffering lover, whose love she could not return.

At length the danger was over,—the patient was pronounced convalescent,—he was able to be moved into the drawing-room, and in a day or two he was to return to Castle Mordaunt. Still, however, with the feeling of depression and weakness produced by the unstrung nerves, D'Arcy persisted in speaking and thinking of himself as a dying man.

"Leslie," said Sir John Dunbar in the garden of the Corner House, "Lord D'Arcy

wishes to speak to you; I tried to prevent it, but he is one who must have his own way. He is a noble being, but you will do what your heart dictates,—you have nothing to reproach yourself with."

So the white, trembling Leslie went in agitation and compassion. Scarcely able to support himself, D'Arcy met her at the door and led her to a seat.

"Leslie! I love you!" said he abruptly; voice and eyes both so changed in so short a time. "Leslie! I am maimed, disfigured, dying, yet I yearned to tell you of my love! Have you love to give me in return, Leslie?"

Could she have met his gaze, she would have read there a fulness and depth of affection that would have astonished her; she had not thought it of him; but her head was low bent down, no tears in her eyes—for Leslie was not given to tears—but her heart was full of weeping and sorrow for the pain she must inflict. Even were it the hour of his death, she must be true to him—to herself—to one other.

"Lord D'Arcy, I cannot; I do not; now nor ever."

"Leslie, Leslie, say it not. If I live I will win your love; if I pass away—"

"Lord D'Arcy! I love another;" and even in that moment of fear, and sorrow, and compassion, blame her not, if, along with maiden shyness, there was a throb of proud exultation as she said the words; it seemed as if she had set a seal to what had for years been unspoken, save in the heart's strange strength and wealth of language.

He had not expected this; it was too much. He muttered, "An idol broken; O God, help!" his face grew livid; he tried to cover it with his hands; but he was unable to move, and alas! where once there had been twain, there was now but one. Then came a faint cry, and a tide of crimson to the white lips. Dr. Brown found Leslie supporting him almost as deathlike as he, but still firm and collected.

"You had best go," whispered her uncle; "I see how it is; you'll do him no good."

Before she could compose herself to meet Aunt Hester's anxious eyes, the western windows with their darkened, scarcely moonlighted pictures, were sought, and their clear panes dimmed with the tears of compassion and self-reproach which she would not let others see, but still the proud throb and trust, mixed with its own trembling anxiety, were there, and the selfish heart's cry was for "Philip, Philip!"

There was much sorrow hanging over the family of Castle Mordaunt. D'Arcy's relapse into illness was a long and severe one, though the strength of his constitution prevailed, and after some weeks he was pronounced convalescent. Still there was a pallor, a thinness and sharpness of feature, a gravity and languor of manner, which went to the heart of his father and sister. They could not bear to look at his empty sleeve, though even they scarcely guessed how painfully he felt the constant sense of loss, and dependence upon others; the sharp pains of the severed nerves,

the strange, haunting, disappointing feeling of hand and arm being still there, till he looked and saw the blank! It was suffering well and patiently and silently borne. A new depth of brave, calm strength and endurance was beginning to well up, which was what his character had principally required. Even yet, however, he could not speak the words "Langcroft" and "Leslie," and dreaded their utterance with a coward's fear, but the source of strength continued slowly to deepen and to widen. During his illness he had lain with his face to the wall for many days, those about him thinking him in a stupor, but it was not so; long afterwards he told of the many lessons he had been graciously taught in that calm, silent school of affliction. Like many another, he had thought his education for life and work was finished, whereas he had scarcely learned its alphabet. The farther knowledge was hard, and painful, and difficult of attainment, yet it was not long before D'Arcy could thank his God for not leaving him in ignor-

ance of the deeper love, the higher life, the hidden strength only to be learned in the advanced classes of the great school of life.

There were still many other lessons in store for D'Arcy and Lady Elinor. There came a day of dreary pomp and circumstance, of sable plumes and mourning chariots and liveried mutes; an escutcheon over the old oak door, and the family vault opened wide amidst the cypresses and yews, for the first time since the little child Elinor had smiled to see the plumy banners and black-maned steeds that bore away her mother. Real sorrow there was in the hearts of servants, dependants, and friends, as well as the stricken orphans, for Lord Mordaunt was a kind, good-tempered man who left a greater blank at his death than had been anticipated in his life. A stroke of apoplexy,—not the first,—hastened by distress and anxiety, had brought the woes of sudden death to Castle Mordaunt and its bereaved mourners.

Francis Lord D'Arcy was now Earl of Mordaunt.

CHAPTER XIII.

LESLIE NORTH IN SHADOW.

"Lovest thou ME?"—JOHN xxi. 16.

"Give ME thine heart."—PROV. xxiii. 26.

. . . "If I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where 'dust to dust' the love from life disjoined;
And if before those sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
Crying 'Where are ye, O my loved and loving?'
I know a Voice would sound, 'Daughter, I AM;
Can I suffice for HEAVEN and not for earth?'"—
E. BARRET BROWNING.

"Silence and darkness, solitude and sorrow,
In combination! Can I cheerful be?
And wherefore not, since I can voices borrow—
Society and light and peace, from Thee,
My God, from Thee.

"I will not waste one breath of life in sighing,
For other ends has life been given to me;
Duties and self-devotion, daily dying
Into a higher better life with Thee,
O Lord, with Thee.

"Strong in Thy strength, though in myself but weakness,
Equal to all I know that I shall be,
If I can seize the mantle of Thy meekness,
And wrap it close around my soul, like Thee,
Blest Lord, like Thee."

IT was post time on the morning after Lord D'Arcy had returned to the Castle, partially recovered from his second attack of illness. Leslie's heart, like many another

heart, had a bad habit of fluttering at that hour. Oftentimes she took herself to task, for the foolish, vague expectations which always sent her breathless to meet the scarlet coat and the leather bag; but the very same thing always happened the very next day. And, oh, how long it seemed since the post brought those letters to Aunt Hester with sometimes a few words of message to herself, which had been wont to give her renewed strength and hope. There had been public anxiety about an expedition of foreign enterprise in which all Europe was interested, and many an hour of secret anxiety had there been, though hope and trust had always predominated in Leslie's sanguine brain and steadfast heart.

Leslie was arranging the flower-vases for Aunt Hester in silence; she scarcely saw the dark, glossy greens and delicate pinks, and rich purples and crimsons, of the late fuchsias and early china-roses she was so deftly handling; her thoughts might have taken a lesson from them, for they were neither bright

nor peaceful; she had waked in the morning feeling it one of the "grey days of life." She was roused from her abstraction by the postman's quick step; in a moment she was by his side receiving one letter for herself, and Aunt Hester's newspaper. A foreign letter! and the colour left Leslie's lips, for it was—yes it WAS, from the palm-trees and the coral strand at last!

Then there was a startled voice from the window. "Leslie, my dear Leslie! my child! what is it? why do you look so? don't leave me in this state, Leslie!" but her call was vain—the white, rigid face had already disappeared, and no sound was heard save a rushing step along the passage, and up the old winding stair. Hester rang the bell, groaning over her own helplessness. Susan was gossiping with Sally at the Doctor's door. Flora was "dressing herself," so there was only Barney to answer the summons, looking scared out of his senses, for he had seen "Miss North flee by, as white and queer as a banshee," but he would not convey this awful simile to

his mistress in words, for fear it should be the death of her, so his rounded eyes, and open mouth, and look of horror, appeared silently at the door.

"Go to her, Barney,—find Miss North—tell her to come down for one moment; I want her—I must have her."

He was up stairs in an instant, and knowing instinctively that she was in the Roundel he knocked at the door. The bolt was drawn back quickly, and so white, calm, stately, and woe-stricken was she who appeared there, that the boy could scarcely falter out his message.

"In an hour—not for an hour; I must be alone!"

In all great sorrows, it is a strange and notable fact that every faculty of observation becomes sharpened and intensified; in after years Leslie recalled with wonder the keen sense of the ludicrous, with which—her heart full of woe and her muscles unrelaxed—she saw the quaint and sympathetic contortions of poor Barney's face.

Hester could bear the suspense no longer, so, taking up her staff, Hester Morris walked strongly, steadily, and swiftly up the stairs which she had not trodden for ten years. The different stair-carpet, the crack in the ceiling, which was a subject of apprehension to the child Hester, the little cupola where the girl Hester had smiled and nodded up to the stars every night of clear evening sky, the deep embrasured passage-window whence Hester, the woman, had watched Walter Gower's erect figure pass away under the garden arch, to be seen there no more for ever. Her eye and her memory took it all in, and much more beside; but she wasted no time, she spoke no word, she knocked at no door, but, entering at once the little room which she had loved so well, and where she had sorrowed so much, she took into her arms the young girl who lay on the sofa crushed and mute with her great grief. A long silence. Leslie had forgotten to be surprised at Aunt Hester being up there. It was all like a dream, and nobody is ever

surprised at anything in a dream. At last Hester grew alarmed at the beating heart and deathly-cold hand in which something was tightly clutched; the grasp relaxed, and Aunt Hester drew out of it an envelope in the well-known, almost illegible writing, mis-sent to every possible post-town, and inside a piece of white paper, a chain of brown, silky hair, and then a few words, "Returned from Philip Gower to Leslie North." The date — what date? Aunt Hester looked eagerly into the corner, and there was a date of many months back;—a light upon the weary silence to home friends, but none upon that which was beginning to alarm the public. Where was he? what did all this mean? Hester thought it was time to speak.

"Why did my Leslie never tell me?" she said gently.

Very broken, very indistinct, were the words of answer, but still Aunt Hester was thankful to hear them come at all.

"Nobody knew but Uncle Charlie; I

couldn't tell, I was so unhappy at first; and then I grew so happy, and now it is all over, and I don't know why. Oh, Aunt Hester, what shall I do?"

"Look up and beyond; there is better Love in heaven than in all the earth; that Love which grieves over your grieved heart, but saw that it needed this suffering."

"Yes; I *did* need it. I was making an idol of him; it was such a rest and a peace to trust him."

"No peace or rest can bide long with us, Leslie, save from trusting the *One* only. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in THEE.'"

But the loopholes of Leslie's amazed, stricken heart, were not yet opened wide enough to let comfort enter in; she only said—

"It is a bereavement—worse than a bereavement; our dead go from us, and we love and trust them still, but I have lost my trust; it is a burial-day without a resurrection."

"Tell me all about it, love," said Aunt Hester soothingly; "I do not ask from curiosity, but I think it sometimes does one good to speak of a sorrow."

"Not now; not till the grass is green over my buried trust. I am not like others; it kills me to speak, and I could not hear him blamed; besides, I don't understand anything. Why has he done this?"

"But do not let us judge hastily, darling," said Aunt Hester. "It is a mistake; he will write and explain."

"No, no. I gave it to him, and told him that I never would believe that he had ceased to care for me till he sent it back."

Just then a knock, and Barney's voice was heard.

"The newspaper, ma'am; please, the newspaper."

Impatient at the interruption, Hester hastily told him to go away, but Leslie started up impetuously, "No, no, there may be something in it."

Aunt Hester took it in, and opening it,

a paragraph soon caught her eye, headed, "Philip Gower's Expedition," which she read gently to Leslie, who heard every word with closed eyes and throbbing heart. It expressed increasing anxiety about the length of time which had elapsed since the distinguished traveller had been heard of, adding, that if no tidings arrived by the next monthly mail, there would be cause not only for serious apprehension, but for measures being attempted for the relief of the brave and devoted band.

The complexity of pain was terrible. Leslie felt that she could have borne the additional fear and suspense,—as indeed she had long borne,—patiently and silently, but a new draught of bitterness was mingled, and the cup seemed full to overflowing. "Anything but this; anything but this." Yet as it ever is in the history of God's children, it was just "*this*" which she needed, and which was, therefore, sent to her by her Heavenly Father.

Hester read the last words of the painful

extract with difficulty; the kind hand that held it became clenched. Leslie looked into the kind face, but it was white and writhing with agony.

"Oh, Aunt Hester, the pain! How did you get up here? selfish wretch that I am!"

Yes, it was the pain, and Aunt Hester was carried down to her bed, and there she lay for a fortnight racked with strong, sharp, acute torture. Out of all evil there comes good. Leslie could not leave her friend. Those days and nights of anxious watching over the patient, unselfish sufferer, brought a blessing with them; they taught her a new lesson in her new time of need, for, after all, mental pain is to be met and disposed of very much in the same way as physical pain, except that the former is infinitely worse than the latter. Hester was unable to speak, and all excitement forbidden, so the subject nearest their hearts was left untouched, save only that as Leslie counted the weary days of the weary month till the next packet, she knew

right well that Aunt Hester was doing the same. At last came the summons from Uncle Charles; he really could not do without Leslie any longer; his wife was not well —(Leslie knew what that meant), and he was very dull, and he had spared Leslie a long time to Woodleigh Mordaunt; the moment that Miss Morris could do without his darling, she must come back to him. Aunt Hester sighed, and Leslie sighed, and Dr. Brown groaned, but all three agreed that she must go immediately. The pain had now subsided to its usual state, and the additional illness was slowly passing away. The morning of the sorrowful leave-taking, Hester deliberately disobeyed the Doctor, by exciting herself as much as possible.

"I am so grieved not to have you with me, my Leslie, when the next weary mail comes. I shall be so anxious about you."

"Aunt Hester, it would be folly to say that I do not and shall not suffer, but you must not be anxious." She stopped. "Oh, if it were not so difficult to speak!" but she

forced herself to go on. "I have been feeling differently these few days. I shall get on very well. There is no fear of me."

"Leslie, that is not pride, is it? take care, love. Pride will do nothing for a woman's heart."

"It is so difficult to know one's-self, Aunt Hester, but I think it is *not* pride. Only I am determined that no created being shall have the power of blighting my life, and making me useless and unhappy. I must

'Suffer and be strong.'"

"Take care to have one beside you to strengthen you, then; even He in Gethsemane required that. There is no strength to suffer in ourselves."

"Well do I know that," said Leslie, humbly; and after a few minutes she added, "The thought troubles me often that it is wrong and selfish to let sentimental sorrow, only affecting my one little speck of a mind, be so much to me, when I think of all the greater woes upon the earth, when I think—" and

her words were breathed low and solemnly, "of the weight of suffering borne for me."

"We must not despise God's chastenings," answered Hester; "besides, I believe that disappointed affection is one of the strongest and most beneficent of God's guiding, blessing, smiting angels."

"Yet people turn it into ridicule," said poor Leslie.

"Only those who have not been blessed by it. Many women, and some men, have thanked God once and for evermore because of it. But Leslie, dear, you must let this angel do his every-day work, remember such a sorrow must be

'Strong to consume small troubles.'"

"I know what you mean, dear Aunt Hester, and I'll remember what you say when I go back to Aunt Louisa. It will be the 'mental bark and steel' of which we were reading one day."

"When I have been lying here in my agony, speechless, and watching your sorrowful face, these two words have been sounding

in my ear and heart, 'perfect peace.' Oh, Leslie, what a strong, full expression! Not perfect joy, or perfect strength, that would not be good for us; but PERFECT PEACE at all times, and under all circumstances!"

"Yes, it is a glorious, comforting thought," said Leslie with, not a smile, but a brighter look dawning on her wan face. "I have been thinking, too, that 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' He has called me to give Him back something, and I must try hard to do it cheerfully, but it requires 'an obstinate faith.'"

"And that is a gift too, Leslie, dear, and we know where and how to get it."

And so the two talked, the elder and the younger; but Philip Gower's name was never named between them. Soon Hester had to stop, tired and breathless, and then came the parting kiss, and tender benediction, "God bless my suffering child!" Hester's way was pleasant, of never making light of any trouble, great or small. I think that it was one secret of her influence.

Leslie North was not at all fitted to be the

heroine of a romance. She never once wished or determined to be the victim of an incurable sorrow; indeed, I do not think that she believed in the existence of such a thing, except that one unquenchable woe, which results from keeping apart from God voluntarily in time, and therefore involuntarily in eternity. So now that she had met her life's hardest sorrow, looked at it in the face, and acknowledged the substantial reality of its presence, she yet resolved "not to writhe like a blind worm under a stone," but to suffer as little as she could; not to hide it away, useless and out of sight, but yet to open her heart to every drop of balm, whether from "Gilead," the first and best, or from loving friend, or from woods, waters, hills, and mountains, or from the teachings of suns, moons, and stars, or from all other things that were soothing and beautiful; in the words of the old song, she resolved to

> "Seek them out, like bonnie berries,
> Though amid the thorns they lie."

Leslie, however, knew better than any one,

that with all possible alleviations there was to be much sorrow in store for her. She never hid that from herself, and sometimes she shrank and shivered ;—the first and easiest lesson is to endure the Father's will, but the best and last is to take it into the heart and love it. Once in old times, Leslie had said laughingly something about "Aunt Hester being so dreadfully wise," and the compliment had not been altogether disclaimed. Hester had said musingly, "Am I wise? Yes, I believe I am, even as the beggar is rich who asks and receives many coins." And Leslie had remembered the words, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." So even then Leslie had begun to ask and to receive, and was not upbraided. She had not asked often enough or largely enough, as who does? but some of that heavenly wisdom was coming into light and action now.

It was one of Leslie's wise resolves at this time not to punish other people because of

her sorrows, but to strive to be more kindly, interested, and accessible than before. It would have been a luxury to Leslie to have sat quite still in her corner of the railway carriage, with closed eyes pondering many things; she had counted on it; but opposite to her was an elderly, deformed, kindly-looking, conversational gentleman. He was struck by that face, which indeed he decided to be the most interesting he had ever seen, and began to pay her various kindly railway attentions. So Leslie roused herself, and replied so sweetly and gently that he was quite charmed, though he noticed that always the sorrowful lines of the mouth settled down, calmer and older than her years. At last he offered her a newspaper. She took it, and then her face flashed out in its old glow, and beauty of expression and colouring, for her eye caught Philip Gower's name. It was mentioned with all the honour which she had always felt he was destined to receive. The mail had come in; he was safe, though there had been a train of almost

unprecedented hardships. There was a cheerful, hopeful letter from him, giving a modest account of newly-discovered lands and routes, and there was a commentary upon it; this man whom, when he returned, they said his country would delight to honour—this brave pioneer of the truth of God. So they called him, and much more. It was all so natural,—Leslie North reading of Philip Gower's praise and fame, and rejoicing in it to her heart's core; for though few women care for fame for themselves, there is scarcely one who does not covet it for her best-beloved; she forgot everything else. Happiness seems so natural to some part of our being that when a gleam of it comes, we forget all past and all coming sorrow. It was not till Leslie had read that glorious paragraph three times, that she remembered she had no right to this exceeding happiness of pride and sympathy. It was an agony. Still she could smile to the worn face and hollow eyes that had been watching her changeful countenance wonderingly. Just then he got out at his own station, and

went away; he came back, however, urged by one of those mysterious but not rare attractions, to say gently, "God bless you!" It did her good, and she had done him good. A kindlier, happier interest had come that day into the desolate old man's dreary life. Their lives had only just touched, and they would never meet again till the day when all flesh shall meet once—in the presence of the Lord.

Leslie thought that her Manchester home looked very dreary, that dark, rainy December afternoon; the canopy of smoke was surely thicker than it had ever been before, and though her uncle lived in a suburban villa, yet the leafless trees and blackened grass, and stunted shrubs, did not add much rural beauty. In times of mental and physical health and strength, Leslie could fully appreciate that "mart of nations"—that city of merchant princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth—that nucleus of power, and strength, and work, and gold; but now she could only see its smoke and forget its grandeur; she could only think of

its concentrated evils, and forget its wide-spreading blessings. Her uncle's rapturous greeting was a choice bit of comfort for her. To feel that we may be blessings to others, even were there none to be blessings to us, is as a warm light in the midst of a cold fog.

Leslie thought that her aunt for the first time was looking really ill, quite thin and yellow, greatly to her own discomfiture, for Mrs. North was one who liked all the privileges and immunities of illness without any of its penalties. She liked to keep everybody around her in anxiety and worry about her health, but never thought of taking care of it, except when it suited herself, and did not suit anybody else, and then it was wonderful how careful she became. She had had for years a succession of extraordinary aches and ailments which quite puzzled the Faculty, though her husband ruefully persisted in attributing them to the "doctor's books," which she was constantly studying. Now, however, there was no doubt of it, she was really ill.

Her indignation knew no bounds when her medical man pronounced her malady to be liver complaint. To come down from her interesting pet maladies to anything so vulgar and commonplace was insufferable, so she was cross and capricious, and more difficult than ever to "get on" with. Poor Mr. North was one of those good-tempered men whose highest domestic ambition is to lead an "easy life," while his wife was never easy till she had made everybody else as uneasy as possible. He was neither companion nor guide for Leslie, but his good humour and affectionate disposition, and great appreciation of her merits, had attached her to him. She was lively and amusing, always took his part, and was a great deal with him, so she materially increased his comfort, though hitherto she had not done much towards the peace of the household, or the unity between husband and wife. Neither had her manner towards her capricious aunt been always what it ought to have been. Philip Gower in that strange, outspoken way of his, had once said to Leslie that it

was not becoming a Christian woman, though it might do very well for a high-spirited heathen. Leslie in those days had been proud of her high spirit, yet she was not angry with Philip Gower. Well-a-day, she did not feel proud of anything now; besides, she had a deep growing wish to please her Saviour in all things, and to follow His example, and obey His command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." So instead of resting on thoughts of Philip's truth and trustiness, she rested on something very different that never changes or passes away. Her aunt saw that there was a difference, and began to think that there must be some good in all the Woodleigh-Mordaunt Methodism after all. Poor woman, she was much to be pitied. She had a craving for love, yet was too proud to sue for it, too unwise to seek to win it. She loved her husband devotedly, though she had alienated his affections by her capricious temper; she had been jealous and cold and hard towards his orphan niece, yet often she had longed to take her into her heart of

hearts. Something of all this Leslie had only now found out, her perceptions sharpened and her heart softened by suffering, and it was a help, hope, and comfort to her, in her winter's "home and hearth" work. Yet it was a long winter, a winter Leslie never could forget.—No more public news of Philip Gower, not a word, or sign, or private letter, to Aunt Hester, or any one else, unless it had gone down to the fishes and corals, with many a like argosy of comfort and hope.

So Leslie struggled on through the winter bravely, for she knew

"That wasted shade is worse than wasted sunshine."

Often she wondered whether the grass would ever grow green over that sepulchred trust, which as yet was bleak and bare, and dark and rugged; and then she longed with a sore longing for the time when there shall be no jarred harmony, no broken trust, no graves sere or green, whether dug in the soil of this our planet, or in the waste places of these our hearts.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY ELINOR IN SUNSHINE.

"The word of God is quick and powerful."—HEB. iv. 12.

"He sent his word and healed them."—PS. cvii. 20.

"Mais l'étranger, d'une voix plus austère,
Lui dit : 'Ma fille, il me reste un trésor
Plus précieux que les biens de la terre,
Plus éclatant que les perles et l'or.
On voit pâlir aux clartés dont il brille
Les diamants dont les rois sont épris.
Quels jours heureux luiraient pour vous ma fille,
Si vous aviez ma perle *de grand prix!*'
—'Montre-la-moi, vieillard, je t'en conjure ;
Ne puis-je pas te l'acheter aussi ?'
Et l'étranger, sous son manteau de bure
Chercha longtemps un vieux livre noirci.
—'Ce bien,' dit-il, 'vaut mieux qu'une couronne ;
Nous l'appellons la *Parole de Dieu.*
Je ne vends pas ce trésor, je le donne,
Il est à vous ; le ciel vous aide ! adieu !'
Il s'éloigna. Bientôt la noble dame
Lut et relut le livre du Vaudois.
La vérité pénétra dans son âme,
Et du Sauveur elle comprit la voix."
Le Colporteur Vaudois.—C. DE F.

. . . "Oh that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover that stand bare,
How many be commanded that command !
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour !"—SHAKSPERE.

LADY ELINOR'S DIARY.

"*Jan.* 20*th.*—I HAVE been reading my old Diary. What a strange, double life such

pages reveal! Phases and changes of thought and feeling preserved that would else have passed away, and left no traces in the memory. It is a painful record, and yet to me full of strange and helpful interest. Now that the 'mehr Licht'—for which I then longed so ignorantly and presumptuously—has dawned (too faintly and glimmeringly, but still I hail its presence), it enhances the gratitude and the comprehension, to look back on the old, dark days, even as the traveller looks out from the lighted home windows, upon the thick, gloomy night he has journeyed through.

"Since I last wrote in these pages, I have gone through much real and abiding sorrow. My father, my father! Even now I can scarcely mention his name. It was so sudden, so dreadful. I miss him more than words can tell. It is such a sad, heavy, lonely thing to be an orphan. So engrossed was I by my misanthropic, discontented feelings and fancies, that I did not know till he had gone from me—and it was too late—how

much I loved him, and how little I had shown my value for his love. Yes; I am an orphan; yet, strange to say, I feel that there is an orphan's joy, for there is an orphan's God and guard and Saviour. Once I sought great things for myself, and I found them not; but now the very seeking of things so immeasurably higher, seems to ennoble while it lays low. Yet I have not found all I need. There are times when I feel so peaceful and yet exalted, as if I had grasped it all, but then I sink down into darkness and depression, and I fear to have been presumptuous. D'Arcy says that it is because I am looking to myself and not yet entirely to the ONE other. Still, still there is a cloud between—the old enemy Self—the obstacle to all that is high and exalted. Dearest D'Arcy! how much *he* has suffered! I shall never forget those weary weeks of his illness, and now to see him so changed, so grave, maimed, and in constant pain! He has had a deep disappointment in life, yet I can see how useful it has been to him. He says so

himself, but it was only yesterday that he told me, and even then he never said her name. Oh, how he has loved her!—none ever have or ever will love me so much. He is such a comfort to me, so much more tender and yet frank with me than he used to be. We constantly read together that precious, marvellous record, the WORD OF GOD. It was in those readings that hope and light first dawned upon me, and yet I find in those wayward written words of mine that I once thought the Bible commonplace, not great enough or grand enough for me! D'Arcy has come to a much fuller peace and brighter light than I have *yet*—but I know, yes, I know, that they will come. One thing is very clear to me—the reality of the great *change*—the presence of a starting-point as it were. If I had done it myself, I would not dare to say it; but it is no more presumption than when the slave in the dungeon acknowledges that there was a moment when his chains were unclasped, or when the child taken out of a dark room rejoices in the

presence of the sunshine. Another thing is clear to me, that all that went before of aspiration after high things, and admiration of goodness, and strivings after religion and external improvement, were no better than washing white the outside of the sepulchre, so far as the life of my soul was concerned. I was not *safe* till that word, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' came to me with a power which I could not resist, and I *did* believe, and then I *was* safe. I believe, however, and I love to believe it, that that long time of seeking and striving was not lost, but was part of God's education of my soul. What a solemn thought! . . .

"*Feb.* 10*th.*—Once I expected to grasp the riches of light and joy as a right, but now I thankfully receive the Pearl of Great Price as an infinitely compassionate gift from my Father in Heaven to His sinful, poverty-stricken child. He has given me peace, and hope, and joy, and sunshine, in the simplest and yet sublimest way, through the Lord Jesus Christ, MY Saviour, MY Righteousness,

—words so often mere empty skeletons of sound, but now raised up and robed, and gifted with heaven's living voice. In this Word of God, I find all that I once hopelessly longed for,—truth, majesty, beauty, harmony, loftiest heroism, floods of light, and fountains of life, the Son of man from heaven! —the God of heaven upon Calvary!

"How different a thing *aspiration* is, when we know that higher than the highest heights of our aspirations we shall ascend and dwell for ever; seeing the King in His beauty in the land that is very far off; joining in the song of the loving seraphim and the ever-wise cherubim; full of love and knowledge ourselves! Yet not unto us will be the glory, for we shall cast our crowns at the Saviour's feet, in the fulness of deepest humility! Oh that the time were come, and that there were no need to descend from these mountains of aspiration into the low, dark valleys of earthly life! Is it wrong to wish to die? Surely not, for death is the door into all sinless and unselfish glory.

"*Feb.* 12*th.*—I have been to see Miss Morris. D'Arcy often spends hours with her, and says that it is like talking with the angels. Yesterday, I went with my heart full of all those high, happy thoughts. I fancied she would understand them. She did look so glad when I told her of the change which God's blessing on his Word had made on me. Her joy was indeed like the angels in heaven over a sinner that repenteth; but then I sat down on a low seat beside her, and looked up in her face, and told her how I longed to die, to be with my Lord for ever. She put her hand upon my brow, and it felt like the touch of a mother, but there was a shadow in her smile, as she said, 'Where would be your crusade then, dear child? What would you have thought of the Red-Cross knights, if they had expected to win their crowns, before bearing their crosses?" Ah, I saw that Dr. Brown had been telling her of my old foolish flights and imaginations! but I liked the thought so much. Then she told me that the highest

attainment was not to be walking upon the earth with our eyes upon heaven; but to be walking in heaven with our eyes upon earth. I did not quite understand at first, but now I think that she must have meant that while our hearts are full of a heavenly peace, and joy, and light, we are yet not to be neglecting any step, rood, or acre of the earth God has set our feet upon; but gazing down in that clear light to see His will and our work, and to do it even as the angels in heaven. What a glorious, life-long crusade that would be! From this time and henceforth, I will strive to curb the wilful excelsiors, and only utter those of lowly accordance with God's will, whether for life or death, rest or work, earth or heaven.

"*March* 10*th*.—Ah, how little I knew at first of the difficulties of a real life-crusade against the selfishness, and indolence, and pride into which I have been plunged for so many years! Many times within the last few weeks, I have been on the point of giving up in despair. Anna de Lacy has been here,

and her amusement at my 'Methodism' has been as difficult to bear as martyrdom. Then I got proud and angry, and she would say, 'Where is your religion now, sweet Nell?' It would all have been wretched, if I had not found comfort where I believe I shall go on to find yet more and more comfort and pardon, for every sin, failure, and inconsistency. Each day I live, I feel increasingly how much

'I need the fountain and the fire.'

"Miss Morris says that there is such a difference in Christians, some so happy and useful, and others so gloomy and dwarfed, and that it is just because the one looks to Jesus Christ for everything, and in everything, and the other looks into miserable Self; and so though both are safe, yet the one will have an 'abundant entrance,' and the other will be 'saved as by fire.'

"Each day, too, I feel less inclined to wonder at the inconsistencies of 'good people,' that is, those who are struggling to live for God. The marvel seems to me that they

are ever able to be consistent at all, when one feels all the new, hidden, daily difficulties in one's own way. Ah! I don't think that any one would ever bring that forward as a serious argument, except those who have determined not to enter the strait gate at all, or who do not like to watch their own footsteps in the narrow way.

"I try now not to long selfishly and wilfully for it, but what a bright gleam of hope and sunshine comes with the remembrance of all *that is to be*, when the cross is no longer needed, and the crown is ready, and the harpers harping, and the doors of the many mansions open with a glorious welcome! Miss Morris says that the best use to make of such aspirations is to be roused up to help as many people as we can to share all blessed things with us, whether present or future. I never thought of such a thing in my old days! all my excelsiors were for myself alone. Now, I wish, oh, so earnestly! to win others to GO UP with me. I did speak to Anna, but she only laughed; still I went on, and then she grew

angry. I will not give it up, however; that hope and object seems to me to be D'Arcy's greatest in life. He is constantly reading and speaking to all the poor people about, and the shadow upon his face is every day decreasing.

"*March* 15*th*.—Our plans are settled for the spring, and so delightfully settled, that I can scarcely believe that it is all true. Poor D'Arcy still suffers so much acute nervous pain in his arm, heightened by any excitement, that Dr. Brown decided some time ago that he was unable to go up to take his seat in Parliament, and yet that he required change of air. His own mind was set upon going to Langcroft. Dr. Brown and Sir George Anderson, who came down to see him, advised a change farther south; however, he disliked the idea of going abroad again, so much, that they agreed that any plan which would afford him interest and occupation might do him more good than the best climate. Besides, Langcroft is in a sheltered part of the west of Scotland, and fully warmer than this. Aunt

Clement and I are to go with him. Oh, the delight of going to Scotland, the land of my childish dreams! and of living in an informal, unfettered way,—roughing it in the wild country, and deeper and better than all, of helping D'Arcy in his work, if only I can do so. He and I have made a compact,—we shall never marry, either of us,—but are always to be together trying to do all that is right, and to be a model brother and sister. Dearest D'Arcy!"

"Good-morning, Miss Morris," said Lord Mordaunt, as he entered her little drawing-room. "I have come to say that black little word, 'good-bye.' Elinor has gone to the post-office, but will be here in a few minutes."

"I don't like good-byes at all," said Hester, and the tears stood in her eyes, though her voice was cheerful; "but yet I am glad you are going to your work."

"Yes; it is a blessing that even a life-long sorrow can be cheered by that right good cordial—work."

Now, D'Arcy had, in those hours of converse referred to in his sister's journal, told Miss Morris all that Leslie had *not* told her, so she knew quite well what he meant.

"You have no more right to determine a life-long sorrow for yourself, my dear Lord Mordaunt, than to determine death," said Hester. "God has placed within us a buoyant, lifesome, sorrow-resisting principle, which we must not at our own hands pluck out or destroy."

Hester could not help thinking that there was no fear of him; her Leslie, though she said so little about it, was far more likely to suffer long, with her stronger texture of mind; she did not say so, however, she only added aloud, "I shall hear of your happy marriage some day not very far hence, I hope and believe."

"Never!" said her visitor in a slightly injured tone.

"There is a good old truism which I wish people would only believe to be true, very specially in heart disappointments: 'What-

ever *is* is right.' If Leslie had been the right wife for you, she would have been your wife, but she was not suited to you. No!—believe an old woman—she was not! You would need a statelier mate, fitted to be your Countess. Leslie would have tired to death of the state and conventionalities of your position."

"But I hate it all, too," answered D'Arcy impetuously. "I would have had none of it!"

"Then you would have been very wrong, and not living as God meant you to live. Besides, I think you don't know how deeply rooted the aristocratic element is in your own mind—more so than in your sister's."

"Miss Morris! why, I am called a Radical!"

"Yes, it is very easy for a man to make a few liberal, democratic speeches, when he is in love with one who glories in having sprung from the 'glorious people,' as she would herself say; but deep down you will find what I say."

"You must be a witch, then, Miss Morris, and know more about me than I know about

myself;" but Miss Morris's words were thus answered with a vague consciousness of their perfect truth.

"Rather than confess that I am wrong, I accept the imputation," said Hester, smiling.

The door opened gently, and Lady Elinor stole in; the front-door had stood invitingly open, and hearing the sound of voices she had defrauded Susan of her privilege of opening the door to "the quality," greatly to that thin maiden's discomfiture.

"Elinor!" exclaimed her brother, half laughing, half vexed, "in spite of all my hints of superiority, Miss Morris persists in saying that I am no better than you; she thinks me an old-fashioned, aristocratic, red-hot Tory!"

"Dear Miss Morris," said Lady Elinor, "I feel so changed about all that. I *was* proud of my rank and station once, but now I feel that it is only an obstacle; I can do no good with it, and I would willingly give it up to-morrow."

"I remember an ancient story," answered

Hester, "of various talents variously employed, but I remember of no blessing coming upon the one hid away in the thick folded napkin of false humility."

"But it makes one so much more a mark for observation and criticism, not to speak of its temptation to pride."

"Well!" said Hester, "I always had a great admiration for the Princess who stuffed her ears with cotton, and I remember reading a pithy old inscription at St. Andrews—'They have said—they will say—let them be saying.'[1] Then as to pride, we should sooner see the last of it if we did not pet and scold it alternately, like a mother with a spoiled child."

"How do you mean, Miss Morris?" asked Lady Elinor wonderingly.

"Why, most of the people I know are uncommonly proud of being proud, and consider it quite a grand, respectable sort of sin, though they are very fond of bewailing it."

[1] "If we shall stand still
In fear, our motives will be mocked or carped at;
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only."—SHAKSPERE.

"I must admit," answered Lady Elinor candidly, "that hitherto I have thought pride a fault of great minds rather than of small ones."

"What's that I hear?" said Dr. Brown, as he jerked into the room. "Who ever heard of a peacock's great mind?"

"Oh, Dr. Brown!"

"Well, where 's the difference? A peacock is proud of his tail which he can't help having, and a man is proud of his robes, and his coronet, and his grandfathers, which he can't help having either."

"I am no Radical," said Hester, "for I honour aristocracy as long as it knows its own place, and does not stoop to arrogancy, but I do think that those of high rank would rise immeasurably higher if they cultivated more reverence and humility; it becomes them indeed very specially, for, as Dr. Brown says, their advantages are those they can't help having.

'They who on noble ancestry enlarge,
Produce the debt instead of the discharge.'

The fact of their being superior in little things ought to involve superiority in great things. Forgive my long speech and plain dealing, Lady Elinor; I shall have Dr. Brown calling me a petticoat preacher soon."

"It is a great boon to us," said D'Arcy frankly; "we both feel that this is the turning-point in our lives, and while we have few to speak truth to us, we may have to speak truth to others, so your words will do double good."

"We are CHRISTIANS now," said Lady Elinor timidly. "I do feel that every other honour is as nothing in comparison to that greatest and best. It is not presumption to speak so confidently, is it, dear Miss Morris?"

"Ah, no!" answered her friend, much touched, "for it is an honour purchased for us, a free gift of nobility. May you rise higher and higher in that glorious rank till the highest comes!"

"Amen!" said Dr. Brown with glistening eyes.

"Give us some more hints, Miss Morris,"

said D'Arcy after a pause. "What did you mean by reverence?"

"Obedience to two frequently neglected precepts of God—'Let each esteem other better than himself;' 'In honour preferring one another.' An aristocracy taking those Divine words for their motto would soon rise to be the 'BEST.'"

"Yes!" said Dr. Brown, "and then the real inner rank which makes a man

'a man for a' that,'

be he peer or peasant, would get clear of the rubbish."

"Ah!" said Hester, sighing, "I wonder if we shall ever see society made a circle, linked round and round by the chain of Christian love and charity? It is nothing but a ladder now."

"A ladder indeed!" said Dr. Brown; "a treadmill's nearer the thing."

"It is a melancholy picture, certainly," said D'Arcy, "and reminds one of Spenser's lines—

'Those that were up themselves kept others low,
Those that were low themselves kept others back,
Ne suffered them to rise or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.'

Somebody looking down upon 'nobody,' and nobody straining up to be somebody, and everybody—at least many bodies—feeling insignificant themselves, or trying to make others feel insignificant."

"A crime of itself," said Dr. Brown solemnly. "Not one living being will be insignificant in the day when every crown and coronet that is of the earth earthy will be burnt with fire."

"I think you told me one day, Miss Morris, that the proper translation of the words, '*condescend* to men of low estate,' was to *walk with*," said Lady Elinor.

"Yes; that is just the meaning I long to see carried out. It is so easy to make an occasional stoop either to the poor or to those a few steps or one step below ourselves, and then to rise again with self-complacent dignity, but to *walk with* all in reverent, humble companionship, not undervaluing but

occupying the extra stewardship which has been given—that is the difficulty; and yet without it there can be no *circle* of classes."

"I suppose it is just that horrible *Ego* that does the mischief," said Lady Elinor. "Self-assertion and self-obtrusiveness rampant in all classes."

"And wherever you have self," said Dr. Brown, "you have that thing with the ugly name—VULGARITY. People forget that there may be a vulgarity of quarterings as well as of wealth, poverty, genius, vanity, and whatever else unduly obtrudes itself."

"It is strange, too," remarked D'Arcy, "that one meets so often with the vulgarity of self-assertion where there is no need for it."

"Like the Bakwain tribe," answered Dr. Brown, "who are so proud of being related to great families, that if the headman's attendants forget to declare his genealogy to his visitors, he whispers, 'Tell them who I am!'"

After a little more conversation, the brother and sister rose to take leave, and to receive that low-breathed, heart-felt "God bless you"

which, from the lips of their dear invalid friend, always sounded like the prayer which it indeed ought ever to be; a prayer which they hoped and believed would be heard and answered.

Hester missed them very much, for their visits had become a source of fresh and pleasant interest to her. The weeks and months that followed were not cheering—great pain, English rains, and mists, and east winds, disappointment at the unsatisfactory contents of the postman's bag, perplexity and distress about Philip Gower, anxiety about Leslie, who, in addition to her own sorrows and failing health, was watching over the painful and lingering illness of her poor aunt, Mrs. North. It was all misty and dreary; yet Hester's faith rose above it all. The sun was in its warmth and beauty behind the clouds, and at the right time its beams would shine out again to irradiate the land.

CHAPTER XV.

UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

"The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us. . . . . .
We will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.
Ps. cxv. 12, 18.

"A step—she turned,
Their eyes met, and that swift flash made them one
For ever,—in all worlds."—ALEXANDER SMITH.

"I go through perils of land and sea,
Where man in idolatry bows the knee,
From kindred far, and from social glee,
Friend of my heart, wilt thou come with me?
To sound through the adverse camp an alarm,
To seek in his strongholds the foe to disarm;
Through fire and flood be it Heaven's decree
To pass,—wilt thou share this lot with me?
Wilt thou fondly devoted and firm of soul,
Through life o'er my spirit hold sweet control,
Or prepare by a dying bed to stand
And mourn alone in a distant land?
All earthly things that most precious be,
To risk for thy Lord,—wilt thou go with me?"

THE REPLY.

"Is there a danger I might not share,
A sorrow with thee that I could not bear?
In the flood, in the flame, no terrors I see,
I go for my Lord,—and I go with thee.
In panoply armed to the world unknown,
We'll brave the conflict and snatch the crown;
Hope be our anchor the veil within,
And our bliss the souls that for Christ we win."

WHILE Lord Mordaunt and Lady Elinor were among the cool, blue hills of the north, the hot, and smoky Manchester sunbeams

were beating down upon Woodside Villa, where Leslie was sitting one July morning at a partially open window, her hand upon her brow, very pale, still, and silent, trying to catch a stray waft of air. She was too tired and in too much pain to think very clearly upon any subject, only her lips were mechanically forming into the silent words, "All the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth," and her heart rested upon them in most sure and childlike belief. The door slightly creaked on its hinges. "Hush!" and she turned round with uplifted finger.

"I am not asleep," said a faint voice, "come in, dear Charlie."

Mr. North advanced, first giving Leslie a letter, and then stooping down to kiss the worn yet loving face lifted up with difficulty from the downy pillows. Like many others, Mrs. North bore much better those evils which were real and tangible, than the woes of imagination, or the pains of hypochondriasis. Besides, there was so much tenderness in her husband's eye and voice; tenderness

that had been long estranged, that she would have been astonished had any one pitied her for the long and wasting illness, which had drawn aside the veil between those two hearts. Alas! that it is so frequently only sickness or approaching death, that bring the right understanding and full love into families, which might have cheered and strengthened them during health and life! Besides that friendly illness, however, other blessed influences had been at work. Mrs. North insisted on it that Leslie had been as an "angel in the house," during that long dreary winter, and it was with pangs of conscience that she remembered how little she had deserved it,—how little, Leslie herself was scarcely aware. Mrs. North had resolved to confess all to Leslie, but she put it off from day to day, saying, "It will do no good." Leslie had done the best service of all to the dwellers in that house;—a certain old-fashioned volume had been little familiar there, save in Leslie's own room; but it had been rescued from high book-shelf and powdery dust, and was it not

now a blessed and honoured guest? Yes, it was so.

"You have pleasant news, love!" said the faint voice, as a pair of softened dark eyes looked up at Leslie, who had drawn near with a wonderfully brightened face, and an open letter in her hand,—her headache and weariness were indeed almost forgotten.

"Oh, yes! so delightful and so strange! a letter from Aunt Hester; may I read it to you?"

The invalid gave a smiling assent, and Leslie read as follows:—

"*June 17th.*

"MY DEAREST CHILD,—Great events have been happening in the Corner House! I have walked up stairs twice, and round the garden once without injury! and, oh, Leslie, think of the blessing,—I have the hope of regaining health and strength! Dr. Brown has had a consultation with a very skilful medical man, who speaks most decidedly of a cure. Indeed, I have not felt so well for ten years as I have done this last week. But, dear Leslie, I long

to see you. Could you not come this week, even if only for a few days? I think that it would freshen you up, and send you back to your sick-room duties with greater strength. Write by return of post, and fix the day, for come you must. God bless you, and strengthen you.—Yours ever affectionately,

"H. M."

"That is really good news," said Mrs. North sympathizingly, without once remembering an old jealousy of Hester. "No one would make better use of health and strength."

"And Miss Morris is right about you, Leslie," said Mr. North, looking at his niece rather anxiously for the first time; "how wan and thin she is, Louisa!"

"Yes, indeed, we have been sadly selfish; go at once, dear Leslie."

"But you will miss me, dear aunt," and Leslie stroked the thin hand caressingly.

"Charlie will be with me," and the wife looked up so happily into her husband's kind,

cordial face, that it indeed seemed as if she needed no one else. A little perverse pang shot through Leslie's heart, which certainly was not strictly "angel-like." No one really needed her, she was no one's first object; but most people are apt to be a little perverse when they have headache, and the naughty little feeling was subdued, and the next moment she was stooping to kiss her thanks, and arranging her plans with Uncle Charlie for one week's holiday. A friend of his was to start early the next morning for the vicinity of Woodleigh Mordaunt, and would be a pleasant escort for her. So it was settled that she was not to write, but to take Aunt Hester by surprise.

Mrs. North did not forget to wonder who the new doctor was; perhaps Dr. Thomson, who had recently settled at Colton, and was considered very skilful, or Dr. Winter from Riverton, at all events, Leslie must consult him about her headaches. Leslie suggested that it might be the great Dr. Lindor, who occasionally visited patients in that county.

Mr. North thought that it did not signify who it was,—doctors were all quacks and humbugs; he only hoped that Miss Morris would not believe a word any of them said. The not uncommon masculine want of tact of Mr. North's speech had vexed both his wife and niece; with very rare feminine wisdom his wife and niece took no notice of it, and so the little cloud quickly passed away.

It seemed as if he had repented of it, indeed, the next day, for, after his morning's study of the newspaper there was something peculiarly tender, and yet nervously uncomfortable in his way of bidding Leslie farewell, which puzzled her much.

What a beautiful thing is summer! Leslie felt as if there had been no gradual summer for her that year, as in other years. Now it burst upon her in fresh, sudden, and almost startling beauty. As she closed her eyes in the warm, pleasant sunshine, or opened them to the glory of foliage, and flowers, and pasturage, and blue sky, or in-

haled the delicious balm of the south wind, her whole being expanded and rejoiced. Yet it was only another kind of rejoicing, for there had been real peace and joy, even amidst the darkness and leafless branches and wayfaring days of the winter. And these new depths in the joy of summer would have been all unknown and unsounded without that which had gone before. How strange but how true, that healthy, sanctified sorrow teaches us to enjoy with a deeper enjoyment than was ever known in the days of prosperity! Never do we rejoice so much in the glorious gold and crimson of the sun-rising, as when it bursts upon us after a night of tempest, and while yet surrounded by masses of dun-coloured clouds.

Never had dear old Woodleigh Mordaunt looked so beautiful,—the old oaks were right stately in their July greenness; and the Forest of Mordaunt with its glades and long vistas, and the deer park, with its brown and dappled herd, and the ancient castle rearing above all, itself a princely

demesne, over which Leslie might have been mistress at that very day. Some women might have repented, and considered it a sacrifice made for one who had ill repaid it, but Leslie had never repented, neither had it been a sacrifice, for she thought it not good to be a wife with a sorrowful heart, with duty paramount instead of affection. So she looked at the broad lands of Mordaunt, with a heart at peace, and eyes that simply rejoiced themselves in their sunlighted beauty.

Leslie walked quickly from the station, enjoying the thoughts of the surprise which she was going to give Aunt Hester, and Uncle George, and Sally, and Susan, and Flora, and Barney, and the white cat, and the black King Charlie. Happy those who are confident that such "surprises" will bring nothing but gladness to the surprised! Leslie felt very grateful when she thought of it; "there is much love left on the earth after all," thought she; yet she sighed. Having chosen an unfrequented bye-path, she met no one she knew till she

came to the arched street-entrance of the Corner House, from whence Barney's odd face was peering out. His shout, and torrent of exclamations were worth hearing, though a great many of them were quite unintelligible to Leslie. "What is that you are saying, Barney?" said she, smiling. "What grand gentleman is he talking about, Flora?" shaking hands with that fat rosy lady, who was radiant with smiles. Susan, who had been in a state of wrathful excitement about her mistress's sudden activity, now came forward, saying with reproachful acidity, "There's no grand gentlemen this way now-a-days, Miss Leslie,—more's the pity. It's only that Miss Morris is stumping up and down the garden with one of them doctors, who's walking her off her legs."

"No, she isn't; she's in the Roundel," fiercely asserted Barney.

A good deal puzzled, but with an exclamation of pleased surprise at Miss Morris being in such an elevated locality, she ran

lightly up stairs. No; Hester was not in the Roundel; it was empty; only upon the little table was a man's glove, a well-worn Bible in a strange language, and several letters addressed in large, upright, but illegible characters. Leslie saw it all. Then came a slow step up the winding staircase. Had she not often heard its peculiar tread before? It never used to be so slow and heavy, yet she knew it was the same which, in old time, even as to-day, quickened the calm heart, though it did not now as then, bring a vivid colour to a happy face. No; she was very pale—growing more like white marble every instant. A white, worn Philip entered the room, leaning on a staff; she would scarcely have known him, so changed was he from the stalwart man who had gone out from his own land. She had no time, no power, for fresh fear and anxiety; he was here; and still there came a sense of support and strength, and the old feeling of happy, leaning trust. Leslie did not fall,

for she was held by a sustaining arm; neither did she faint, for she was conscious that all had been a mistake, how, she did not know or care to know—the first quick glance had told her all she needed. But the surprise had been too much for her. It seemed as if all the strength of mind with which she had supported the sorrow and disappointment of the last six months, and indeed the two previous years of anxiety and separation, had at once deserted her. She wept soft, quiet floods of tears, that were utterly beyond her power or control. Long ago Philip had been wont to dislike scenes and feminine sensibilities, yet, strange to say, I do not find it recorded that he was at all displeased at these unreasonable and unmanageable tears of Leslie's. Another curious thing was, that, by some unaccountable glamour, Philip did not perceive that Leslie, so far from looking her best, was very decidedly plainer and older than when they had last met. On the contrary, he fancied that he could trace higher

and truer beauty than ever. At last, she grew more composed, and, as she looked up in his face, anxious fears for him came into her mind. "Oh, Philip! what has it been; have you been long ill?"

"All right now," said he with his old cheery look. "An intermittent fever, and a deal of hard work, and a few weeks' rations of mice and shoe-leather, brought me down a little; but, oh, Leslie, what have you thought of me all this time? How is it you do not hate me?"

Leslie had forgotten the two years' suffering; it was as nothing to her now, only she said—

"Tell me, dear Philip?"

There was not much to tell; not much excuse for him, most people would have thought. Philip thought so himself, for there had been jealousy, and distrust, and impulsive temper on his part. They had loved each other longer than either had fully acknowledged to themselves. Meeting so often as

they did in the frankness and familiarity of intimate acquaintanceship, the approach of the day that was to take Philip away on that long exploratory expedition was the first thing that made them understand each other. Philip proposed for Leslie to her guardian, Mr. North. Indignant at the idea of his charming niece throwing herself away on "a humbug of a doctoring fellow," he refused his consent. Many painful scenes passed. Mrs. North endeavoured to make as much mischief as she could, and it ended in Philip and Leslie being debarred from seeing each other before he set sail, while, till her majority, she was forbidden to correspond with him. Leslie had once given him a small hair-chain, and in her answer to his farewell letter she had said, "I shall keep my trust in you so long as you keep the little chain." In the tent, and on the march, and up the lonely rivers, and among savage men, the thought and the love of Leslie had ever been true and warm in Philip's heart.

He used to write to Aunt Hester, and he knew that that was almost the same as writing to Leslie, and he loved to think that the details of his journeyings were thus known to Leslie, although from an over-sensitiveness on the part of both, each had pledged themselves to keep secret their tacit engagement. Communication became more difficult, his work harder, his health weaker, and he wrote less frequently. Many of his and of Hester's letters, moreover, had been lost; some of them, indeed, only appearing after his return. One day, on his arrival in a more civilized region, a home-letter greeted his eyes; to his surprise it was from Mrs. North; a long, kind letter, written after their return from the southern tour in company with the Castle Mordaunt party; in it she informed him of the brilliant prospect there was for Leslie, dwelling not only on the exalted position of the man who had won her affections, but on his worthiness of her. Philip read and believed. A safe opportunity of taking a letter to a postal destination unfortunately presenting itself,

Philip enclosed the little chain, bitterly remembering, and re-reading, and tearing into pieces Leslie's farewell note, which had hitherto been his inseparable companion. Many times, in hours of silent thought, after Philip had laid his sorrow and his burden where he knew it would be cared for, did he repent this rash step. "It is not true; she would have trusted me," he said, remorsefully. At last his pride gave way. He wrote to Leslie, enclosing it to her guardian. By his wife's persuasion, Mr. North had never forwarded it to her, but it was burned unread. Then came the time of danger, and illness, and starvation, and intense anxiety for the brave men who had gone forth with him. But, by "the good hand of his God upon him," Philip Gower and his noble band returned to their own land in safety, after "perils of waters," and "perils in the wilderness."

Utterly worn out in body, and in feverish suspense of mind, Philip hurried down at once to Hester Morris, before making any

public appearance or official announcement. The rest Leslie knew or might guess. "Will you forgive me, Leslie?" he concluded with. It was a question that needed little answer, and indeed I do not know that it got any, for Leslie, woman-like, could not bear him she loved to take blame to himself, and found out that it was equally wrong of her to have given him up so easily; she felt that she ought to have hoped against hope, to have trusted him in spite of himself.

"But oh, Philip," she said with unconscious pathos, "if I was wrong to give too easy credence, I was sorely punished for it; if you knew what it was when the old, long-trusted Philip sank down, and down, and down, and in his stead rose a new, hard Philip, that I had no faith in; it was dreadful!" and she shrank and shivered.

"To think that my Leslie should have suffered so much for me!" answered Philip, much touched, and something, that was very like a teardrop glittered in those eyes that strangers often called hard and stern, as they shone

out in their dark light from under the rugged brow and massive, intellectual head.

"It was very good for me, Philip; don't you remember our favourite old distich—

> 'Reader, if thou an oft-told tale will trust,
> Thou 'lt gladly do, and suffer what thou must.'

Well, I began to try to be glad without you, and to live on contentedly without your trust. You won't grudge me the lesson, dearest Philip," and she said it softly.

"No, love, I dare not grudge it; it was the right lesson for her who is to be the wife of such a one as I. I can woo you to no easy life, Leslie, to no pleasant homestead,—only to toil, and care, and fatigue, and privation, often to be separated in life, and, perhaps, early to be parted by death; but you are not afraid?"

"*No*, I am NOT afraid. Not now." It was not till after a thoughtful pause that she added, "Philip! if I had gone with you that time when we both so wished it, I think that it would have been only because my heart clung to you, and then I might have failed—

and hindered you. Now, I go *for* my Lord, as well as *with* you, and so no harm can come to us."

"No harm! for we have our Eternal Home to go to, but we must not wear a 'starless crown' there, Leslie," and he repeated, in his rich, low voice, those exquisite lines, suited alike to the messengers in distant lands and isles,—to those who do Christ's mission in their safe, home kingdom,—to those who wear the public name of His servants,—and to those whose service will perhaps first be acknowledged in heaven.

"If grief in Heaven might find a place,
And shame the worshipper bow down,
Who meets the Saviour face to face,
'T would be to wear a 'starless crown.'

"Nor find in all that countless host
We meet before the eternal throne,
Who once like us were sinners lost,
Any to say we led them home.

"Shall we who know Christ's wondrous love,
While here below sit idly down?
Ah! then, if we reach heaven above,
'T will be to wear a 'starless crown.'

"Oh, may it ne'er of me be said,
No soul that's saved by grace Divine,
Has called for blessings on my head,
Or linked its destinies with mine."

A happy, yet a solemn day that was for the united trio. It seemed as if Hester had renewed her youth, and it was beautiful to see the fulness of content with which she listened to the scarcely audible whisper, "I have found my Trust, Aunt Hester; it has arisen!" or watched the proud humility of Leslie's bearing, as she moved about that day, and many days, with trust beaming bright and calm from every feature, trust that was in heaven as well as on earth.

It was longer than it ought to have been before Leslie remembered to congratulate and question Aunt Hester about the improvement in her health; the truth was, nothing that was pleasant seemed very marvellous to Leslie at this time.

"Was Philip the new doctor you wrote about, Aunt Hester?"

"O no; not quite such a romance as that,"

answered she, laughing. "It was only good old Dr. Jacobs, who said that a complaint like mine often arrives at a stage when exertion is good for it, and he recommended much exercise, and a new tonic, and, by the blessing of God, I can now walk up and down stairs, and round the garden quite easily. Oh, Leslie, isn't it a blessing!"

Unselfish and heartfelt were Leslie's tearful and almost silent congratulations.

"And then when Philip came the very day after I wrote to you," Hester went on to say, "oh, I did think my cup of blessing full!" Leslie did not wonder at Aunt Hester's gratitude.

Dr. Brown came in as usual that evening, after a long professional round, and most tender and cordial were his congratulations, if not exactly expressed like those of other people. To see his beloved niece united to that "prince of a man," as he often called Philip, was the height of his ambition for her, though with him, as with Hester and all who loved Leslie, there loomed in the distance the dark, sad shadow of long separating years.

"But what 's the other uncle to say to it, I would like to know ?" was one of his earliest inquiries, for Philip Gower had told him more than even Leslie knew, of unpleasant scenes with Mr. North, and mischief made by his capricious wife.

"Poor dear Uncle Charlie ! but I always told him what I meant to do when I was one-and-twenty, and that 's past more than a year," said Leslie. "Philip and I are both going to write to him to-night."

"Well, well ; you can tell him, at least, that you won't starve, for I'll treble your own mite of a tocher in the meantime ; and, when the old uncle 's dead and gone, you two will have it all. I made my will yesterday."

Earnest words of thanks were attempted to be spoken, but the Doctor hated gratitude as much as he hated beggars.

"There, there ; that 's enough. It will all be thrown away upon black Africans, and cannibals, and ourang-outangs, and anthropophagi, but there 's sure to be some interest

for it laid up in the bank of Heaven ;—only you had best take care of yourself, Master Philip, and of my bonnie Leslie too, for you 're both as thin and worn as a couple of old thread-papers."

Happiness did a great deal for both in a short time, and after Philip had rested at the Corner House—and what happy days of resting and communion these were!—and after he had gone up to London to give in his official report, and to receive the thanks of a nation, he and Leslie went to Manchester by the pressing invitation of her guardian and his wife. The high public standing of Philip, and Dr. Brown's generous arrangement, had made a difference in a worldly point of view, while his own increase of domestic happiness made the separation from Leslie less formidable to her uncle ; they were thankful too, to be free from the scarcely acknowledged remorse which both husband and wife had recently felt as to the part they had taken, though neither had liked to confess it to her.

From Manchester, Philip took Leslie down

to the south of England, to see his widowed and invalid sister, who had long known and loved Leslie; while there, many arrangements for the future were talked over, and committed to the keeping of Him who was to be their guide in the wilderness and in the great deep, even as He had been in days of old.

"Can we take Barney with us, Philip?" said Leslie one day; "he is so anxious to go, and I do believe that it is the right love that is drawing his young heart, not the love of us. During that time of 'Stürm und Drang,' Philip, I thought I would like to bring sunshine to somebody else, and I think God blessed my weak words,—there was such a change in his conduct." Philip pressed her hand silently, and raised his heart in thanksgivings to God for his betrothed. "He knows something of strange tongues," said she, smiling.

"You did not give up your studies, dearest, when you gave me up," and Philip smiled too.

"No; I did not think it right, for I knew

that a turn for languages was the principal talent that God had confided to me, so I went on, and somehow it came out that dear little Barney had a craze for books and for learning languages, and I gave him one or two lessons, and he came on so well, that at last it became one of my greatest pleasures, and I find that he went on in my absence with some books I had left for him."

"We will take him, Leslie, if Aunt Hester will give us leave."

The joy and the sorrow in the Corner House was great when it was found that Barney was to go away to foreign parts; it was generally believed, that tall as he was Flora had caught Barney in his old attitude when much overcome with joy, for she was overheard remarking in an injured tone "that it was all one as if ostriches and giraffes were to stand on their heads in the back green." Both Flora and Susan were more incoherent than usual for some days, and Aunt Hester, though sorrowful too, had many happy hours of conversation with the

boy, who threw off all reserve, and told his friend and benefactress all that had been working in his mind for so long; she had done much for him, Leslie had done more, but still he ended with "God bless the Ragged School!" Bible words and Bible lessons there learned, had worked in his mind long after they had sunk into it apparently lost or unheeded.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT IS DOING, AND WHAT REMAINS TO BE DONE.

"YE shall not afflict any widow, or FATHERLESS CHILD. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry, and my wrath shall wax hot."—Ex. xxii. 22, 24.

"UP many flights of crazy stairs,
Where oft one's head knocks unawares,
With a rickety table, and without chairs,
And only a stool to kneel to prayers,
Dwells my sister.

"There is no carpet upon the floor,
The wind whistles in through the cracks of the door,
One might reckon her miseries by the score,
But who feels interest in one so poor?
Yet she is my sister.

"She was blooming, and fresh, and young, and fair,
With bright-blue eyes and auburn hair,
But the rose is eaten with canker care,
And her visage is marked with grim despair,—
Such is my sister!

"When at early morning, to rest her head,
She throws herself on her weary bed,
Longing to sleep the sleep of the dead;
Yet fearing from all she has heard and read—
Pity my sister.

"But the bright sun shines on her and on me,
And on mine and hers, and on thine and thee,
Whatever our lot in life may be,
Whether of high or low degree,
Still she's our sister.
Weep for our sister;
Pray for our sister,—
Succour our sister."

PHILIP's sister, Mrs. Weston, lived in a pretty cottage about twenty miles south of

London, where there is a long valley-like stretch of country, bounded by hills, and varied by undulating ground, and wooded knolls, which is a favourite locality for invalids requiring mild and salubrious air. The change had done Leslie so much good, and she and Mrs. Weston grew into such complete sympathetic regard for and with each other, that Philip agreed to leave her at Ivy Hollow, while he paid another passing visit to London upon business.

Mrs. Weston was one who did not possess many gifts,—strong health and spirits were denied to her, she did not inherit the talents of her brother, and she often suffered painfully from nervous shyness; nevertheless she had long ago resolved to be a worker in the Lord's vineyard, under whatever disadvantages, and she had set herself to find out, with the help of her God, what line of service she was most fitted for. She had a gift for winning the confidence and affections of young girls, and this she resolved to cultivate to the utmost. Unable from small means to

originate any independent scheme of philanthropy, she looked about for something in which she could help with her heart and hands, if not with her head or her purse. Like all those who earnestly seek, she was not long of finding. An acquaintance of many years lived in an old Manor House, about a mile from Mrs. Weston's house, and Mrs. Howard had lately commenced a scheme for the prevention of much misery and sin among the much-neglected class of workhouse orphans. When Mrs. Howard found that Mrs. Weston was ready to prove a most valuable co-operative, the acquaintance soon ripened into warm friendship. As gifts increase by exercise, Mrs. Weston was able not only to gain the affections and speak to the consciences of many poor, little, neglected ones; but she did much to awaken interest in many amongst a large circle of acquaintances and correspondents, some of whom had given much thought and sympathy to poor, erring sisters, in disgrace and wretchedness; but who had seldom thought of pre-

venting younger and yet innocent sisters from going down into the abyss of the fallen. Leslie North was particularly interested in all she heard from Mrs. Weston; she felt it good for her to be taken out of her own particular class of interests, and she was thankful to have her heart drawn out in behalf of other "missions," with less thrilling incident and excitement than her own, but with as much devoted reality. Besides, the bearing of the subject on the "Poor Laws" made her interest in it still warmer, as she remembered Aunt Hester's and Dr. Brown's many discussions thereupon. She resolved to write a series of letters to her uncle, hoping thus to strengthen Aunt Hester's hands. One morning she and Mrs. Weston made their appearance at the Manor House, as Mrs. Howard had expressed her wish to take Leslie to the little "home" herself. The substance of Leslie's letters I now give my readers.

The Manor House was a pleasant, home-like dwelling-place, with its ancient trees and rookeries, and its little river, stealing

on amidst the trees and around the lawns, as slowly and timidly as if half-a-dozen poets had not sung the praises of the "sullen Mole." A mile or so beyond the demesne, the road passes near the ivied ruins of an old castle, while a little farther on, the pretty village green of Brockham meets the eye, surrounded by tidy cottages, picturesque with gables, casements, vine-covered porches, and well cared for gardens, while the village church and spire crown the vista.

Neither ruined castle, nor poetical river, nor picturesque village, were, however, the object of the drive that beautiful morning, as the three ladies wended their way from the Manor House. An irregular cottage-like building in the village of Brockham, with many gables, many casements, a little green or play-ground, with a swing erected at one end, and a garden in front, filled with shrubs and flowers not yet very well cared for, was the object which they had in view.

Over the inner door of this building, the motto "Think and Thank" first met Leslie's

sight; then they entered the tidiest of little parlours, and from thence passed into a light, airy, plainly furnished school-room, round the table of which sat seven or eight neatly dressed, cheerful-faced, intelligent girls, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, each busy with a well-sewed "seam." Besides the accustomed maps, the walls were hung with many prettily illuminated texts of Scripture, and some pithy sentences and proverbs in plain print—"Pains make gains;" "Well begun is half done." From thence they went into a clean and comfortable kitchen and scullery, where several girls were employed in active culinary operations. Next came a washing-house, where others were not only washing, and wringing, and soaping, and scrubbing, but were learning to do so in the most efficient way from an experienced washerwoman; opening from it was the laundry, where two bright, happy-looking little creatures were giving efficient help to an active superintendent, damping, ironing, and folding, with a zeal and energy which showed

that they knew what they were about, and did it "with their might." Then Leslie was taken up stairs into nicely kept bed-rooms, with clean beds and bedding, wide windows freely letting in the sunshine, and fresh, healthy air blowing about in all directions; more texts of Scripture, and a few Bible pictures hung upon the walls, and there were a number of "perlipegs" or little money-boxes with the girls' names upon them, for the purpose of keeping their own particular earnings.

The characteristics of this dwelling and its inmates struck Leslie as intelligence in work and lessons, absence of all show and pretension, cheerfulness of look, pleasantness of manner, and an appearance of *home*, which reminded her of God's promise to "set the solitary in families." Seventeen girls—as many as the house will hold—are there receiving a plain and solid education of the head, and a first-rate education of the hands, fitting them for the important posts of household servants, and for the still more

essential duties of wives and mothers. Two of the number are, however, unsuited for active household work, one in consequence of lameness, which will not prevent her from being a milliner or dressmaker by and bye, and in the meantime, she is monitor of the sewing class; the other has only the use of one hand, but her education has been conducted with a view to her becoming a schoolmistress.

Not only are the hands of these girls educated to all "common things," and their heads taught to help the hands with their powers of thought and intelligence, but hearts and souls are being trained in the way that they should go. Religion is not kept for Sundays or for Fast-days; it is not exhibited to them as a thing of gloom and tediousness; on the contrary, to "think" of God's love and God's precepts in daily life, and to "thank" God for his daily blessings, are inculcated both by example and precept, and forms, indeed, the ruling principle of the whole establishment. And though none

but One can change hearts, yet, when faith is not dead, but living,—working by love, and constraining the Lord's workers to care, like Him, both for souls and bodies, there is every reason to expect the salvation of souls, —the crown of all labour which is to abide the test of fire.[1]

It is now time to explain to my readers the exact nature of the institution above described, as it was explained to Leslie by Mrs. Howard, and I must first mention what it is *not*. It is not a refuge for the fallen. It is not a penitentiary for the criminal. It is not a show place, where those who have committed foul and infectious crimes, are gazed at with sympathy and admiration, as "interesting" penitents, till the real nature of their offences seems to be well-nigh forgotten. It is not a reformatory where cases of successful reform are few and far between —the love, knowledge, and practice of evil presenting almost insuperable barriers. Not one word would I say to discourage those

[1] 1 Cor. iii. 13.

who devote themselves to the rescue of the wretched—to the lifting up of the sorely degraded. No! let them go on their painful and self-denying path with all patience and hopefulness, their Master's example full before them, and the blessing of those who were lost and are found upon their heads. But I do say, that in these days of universal sympathy for the fallen, there is not sufficient help and attention given to those who have yet to fall. The blessing of those who *were* ready to perish, but are saved *from* perishing, will not be less sweet and precious, than that which comes from the rescue of those already gone down into the miry pit. Each open sinner is a Upas-tree of evil to hundreds, nay, thousands, alive on the earth, or yet to be born, whom we cannot reach to save, even if, by God's blessing, we save the one. Each one that we keep *from* sinning spreads blessings of respectability, comfort, and morality to hundreds, nay, thousands, alive on the earth, or yet to be born into it, whom we cannot otherwise reach to benefit. The

comparative easiness of the task is also to be taken into consideration. While one is like the cleansing of the Augean stable, the other is like the planting of a garden—success, indeed, dependent on dews, and sunshine, and sweet seasons from Heaven, but holding out the happiest prospects of a full return of fruits and flowers from the seeds sown in a well-laboured soil. Those who have watched the faces lurid with evil, and blasted with misery, which are found so plentifully in institutions for the fallen; those who know something of the irritable tempers, craving for excitement, and habits of drinking, common amongst even the youngest of these unhappy beings, will at once acknowledge the awful difficulties, and while they continue their own appointed work, will be the first to pray and to hope, that others may be raised up to guard the avenues to the gates of hell—to draw the moths from the fatal candle—to pluck away brands before they have been cast into the raging furnace.

This, then, is the object of the little insti-

tution at Brockham—PREVENTION and not RESCUE. Those seventeen girls are, or rather *were*, workhouse orphans. It is not generally known that the prisons and the reformatories of England are largely supplied from this very class, and the causes are easily to be traced. Mrs. Howard had taken Leslie through every part of a neighbouring "Union;" it was an excellent specimen of the better regulated ones, much interest being taken in it by neighbouring county gentlemen. With all this, as Leslie wrote to Aunt Hester, it was impossible not to feel, when half-an-hour later, she went through the celebrated reformatory of R—, with its beautiful architecture, its well laid out gardens and farm, its stirring military drill, its decorated chapel and organ, its band of music, its spirited education for future life and action, that it was a better, pleasanter, and cheerier thing to be a young thief than the orphan of an honest working man.

The enormous power vested in one man, an official, who,—with a few honourable ex-

ceptions,—has no interests but those of self in the performance of the daily duties of his onerous charge. There are, however, two other evils of the present system, less patent to observation, but productive of far more lasting and wide-spreading misery. *First*, the want of separation between young girls above sixteen, and adult women of bad character. *Second*, the early age at which workhouse children are sent into service, the great object being to get rid of the expense of their support as soon as possible, without taking into consideration that this is the surest way to keep them as drains upon the resources of their country. Let us follow the career of the 20,000 orphans which the workhouses of England contain. It is with girls that we have to do at present, and we may suppose a proportion of 10,000. During their earliest years they are kept in a separate ward of the workhouse, receiving an excellent education, so far as the mechanism of education goes, but too often it is a thing more of rote than of thought, not possessing sufficient

spirit and interest to dispel the peculiar lethargy and indifference which are marked features in these fatherless, motherless, homeless little ones.[1] The practical education of the hand for life and work is, generally speaking, omitted altogether, while, from the nature of workhouse life and rules, there is necessarily the most entire ignorance of the ordinary customs and requirements of private houses. At the age of eleven or twelve, however, these girls are considered fit for assuming the duties of household servants, and, contrary to what might be expected, there is no difficulty in obtaining places for them. There is a brisk demand for the lethargic, untrained workhouse girls. Why? That homes and hearts may be opened to the fatherless? The speech of a workhouse matron may give some idea of the reason

[1] A little boy of their own class described them as "so stupid like." A friend of mine in Scotland took a donation of toys into the children's ward of a poorhouse. On returning half-an-hour afterwards, she was appalled to find that not a hand had been raised, not an eye brightened,—the toys remained untouched in spite of free permission, and the children continued stupid and indifferent.

and reasoners: "They all want the orphans, because they have no one belonging to them to give any trouble!" to which may be added the convenience of paying no wages, for these little ones receive nothing but their food, and, as there is no one to be complained to, there is no need why that should be of the best or most plentiful;—economical things are small workhouse servants of all work! A hard and sorrowful life truly for a poor little girl taken thus into a family, totally ignorant of cooking, baking, washing, ironing, and mending, yet expected to be a proficient in all! With a mistress probably too busy, too impatient, or too ignorant to teach, the child is left to do her best or her worst, for her stupidity and idleness do not improve her ignorance, so there are faults on both sides, and much misery on one. Mrs. Howard gave Leslie an instance which actually occurred of these girls' utter ignorance of household comfort and household ways;—a kettle boiled over, and the "new servant," in utter consternation, did not dare to take it off the

fire, actually considering it as a novel species of wild animal! Alas, there are no kettles merrily singing or boiling over cheerful fires in workhouses. She had never before seen a kettle!

There are four ways in which this unhappy connexion between mistress and servant is frequently and speedily broken off. *First,* by sickness. The unaccustomed little backs and limbs often succumb before the heavy pressure of work, which is only fit for a grown-up girl, and so the young child goes back to the workhouse hospital; not much saving to the country is the long illness and broken strength which probably ensues. *Secondly,* The child often absconds. Out of twenty-two girls taken from a London parish in 1858, and who turned out ill, leaving their places within three months, the majority were marked in the register as "absconded." God help those who do so, and God defend them, for none else can! not much benefit or economy will those young vagrants prove to their country. *Thirdly,* The workhouse

servant has little to restrain her from the small thefts which are as the letting-out of water, leading the way to that which is greater—so, oftentimes she is sent to prison, with a tainted character and sullen heart. In these days, thank God! there are reformatories to succeed the prison; but prisons and reformatories are expensive and uncertain remedies—more so than PREVENTION. *Fourthly,* The workhouse girl, whether driven by despair of being anything better than she is, to being something worse, or whether tempted by the strange voice of apparent kindness, is often guilty of levity to the verge of crime, quite as often of crime itself. In disgust and virtuous indignation, the mistress "packs her off" at a moment's warning. This often occurs also from palpable inability for her work, general misconduct, or bad temper, on more sides than one. Whatever be the cause, whether she be innocent, or guilty with the trembling guilt which only needs to be fostered into that which is bold and open, the result is the same. The

girl goes back to the workhouse, and if she has attained the age of sixteen, she cannot return to the comparatively safe position she left. After that age, she must become an inmate of what is called the "able-bodied adult female ward," where the worst characters are mixed with those either as yet innocent, or only partially tainted with evil. Many of these women have returned there to give birth to illegitimate children, in order to obtain parochial support for them. It is true that there is another ward called the "separation ward," or in some workhouses the "black ward," into which none but the very worst are placed; but this is used for punishment, not classification, and, therefore, the most immoral, if not outwardly refractory, continue associated with the young and comparatively innocent. It is also true, that when girls are thus returned from service, if for no very grave offence, they do not remain long disengaged, so great is the demand for them, whether from tea-gardens, taverns, or small households. Like living shuttlecocks

they are tossed about from one place to another, the workhouse being their only breathing space of idleness—not rest. But none can calculate the abiding evil and contamination thus imbibed in intervals of even a few days' unrestrained communion with the most depraved characters. Few can trace to its fullest extent, the awful influence of the obscene songs, loathsome jests, profane oaths, and stories of crime, which make these wards a hothouse for maturing the seeds of iniquity.

Where is the economy even of pounds, shillings, and pence? where is the economy of time, labour, and strength? where is the economy of mind, soul, and spirit, in thus ignoring PREVENTION, and afterwards applying vague and partial remedies?[1] I know well that when objectors, especially feminine objectors, bring forward these things, their mouths are stopped by assertions that the evils are inevitable, and that it requires a full knowledge of the subject to see the impossibility of Prevention by means of a change

[1] Appendix A.

in the workhouse system. Certainly, to unlearned ears and unenlightened eyes, it does *not* seem impracticable to retain children in the workhouse till the age of at least fifteen, giving them a systematically practical education, which shall fit them for their future work. Nor that those who are *in loco parentis*, should exercise a little true guardianship of God's poor, by some knowledge and choice of situations for these poor children. Nor that a separate ward might be established to which girls out of place may safely resort without exposure to such grievous evils.

Leaving this vexed question, however, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Weston were anxious to rouse up private individuals to make some similar effort to what they themselves had found so useful. Many women of superior station there are throughout the country, who sorely need "something to do," and who have sufficient funds at their disposal to commence such an institution; or who might well-nigh save it by a better regulation of their "pin-money," and a less lavish expenditure

in silks and jewels. Many others who have the will without the apparent means, might enlist others in the good cause, and doing so in faith would assuredly find that friends and funds were raised up. Such an institution might soon become largely self-supporting, as, for example, this year at Brockham it is hoped that £100 will be realized by washing alone. By paying £10 a year, private friends may support one girl, and in several cases the guardians of Unions have paid three shillings a week for the support of girls from their workhouses.[1]

Ah! who can estimate the blessings which these carefully trained, usefully educated

[1] If any of my readers wish for further information, I would refer them to a little book lately published by Hatchard, London, entitled "The Workhouse Orphan," also to two small pamphlets, published by Bell and Daldy, Fleet Street, London, viz.: "A Plea for the Helpless, or Timely Prevention;" "A few Words in behalf of the Orphan Girls in Union Houses," from which the preceding facts are in part taken. I may add that twenty-two girls have received the benefit of this school, nearly all of them children of honest but unfortunate working men, nine are completely orphaned, and only one has both parents living, both kept in a Union, from long and incurable illness. Two of the number have been removed to Reformatories for serious misconduct; one was removed by her mother who became able to support her, and two have been placed at the age of sixteen (the age fixed by the rules), in comfortable situations as household servants. Seventeen remain.

girls, thus "timely happy, timely wise," may bring to their country! the money they may save to England's exchequer, the better than money they will take to England's homes! As long as there are households to be blest by their careful economy and attached services; as long as there are husbands to be won by comfortable hearths from the spirit-shop, the hulks and the gallows; as long as there are sons to be taught by mothers' lips how to be strong and healthy sinews of Britain, as good workmen and citizens; as long as there are daughters to be reared in their turn into good hand-maidens, useful wives, and wise mothers, let us say God speed to every attempt to educate British girls for common work and daily duty,—to rescue them from that appalling ignorance, which at the best sends them into wretched homes, which they make still more wretched, and at the worst sends them into the Black Ward of the workhouse, or into still more awful and nameless horrors.

"I think that even you must be convinced by these letters of Leslie's, that your Poor laws are not infallible," said Hester, with a little bit of feminine triumph over the Doctor, who had been listening in a very bad humour, and now started up.

"I won't listen to another word; as if women's opinions about Political Economy were worth a farthing! 'Silly women, mind your wheels,' as a very wise friend of mine used to say, when women tried to speak sense."

Hester always took her old friend's impertinence so sweetly, and gave him in return such a merry laugh, that the Doctor never could help being ashamed of himself; he reseated himself upon the present occasion, asked for another cup of tea, and even condescended to listen to Hester's next observation.

"You see that Prevention is the key-note of the whole thing, if you would only leave some place for it in your Poor-laws, instead of driving people into crime, and then punishing them, and hugging yourselves!"

"Pretty expense it would be to the country, if we made poorhouses nice, pleasant country-seats where the poor could go for a little change of air and amusement! I tell you that workhouses are tests, and are meant to get rid of paupers—we don't want to make paupers."

"But it seems to me that this plan of sending young children out into the world utterly unfitted for its work is the very surest way to keep paupers and make paupers; a little more expense now might save much money and more souls."

"I'll tell you what I think; there's some sense in fine ladies taking up the thing; why shouldn't they supplement workhouses throughout the country, and they may feed paupers off silver plate if they choose?"

"A very nice thing for the few fine ladies who can and will do it, but not such a good thing, nor such true economy as having it done regularly by Great Britain for her homeless poor. Sir Thomas More said, that 'The world was undone by looking at things

at a distance.' I don't think the Poor-laws would stand close looking at, dear Dr. Brown; surely true Political Economy involves thought for the future, instead of only staving off the evil of to-day."

"I tell you it's all nonsense," said the Doctor gruffly; "and as to all this sympathy for servant-girls, I'm sure some pity ought to be shown to masters and mistresses. What do you think I caught that gipsy Kitty doing this morning but dusting my best skeleton and brushing the crocodile's teeth!—just a piece of direct disobedience."

"A fault on the right side," answered Hester, laughing. "I approve even of skeletons being dusted! but I must say, that if servants are neglected, their employers suffer for it; so that is only a double reason for something being done."

"Do what you like, except molesting the Poor-laws, or dusting my skeletons."

Long after the clang of the Doctor's energetic departure, Hester continued in deep thought. It was true that this particular

class of workhouse orphans needed attention, but the want did not stop there. What universal complaints of servants! what martyrdom,—to judge by their conversation,—do complaining mistresses undergo in their households! what real lack of good servants! what ignorance and incompetence in the class usually to be met with! Men are educated to be carpenters and smiths and farmers, but women are sent out into service from workhouses, national schools, or comfortable homes, with no previous instruction,—and then it is matter of astonishment, when they cannot cook, wash, iron, market, and keep the house, or when they pick up the easiest and worst methods of doing so. What an excellent way of employing the energies of many women, to set them to establish small institutions, something of the kind at Brockham, where women of any class, intending to be servants, should be regularly educated as such!—how many women also, unfit for governesses, might learn to become teachers in such institutions! And then the care and attention, and in-

struction which ought to be given to young servants in their adopted homes,—Hester went on to think,—would afford occupation and interest to many a young lady, discontented because she cannot find "a sphere" for her own unemployed energies, and would be a proper object to engage the first attention of many other women who forget that their work ought to begin first "at home,"[1] though not necessarily to stop there.

Hester never confined her thoughts to what other people should do, and on the present occasion, she asked herself, "What can *I* do?" but she had many other claims on her time, strength, and purse, and she answered herself, "No; I can't do anything myself this year, unless it were knitting a supply of muffatees and comforters for the dear little girls at Brockham, but I must try to set other people a-working; I'll send these letters to Lady Elinor or Sir John Dunbar."

1 Tim. v. 4.

CHAPTER XVII.

LANGCROFT.

"Moreover, the profit of the earth is for all: the king himself is served by the field."—ECCLES. v. 9.

"There was fern on the mountain, and moss on the moor,
The ferns were the rich, and the mosses the poor;
And the glad breeze blew gaily; from heaven it came,
And the fragrance it shed over each was the same.
And the warm sun shone brightly, and gilded the fern,
And smiled on the lowly-born moss in its turn;
And the cool dews of night on the mountain-fern fell,
And they glistened upon the green mosses as well;
And the fern loved the mountain, the moss loved the moor,
For the ferns were the rich, and the mosses the poor.

"But the keen blast blew bleakly, the sun waxed high;
Oh, the ferns they were broken, and withered, and dry,
And the moss on the moorland grew faded and pale,
And the fern and the moss shrank alike from the gale;
So the fern on the mountain, the moss on the moor,
Were withered and black where they flourished before.
Then the fern and the moss they grew wiser in grief,
And each turned to the other for rest and relief;
And they planned that wherever the fern roots shall grow,
There surely the moss must lie sparkling below.

"And the keen blast blew bleakly, the sun waxed fierce,
But no wind and no sun to their cool roots could pierce,
For the fern threw her shadow the green moss upon,
Where the dew ever sparkled, undried by the sun.
When the graceful fern trembled before the keen blast,
The moss guarded her roots till the storm-wind had passed;
So no longer the wind parched the roots of the one,
And the other was safe from the rays of the sun.
And thus, and for ever, where'er the ferns grow,
There surely the mosses lie sparkling below;
And thus they both flourish where nought grew before,
And both deck the woodland, the mountain, and moor."

LANGCROFT, 15*th August*.

MY DEAR MISS MORRIS,—You kindly asked me to write when we were somewhat settled

in our new abode; we have been here for little more than two months, yet I feel as if it had been for years. It is so home-like, though a very different home, indeed, from our own old Castle. Sir John Dunbar had the house put into tolerable order for us, but notwithstanding, Aunt Clement's maid and Fançhon look upon themselves as 'Exiles of Siberia.' It is a large, comparatively modern, square house, with two exceedingly unpicturesque wings, a neglected park, and no flower-garden. Wonderful to say, Aunt Clement and I have taken to gardening, and as we have a humble-minded gardener, who condescends to work under our directions, we hope soon to look quite gay and bright. The scenery around is glorious; oh, if you could see Ben Muir, with its lights and shadows, and Loch Dhu, black as ink, or pearly white, according as the shadow or the sunshine rests on it! I do think that everything in life deepens as our hearts are deepened in Christ. I never knew before the fulness of beauty that there

is in the works of God—while music has a more thrilling power and deeper sense, and painting, poetry, true thought, however expressed, all take a new depth and meaning, and the treasures in the Book of Books grow more rich and bright every day. What a strange delusion, to think that Christianity is commonplace! On the contrary, it seems to me the destruction of commonplace, for even the commonest thing is invested by it with a high and holy meaning and interest.

"D'Arcy has found full occupation for head, hands, and heart. The need of some one to look after this place was great; the miserable cottages, the want of all interest and heart in the people, their dislike of the factor, their ignorance and slothfulness, presented a miserable picture.

"D'Arcy, with his frank, kindly ways, is a great favourite already, especially with the young people. One lad was heard saying to another, 'He's no like a young lord; he's just like ony other man, Tammas. I can tak' up every word he says!' D'Arcy is

setting on foot many excellent schemes,—whatever pain he is in, or however tired, he seems to rise above it all when there is any work to do. He likes me to help him, and I do try indeed, but oh, it is so difficult! I have not *the gift* of visiting poor people, or talking to, or understanding them, and I am so afraid of doing mischief. I shall never be 'popular,' that is clear, but I must persevere, for a slothful life would be a frightful return for all that my Saviour has done for me. I cannot help wishing that I had got into my *niche* here. I wish that I had something more defined; every one has their peculiar gift, and I have not yet found out mine. D'Arcy has just entered in a very bad humour against landlords, and he says he is going to write to you very soon, and relieve his mind by telling you his grievances.

"I have made a new acquaintance, of whom you must have heard Miss North speak, Miss Juliet Gordon, a niece of Sir John Dunbar's. She and her mother are our nearest neighbours, living in a beautiful

Highland lodge, under the shadow of Ben Muir; they are eight miles off, but in these regions we call that 'next door;' even Dunbarstown is thought a neighbour, though it is thirty miles off in the next county, and, accordingly, Sir John Dunbar comes across the country very often to see D'Arcy. Miss Gordon is very beautiful—dark, tall, and slender; but she is peculiar, speaks very little, and when she does speak, it is certainly to the point, though not always so pleasantly as might be wished. Good-bye, dear Miss Morris!—Believe me, yours very affectionately, ELINOR GERTRUDE MORDAUNT."

"LANGCROFT, 16*th August*.

"DEAR MISS MORRIS,—Never was there such a state of things as exists in this country! Whole families packed into houses of one room, and in some cases, a lodger or two besides; men driven to the tavern for want of homes; wives with the best will not able to secure space where space is not, or quiet where children must be, or ventilation where

there is not a window made for opening; children growing up in the habits of savage life, because they have habitations of no greater pretensions to decency than the Esquimaux hut or the Indian wigwam. What are proprietors about? What are farmers about? What are ministers of the gospel about? What are members of Parliament about? It seems as if there was a combination to prepare a generation for crime and misery. This state of things is a standing disgrace to landed proprietors, most of whom seem to ignore the fact that property has its duties as well as its rights. A little less money, and time, and attention, spent on their horses, dogs, and cellars, and a little more on the immortal souls which God has placed in their keeping, would not be too much to ask from these men,—it would bring in sure interest of every kind; while, on the other hand, long after our 'ceiled houses' and the inhabitants thereof have crumbled into dust, the wretched hovel, and the warm, bright whisky-shop will bring in

as sure an interest of woe and crime. It makes one indignant to see the sums thrown away every year on monuments and testimonials, and such like stuff, when we need money so wofully for other purposes, as if really great men required monuments, or as if there could be better monuments than homes reared for the homeless! And then there are fine new churches, with crimson velvet and painted glass, and ornamented spires; as if God did not require mercy instead of sacrifice! He is a Spirit, and can be worshipped in spirit and in truth, on the brae-side, and in the upper room; but He made His creatures of flesh and blood, and He demands that they be lodged and tended as such, by those who are His stewards.

"I am trying to do what I can, but it seems so slow, for, alas! the evil is twofold; the people are corrupted by the corruption they have been forced into; they don't wish to be improved,—they 'canna be fashed' to ascend from the mire. It is all uphill work. Elinor sighs for Aladdin's lamp and Fortu-

natus's purse, that cottages, and libraries, and coffee-rooms might spring up in a night; but there are worse deficiencies than those of material—there are moral weights and drags on every side. If I can do little now, I trust that I have been at least stirred up to give no uncertain sound when I get into Parliament.

"But I must stop, dear Miss Morris; I am always sure of sympathy from you, and I know it is not easy to tire you. You know my old habit of having only room for one idea at a time—these miserable houses haunt me.—Yours truly,

"MORDAUNT."

"LANGCROFT, 12*th September*.

"DEAR MISS MORRIS,—Many thanks for your kind and sympathizing letter. Very gladly do I comply with your request of telling you how we come on, and I thank you from my heart for your promise of praying for me. I know well that all is of no avail without prayer, —the best lever of all. It is quite true that much has been spoken and something done

by proprietors; public meetings and pamphlets by the score; and in many parts of the country, a good many respectable habitations at moderate rents have been erected; but what *has* been done, is as a drop in the ocean in comparison to what remains to be done. Here we are very ill off; Langcroft, to our shame be it spoken, has been wofully neglected by our family, while, though there are resident proprietors on each side, the march of intellect, or rather of common sense, has not reached them. On one side is a large and very beautiful property belonging to an M.P., a man well-known in fashionable and literary circles, who has had time to do everything but what God gave him to do—to take care of his people. On the other I have a fine young fellow, full of ardour and energy in shooting and hunting and dancing, a favourite with everybody, but with no more idea of responsibility than a grouse or a fox; and so long as he gets through the year pleasantly, he cares not how his tenants get through their years.

"You know something of the miserable

bothy system which seems to be an institution of the country. I can as yet do little or nothing to check the thing itself, for the tenant farmers must not be meddled with hastily, but I am trying to open a little communication with the inmates of these wretched places, where workmen are congregated together without any of the comforts or restraints of a home, and where every evil habit is fostered if not created. These men have no books, no newspapers, no means of passing their evenings respectably, so I have offered to go myself as often as I can, to read and explain the Scriptures to them. You would be astonished at the eagerness with which they listen, and the intelligence of their remarks and questions. I go to their bothy, as it makes it more of a visit to them, as it were, which seems to gratify them, and it is very nice to see their anxiety to get the room into good order. On other nights my missionary holds a little Bible-reading meeting with them,—it seems to me better than preaching at or to them, and Elinor has a plan on

foot for sending a book-shelf and a few *safe* books and periodicals to each of the bothies on the estate.

"Perhaps you will be astonished to hear that Elinor and I have both become teetotallers! I believe it to be a step to which all who are practically interested in the working classes must come sooner or later, especially when one's field of labour is in Scotland, where whisky is poisoning souls and bodies on every side. There is a German proverb that 'more are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean.' I am sure it is equally true of the British dram-glass. Oh, life is not long enough!—such vistas of work open up on every side! If anything occurs to you, dear Miss Morris, remember how truly grateful we both are for any hints or criticisms.—Yours ever truly, MORDAUNT."

"THE CORNER HOUSE, 20*th September*.

"DEAR LORD MORDAUNT,—Truly interested am I in all you tell me, and I shall use my privileges, as old woman and general meddler

in other people's business, to give you my thoughts, crude and inexperienced though they be, for I have never been in the same position as you now occupy. Nevertheless, I will tell you some dangers which, it occurs to me, lie in your path. One of these is the great tendency of the present day to mend human nature instead of changing it; this seems to me the aim of teetotallism, and I cannot help being sorry to hear that you have become one. Nothing but the gospel can make a man repent and change; or, if he does leave off drinking because he has taken a pledge, it only makes him self-righteous, and more likely to reject the only way of salvation. Besides, temperance is a far nobler thing than abstinence, and much more in accordance with the Bible. And oh, bear in mind, with all your efforts for the good of others, your comfortable cottages, your libraries, your evening meetings, that the primary object must be to bring souls to Christ. You are a young worker yet, dear Lord Mordaunt, and your work is charac-

terized by impatience; but God's Word places 'patient continuance in well-doing' higher in the scale of work than hasty, spasmodic efforts. 'He that believeth shall not make haste;' 'In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.' Life *is* long enough for all you have to do;—'man is immortal till his work is done,' and when God has no more for us to do, He takes us away and has scores of better workers ready. There is such a tendency in these our days, when work is fashionable, to magnify it, and for workers to magnify themselves. Do you remember the conversation we all had here one day about the faults of Christians? It struck me painfully at the time, but it showed me the necessity of praying for the Christian Church, and for nothing so much as that working Christians might be humble and lowly *in* their work—humbled indeed because of it—humbled in their own sight, in God's sight, and in man's sight. There are so many whom I see on every side, who might be 'polished shafts,' if they did not think them-

selves so already, and are uneasy till they impress or try to impress everybody else with the same idea. This, I know, will never be the case with you; but still, dear Lord Mordaunt, remember the danger; seek every day to be given seed to sow, as well as bread to eat; thank Him for permitting you to work at all, and when He withholds good success, still thank Him. Above all, remember that restless and impatient working savours largely of the flesh; don't be in a hurry to get to the end of your work; it is seldom that a man finishes a great work—it must be a very poor one if he does—to begin a good work, and leave it patiently and humbly to others to finish after we are dead and gone, is as honourable a working position as can be. To set others a-working, even if we seem to do less than others, accomplishes far more in the end than those who seem to get through quantities of definite, successful work themselves. Be thankful for difficulties; don't be discouraged by feeling it 'up-hill work;' if all went smooth and level to our

hand we should forget the strength that is to make us strong; utter need brings sure help. I often think of the good position of those noble northern missionaries who were bereaved of every earthly help or stay, and who, when sympathized with afterwards, said, almost with surprise at the sympathy, 'But we had our Bibles left!'

"Bear with me a little longer, dear Lord Mordaunt. Don't let charity, or benevolence, or the vague motive of putting things to rights be your prompters in class reforms; don't let pity for the classes below you, make you try to raise them up. No, you will do little good amongst them unless you go forth with a manly, but reverential desire for *mutual help*.[1] Frankly acknowledge your own weakness and ignorance, and dependence on the help of God, and even of those whom you seek to help. Make them feel that you expect and believe them to be capable of giving back help and sympathy. Elevate them and they will elevate you. The weakness and degradation of the

[1] See Appendix B.

many, weakens and degrades the few by putting them in wrong positions. Ah, what a beautiful pyramid of ranks there might be, were Christian love the cement, each remaining in his own place, and each helping the other to occupy it in strength and stability! Then they would not only be fellow-helpers with you, but fellow-helpers with Him who created society, and all its wonderful complexities, and whose will is that we should work with Him, and He with us in all things.

"Farewell! may every blessing rest on you and yours.—Sincerely yours,

"HESTER MORRIS."

"LANGCROFT, 1*st October*.

"DEAR MISS MORRIS,—I have been too busy to answer your letter sooner; I am anxious to give you my reasons for becoming a teetotaller. All your hints and suggestions are most useful, and that only point on which we disagree, I think would soon cease to be a disputed question, if you were only in my position, and could see the miseries I see.

The more easily influenced to evil the working classes are, all the more need is there for using every lawful means to influence them for good.

"I became a teetotaller for the following reasons:—

"1*st*, I cannot save souls by teetotallism, but a drunkard can't hear the gospel,—mind and body are alike impaired. I want to put him in a better position for being told the good news. To use Sir John Dunbar's argument, our Lord commanded his disciples to roll away the huge stone from the mouth of the sepulchre before he raised the dead man. Nowhere is the gospel more freely preached than in Scotland, yet nowhere is there so much drunkenness; diminish the one, and the other will have free scope for its blessed effects.

"2*d*, I do not see anything in the Bible against the moderate use of stimulants; and I don't expect to be a teetotaller in the millennium. But this one thing I *do* see in the Bible: 'It is good neither

to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' The blessed Saviour denied Himself for us, and in his Word He approves of our denying ourselves, even in things lawful for us, if hurtful to others.

"3*d*, I have been led to see what a help the pledge is to working men who desire to give up drinking, by giving them a reason for refusing that '*one glass*'[1] considered so harmless, but which, in every case where there is the craving for drink, is followed by many another. But if none but drunkards take the pledge there is a brand upon it, and men who are in danger, though still retaining some character, would refuse to stamp themselves as such. Let respectable, sober people of all ranks take off this brand by voluntarily placing themselves on the safe platform of abstinence, to help up others from the awful abyss beneath.[2]

[1] See *Haste to the Rescue*, one of the best advocates for teetotallism in every point of view that is to be found in our literature.
[2] See Appendix C.

"*4th,* I have been much and painfully struck by the influence that we exert over others. I was speaking to a poor drunkard, the father of one of my servants, about his dangerous state. He was sober at the time, and listened sullenly to every argument that I brought forward, but at last he turned round upon me and said, 'Do you think I don't know that you enjoy your port-wine after a good dinner, and why shouldn't I enjoy my whisky when it's the best I have for a dinner?' You cannot think what a shock it gave me from its simple truth. I was not willing to give up what was to me a perfectly unnecessary indulgence, and yet I was virtuously indignant at my poor neighbour. A week afterwards I took the pledge,—poor old James heard what I was going to do, and came with tears in his eyes to do the same; since then he has been perfectly sober and able to listen to Elinor, who often goes to read the Bible to him; the full result none can tell, but, in the meantime, something has surely been gained. One of Dun-

bar's tenants, who was given to drinking, took the pledge last year; he was so afraid of breaking it, that, though with but vague ideas of prayer, he prayed every day that he might keep it, and keep it he did; the new habit of prayer thus formed was blessed to him,—he prayed for other things, and he is now not only a sober man, but giving every hope and sign of conversion. Do think of this subject, dear Miss Morris, in all its bearings; it is teetotallism '*abused*' by being placed instead of the gospel that you dread, but there can be no danger of teetotallism when '*used*' by sending it hand in hand with the gospel.

"You would be interested in a scheme of Sir John Dunbar's which he and some excellent men, both clergymen and lay-preachers, have already commenced in the neighbourhood of Dunbarstown, and which we hope to try in our own little village next month. Perhaps you are not Scotch enough to know about our feeing-markets, which—to

use the words of a farmer who has written a capital little *brochure*, called '*Registration* versus *Feeing-Markets*,'—'are machines complete in every way for Satan's work on the earth,' and which more than anything else, 'make such a gulf between masters and servants, and in this gulf are buried moral and social habits.' Farm-servants are engaged for six months; at the end of that time there is a feeing-market, to which all servants and masters go whether they mean to part or to remain; there they enter into new engagements or cement old ones—men and women-servants alike. Whisky-tents are everywhere; every bargain must be begun and concluded by drams; it is a sort of Pandemonium—fighting and drinking on every side; many a man there ripens into a drunkard; many a woman can trace her ruin to those frightful days which occur twice every year. Dunbar's plan is to go and preach the gospel at these feeing-markets; it has succeeded so far that large numbers have

thus heard the truth who would not otherwise have done so, and a tent they took for prayer was filled during the whole day, while many were thus kept out of the whisky-tents, and the decrease of rioting and intoxication was most striking. Still the stone itself must be rolled away, dear Miss Morris. We are most anxious to introduce registration, so that masters and servants, after giving a month's warning, may put their names down in an office, in order that these frightful gatherings may be obviated.

"You would be delighted with the progress Elinor has made since she came here; it has been a new world to her, brought up, as she has been, in exclusiveness and ignorance of other classes. She was deeply interested in your letter; it seemed to give her a real 'lift on.' Dr. Brown writes to her such charming accounts of your renewed health and strength, that we are beginning to hope that a time will soon come when you will be able to pay us a visit in our Highland

home. We are resolved to remain here all this winter; to go away now would be such a grievous interruption to all our plans. Farewell!—Yours gratefully and affectionately,

"MORDAUNT."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE WORK.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—JOHN ix. 4.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim warriors who set forth to-day."

"Arouse thee, soul!
God made not thee to sleep
Thy hour of earth in doing nought away;
He gave thee power to keep,
Oh, use it for His glory, while you may.
Arouse thee, soul!

"Arouse thee, soul!
And let the body do
Some worthy deed for human happiness,
To join when life is through
Unto thy name, that angels both may bless!
Arouse thee, soul!

"Arouse thee, soul!
Or sleep for evermore,
And be what all nonentities have been,—
Crawl on till life is o'er!
If to be aught but this thou e'er dost mean,
Arouse thee, soul!"—ROBERT NICOLL.

"WHAT ails you this morning?" and the voice which uttered these words was clear, brusque and decided, with a slight Scotch in-

tonation, and the hand which was placed on Lady Elinor's shoulder causing her to start out of her reverie, was large and rather brown, though beautifully formed. Voice and hand belonged to a tall, slender girl, with dark beautiful face, who, in riding-habit, and black plumed hat, had passed unperceived through the large drawing-room into the little writing-room, which had been turned into a boudoir. It was now no strange place for Juliet Gordon to find herself in. A deep and tender friendship had rapidly sprung up between the two girls. Both reserved, shy, apparently haughty; both conscious of their faults, both with the same high aims, both long debarred from interchange of confidence and friendship,—the charm of intimate and unreserved companionship was a new era in the life of both. Elinor was not afraid of Juliet, as most girls of her own age were, for she understood at once the secret of the somewhat eccentric manner which was so often misunderstood,—while Juliet in return gave a degree of sym-

pathy which Leslie North, with her charm of easy, unembarrassed manner and brilliant social powers, could not have afforded.

Lady Elinor's attitude and expression during the reverie thus unceremoniously disturbed, might resemble strongly those of the old days of the Turret Boudoir, yet in the subjects of meditation there was a wide difference. What wonder, however, though there were yet some hauntings of that evil genius Self, who had then been paramount, and still lived to be troublesome, though in comparative subjection. "What ails you?" again asked the clear voice; "out with it."

"Oh, Juliet, I am so discouraged about Phemy Walker, that young girl from the poorhouse I was so interested in."

"What 's come to her?"

"I have had her up here every Sunday evening, and I had such hopes of her, and when she left the poorhouse a month ago, the housekeeper got a place for her with Mrs. Mylne the grocer's wife, and she has been behaving

so ill, and has been turned out of the house in disgrace."

"Poor child!"

"Oh, but Gibbons says that Mrs. Mylne says that she's very naughty, and that she only pretended to love her Bible to please me, and she would not do any work, and went to the fair when she was forbidden."

"Was she fitted to be a servant?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Lady Elinor, opening her eyes very wide.

"I mean," said Juliet impatiently, "did she know anything of washing and ironing, and scrubbing and cooking?"

"I don't know," repeated Lady Elinor helplessly.

"But you ought to know; you must know. How can you ever do any good anywhere, unless you do know?"

Lady Elinor was tired, discouraged, and depressed, and this put the finishing stroke to her spirits, so her head sank upon her clasped hands, and she could scarcely keep back her tears, as she said,—

"That's just it. I can't do any good; everything I try fails; I never get on among the people; I feel so miserably weak."

"Of course, you'll never do any good till you stop the *I*, *I's* and go to the THOU, THOU'S," and Juliet's energy roused her friend; she looked up and felt rebuked by the calm, bright, trusting spirit that shone through those noble, dark eyes.

"Yes! you are right; I have been looking to Self again. 'THOU,' not *I*, shall be my motto; but oh, Juliet, is it not difficult to *live!* I sometimes think that it requires much more faith and strength than to die, and we are so young and may live so long."

"Life is a *gift*, not a burden."

"But why does it feel a burden so often? One does so long for the wings of a dove to fly away, and be at rest."

"Like Phemy Walker who wouldn't do her work, and went to the fair against her mistress's will; she loved herself, and not her mistress."

"Oh, what a comparison!" said Elinor in-

dignantly; "as if I wanted only to amuse myself! I want to *love* and to *work* with a perfect heart, which one can only do in heaven."

"It comes to exactly the same thing. God's will, and not your own will, is what you have as much need to learn as poor little Phemy. To work or not to work, to die or not to die, it doesn't signify, if His will be done!"

"If He would only show me my gift," said Elinor, sighing.

"Ah! but He only does that to those who can bear it. An easy life it must be to have one's work square and easy to one's mind. Whatever He brings to us as a duty, must be made our gift; the more difficult the better for bringing us low down."

"If there were not so very much to do on all sides, but one feels such a mite—such a nothing—and as if all one could do was only a drop swept away by a mighty ocean."

"Listen," said Juliet, and she repeated the following lines with a voice sweeter and softer than most people would have expected of her:—

"What if the little rain should plead,
'So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead,—
I'll tarry in the sky.'
What if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?
Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm,
And beautify the flower?"

"Juliet, dear, I have been very naughty to-day; but you have given me a lift up; you have done me good. I wish I were as far on as you."

"Hush, hush, don't say that, Elinor. I have been so rude and overbearing, do pray forgive me. Oh, I wish I were either a man or a gentle-spirited woman! but I always feel so dreadfully in earnest, and then I say such rude things; but never mind, it will all come right. There, now," giving her friend a kiss, "that will do; we have no time to be sentimental. Go and put on your hat, and we'll find out Phemy Walker, and hear her side of the story; perhaps Gibbons knows where she is."

"Gibbons says that they don't take them back to the poorhouse after they leave it, and so she is in a lodging-house in the village."

"No, no, the country is too economical to give a safe refuge to young girls, and prevent all sorts of misery; they like better to spend five times the money on prisons and reformatories. As we go along, I'll read you some letters from Leslie North, which Miss Morris sent to Uncle John, bearing on this very subject, and I'll tell you a plan my mother and I have on the *tapis*, and we want you to help us."

"How is dear Lady Helen?" asked Elinor. "Only think of my forgetting to ask for her!"

"Very well in spirit, and very ill in body," said Juliet, with something between a smile and a sigh.

At the same moment that Lady Elinor's pony-chair arrived at the door, she re-entered the boudoir equipped for their drive, where she found Juliet putting up her work into a primitive-looking bag, which generally hung at the pommel of her saddle.

"What *have* you been pulling away at all this time?" said Lady Elinor.

"Only beginning some cabbage-nets for Johnnie Macbean."

"Only fancy your being able to make cabbage-nets!"

"Elinor! I'll tell you what it is. You would infallibly be a dinner for somebody if you were wrecked on a cannibal island!"

"What *do* you mean?" asked Lady Elinor laughing.

"Don't you know the story of the basket-maker and the prince? Well, I'll tell you," answered Juliet, throwing on her hat.

"There was once a basket-maker and a prince who were wrecked together on an island inhabited by cannibals. They asked the basket-maker what he was good for, and in a few minutes he had woven a little basket of twigs, with which they were hugely delighted; then they turned to the prince but found he could do nothing but talk, so they ate him up as the only thing he was good for, and elected the basket-maker their

king—a commodity they had been in want of."

"Thank you for the moral and the inference," said Lady Elinor, laughing.

As the two girls drove along, Juliet read Leslie North's letters about the home at Brockham, and the great need there was for refuge and practical education for young English girls brought up in the workhouse. She also told her how she had found the same evil in Scotland, although under different and perhaps worse circumstances, as far as paupers are concerned, for in Scotland the children are sent out of the poorhouse altogether when considered able to work, and not taken back till, from sickness or old age, they are unable for work. Young girls thus sent out into the world have not been educated for any of the "common things" so necessary to a young servant, except sewing, and occasionally a little rough work in the poorhouse. The consequences are, therefore, much the same as in England, and the evil extends to a much higher class than

paupers. Young girls who have homes, and have had a capital education of the head, and learned many unnecessary things, and wasted much time on crochet-work and embroidery, are found quite incompetent for the commonest duties of household service, especially of cooking, marketing, washing, and ironing. What they pick up in the course of each day's hurried and confused work, and generally overwork, is commonly ill taught and ill learned, and hence comes the multitude of incapable servants, complaining mistresses, and ignorant wives for working men. Lady Helen Gordon's plan was to have a "home" something like that of Brockham, for orphans taken either from the poorhouse or from private houses, while girls living with their parents might be allowed to come for several hours in the day, to learn cooking, washing, ironing, cutting-out, and other things. The great practical difficulty was what to do with the articles of food cooked. Lady Helen had various plans—some of which she thought could be combined; for instance, the girls

might learn to cook the dinners of the matron and teachers as well as their own, and they might be taught to make various little delicacies, which the poor of the parish might purchase at a small price,—or which those who had the power to help the poor and sick might purchase at the full price for giving away, and thus at the same time do a double charity. Lady Helen also planned having two of these girls by rotation into her own kitchen, to see and learn a greater variety of dishes than could be accomplished in the "home" kitchen, and in this her old faithful cook and housekeeper, who had helped in many a scheme of benevolence, promised full co-operation. Another practical difficulty was the "gold and the silver," for Lady Helen Gordon and her daughter were not wealthy—for their station might indeed be called poor—but if the plan was from the Lord, the dear old lady said, "He will provide."

"Just like George Müller's Orphanage, you know, Elinor," said Juliet.

"I *don't* know; please tell me; Miss North mentions that name in one of her letters, and I did not understand the allusion."

Juliet's eyes brightened as she went on to tell of one whom she and her mother considered it one of their greatest privileges to have seen and heard, and to number among their friends. George Müller is a German who came over to England many years ago, to study for going out as a missionary to the Jews, without money, without influence, but with a deep, tender heart, and with a simple belief in God's promises. At Bristol, where he was ministering in a small chapel, he was moved by seeing many destitute orphans, and asked God for the means of providing for a few; sufficient money was sent in various ways. He asked more and more, and received more and more money, often from the most unexpected quarters, till at last he conceived the design of renting a house sufficiently large to shelter thirty poor orphans. He never made

known his wants to men; had no begging cards, or subscription lists; he only told God, and his faith was more and more honoured. Sometimes would come a trial of faith, and he would have no meal and no meat for the orphans on the morrow. He went on praying, and, by the time it was wanted, the money always came from some hearts which the Lord had opened,—sometimes by hundreds of pounds, often by thousands, yet he was *never surprised*,—it was only what was promised, "Ask and ye shall receive;" "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." So George Müller and his succession of orphans have gone on for twenty-five years, and now he has two beautiful houses, fitted up with every comfort and convenience, with a staff of admirable teachers and nurses, and an assemblage of 700 orphans, otherwise totally destitute, there sheltered and cherished, and fitted for entering the world in useful capacities. He has now sufficient funds for building another large house, intended for the reception of 450 additional orphans.

"So mamma says she won't be frightened," said Juliet; "funds will come, and already we have been much helped by Uncle John Dunbar, and we are to begin with six girls, whenever the house which we have taken is ready for them."

"And oh, how happy I shall be to help with my purse," said Elinor blushing; "if I could only help you in other ways too!"

"Thank you, dear," said Juliet pressing her hand; "I was sure of you; and though you can't teach us to cook and scrub, you can come and visit the girls, and be kind to them,—nobody knows what a good bit of work *that* is. But we had better get out and see about poor Phemy."

Very dark, dirty, and miserable was the lodging-house of four rooms, overcrowded every night, by "tramps" of every description. No one was there at that hour, however, but a woman ill in bed, with a kindly honest face, and poor Phemy, who was crouching over the fire,—a listless, depressed, untidy girl, returned to much the same state as before

Lady Elinor's kindness and patient teachings had brought such a hope and expectation into her life of being better and happier and more useful than she had ever before dreamed of.

Overwhelmed with surprise and shame, poor Phemy could scarcely rise from her chair, while Lady Elinor felt quite as shy and discomposed, and did not know what to say to her. Juliet had to come to the rescue at last, and by a few kind and judicious questions, elicited sufficient information to show that both mistress and servant had been very much to be pitied, and a good deal to be blamed. It was just the case of hundreds of small households all around us. An indolent, ignorant mistress, with a large family, and a husband expecting everything to be as punctual and comfortable as it ought to be, but driven to bad ways by the reverse; an utterly untrained, ignorant girl of fifteen, willing and anxious at first to do her work, if any one had been able to teach her, but falling into despair amidst the noise, confusion, and claims of every kind upon "the maid of all work,"

who had but little physical strength, a quick temper, and much knowledge of evil picked up in the poorhouse; while though she did not forget what she learned from Lady Elinor, it seemed powerless to help or comfort under such adverse circumstances, and only increased her despair by the contrast it presented to what might and ought to be.

"And the Fair, Phemy,—what took you there?" asked Juliet.

Poor little Phemy's apron, which had been held up to her eyes most of the time, was now called into active exercise, and, as she was in the main a truthful child, she told pretty accurately the circumstances of the case, as soon as her sobs would allow her.

"The mistress had quarrelled me for no soopin' the stairs, and I *had* soopit them a' I could, and the master had gi'en me a bang on the ear, and the bairns had been skirlin' and fechtin', and I was just weary o' my life, and Sally Reston, she askit me to gang to the Fair, and—"

"Was Sally Reston alone?" asked Juliet.

"Na; her brither was wi' her," and the reply came reluctantly.

"An idle, wild young man. D'Arcy has a very bad opinion of him," whispered Lady Elinor to Juliet.

"And your mistress forbade you to go?"

"Ay; but Sally and Joe fleeched wi' me to gang, and they were kind, and the mistress spoke sae cruel like, and I went oot after dark, just for twa hours."

"And were you happy?" asked Lady Elinor.

The tears came more and more, and the words grew more broken. "Na; I keepit thinkin' o' my mither, and that maybe she was lookin' doun seein' me; and then I was feared for my mistress, and I minded my Bible lessons, and they were ill to me, and jeered me for no likin' whisky, and so I didna' get ony pleasure a'va'."

"Poor little body!" said a kind voice from the bed; "she 's no' a bad bairn after a', and I believe she 's telling you the truth. That bad boy and girl have been here look-

ing after her, and she wouldn't go with them anyways, but stopped wi' me, and made me a drop of gruel last night, and read a fine hymn to me this morning."

Phemy's eyes brightened as she looked over her apron at her kind advocate, but tears came again as she faltered out, "Because she was kind to me, and, oh, I would like to be gude."

"You see, ma'am, it's just kindness these girls need," said the poor, sick woman; "perhaps they have scarcely another bit of kindness to think of but just a smile or a kiss they mind from a dead mither, and in the poorhouse there may be clothes, and food, and shelter, but, wae's me! there's no tent paid to hungry hearts, and so the young bairns grow up either hard-like or too soft, and then, when they go into these sort of places, —well, there's not much love lost between them and the mistress, and oh, it's a sad heart that's aye longing for kindness and never gets it, and temptation comes easiest to them," and the poor woman sank back on

her bed exhausted with speaking, and with an expression on her face that told of a life of sorrow and hard toil, which made her able to sympathize with those that were lonely and tempted.

Lady Elinor had been determining in her own mind to send this poor motherless one to Lady Helen's "home," and now broached the plan to Juliet, to whom it had also occurred, with the addition of a comfortable, safe refuge till the home opened, which could not be for six weeks.

The poor child's delight was very touching, when told that she was to be taken away from the miserable, crowded lodging-house, where a little quiet time with the sick woman was her only comfort, and placed in a situation where she could learn her work before being expected to *do* it.

They said good-bye to her, and received a bright smile and look of gratitude. They left a little book with Phemy's new friend, and some money to furnish medicine and proper food, resolving to make inquiry into

her history, and endeavour to assist her in more substantial ways.

"Thomas Baird would take Phemy in," said Juliet, "for his wife, who is a kind, motherly woman, told me the other day, that they would be glad to have a lodger."

"Who is Thomas Baird?" asked Lady Elinor.

"If you will drive me to the Cot-town-of-Airly, I'll introduce you to Thomas Baird, and you shall see what you shall see, and then you can drop me at Benmuir, and see mamma, and send Selim and the groom home when you return to Langcroft."

They arrived at the Cot-town-of-Airly, a little scattered hamlet surrounded by fields, redeemed but lately from the heather and muirland; each little cottage, however rude, was picturesquely situated within its own little garden, and beneath the shade of one or two trees. The cottage at which they stopped was little better than its neighbours, save that it could boast a rough, wooden porch. In a moment, Juliet was out of the pony chair,

and Elinor found herself entering the most curious dwelling, and most motley scene she had ever come in contact with in her life. Fifty children of from four to eight years of age, were crowded into a small room filled with benches; clean and rosy and happy were the faces, and tidy the clothes of the little ones thus grouped together, and the hum of little voices conning their lessons, was steady and placid. But where was the schoolmaster? The rough wooden rafters were black with smoke and time, and the walls were hung with heterogeneous articles, but clean and bright were two little windows filled with flower-pots, amongst which was a bird-cage with its musical little inmate. As an off-shoot to the room, was a sort of rude bow-window, where two shoemakers sat busy with the implements of their trade, and an elderly man, evidently lost in admiration of the order and good behaviour of the closely packed little beings before him; but he was not the schoolmaster. On another shoemaker's bench, however, sat an old man

with apron and night-cap, and grey hairs, and a countenance expressive of very original character, and almost Irish in its comicality and vividness of expression. In his hand was a boot which he was mending carefully while listening to the lessons; a rapid jerk of his head, and shake of his hand, to one little truant who had left his place for a moment, but retreated to it as if under military supervision,—and an awful threat to another delinquent of being sent home, and never allowed to come back, adding, "And that will be a black day for you," betrayed the secret. The old shoemaker was the schoolmaster. For fifty years had he sat there mending shoes and teaching children for seven hours a day, from simple, heartfelt love, without fee or reward. He had chosen those little ones who were too young to walk to more distant schools, or whose parents were unable to pay for them; and there he had laboured on without help or encouragement from any one till lately, when "this unpaid servant of the state" had become

known to some of his upper-class neighbours, who could appreciate and assist his long work of patient love. He told how that at first his pupils had very soon come to the end of his scanty stock of knowledge, and how he had to educate himself for his self-imposed duties by sitting up at nights long and late to read and study. He had no lack of gratitude from his pupils, nor perhaps what is still more rare, from their parents. He was popularly named "a blessing to the neighbourhood," as well he might; and the discipline he enforced was only repaid by love from the band of little ones. Lady Elinor did not know the whole story till she had left the cottage, but greatly had she been touched and interested by the whole scene.[1] Once she would have wondered at such self-denying, persevering work in any one, but more especially in one labouring under such external difficulties, whom she would have numbered amongst the *canaille*

[1] A school and schoolmaster precisely like that described here, I had the pleasure of seeing only the other day.

in her vain, foolish pride. Now, it only made her feel humbled by the contrast it presented to her own slow and tardy work, often undertaken only as a duty and not as a delight, in spite of all surrounding circumstances being in her favour.

The good old shoemaker's wife was next visited, who undertook the charge of the poor little girl till her new home was ready for her, and with a heart much lightened about her *protégée*, Lady Elinor drove her friend to her pretty Highland home. They found Mr. Graham of Bonnistone sitting with Lady Helen Gordon, both rather tired of each other, it must be owned. Mr. Graham was the young proprietor on one side of Lord Mordaunt, of whom the latter had written to Miss Morris. Careless of everything but sport and amusement, there was yet something so frank and *naïf* about the young man that everybody liked him, and Lady Helen had several times thought that there might be more in him than met the eye. Lord Mordaunt had often tried to arouse him to a sense of his

responsibilities, but Mr. Graham, who had a great admiration of Lord Mordaunt, always spoke of him as if he were a being of a different creation; false humility being no uncommon weapon used in the warfare against truth and improvement.

"Very well for you, my dear fellow, but I'm not so good as you; it isn't my line to think," he would say.

When Juliet Gordon recognised the horse and groom at the door, she said to Elinor, "I hope I shan't disgrace myself to-day, and vex mamma, for I always feel so inclined to tell Mr. Graham some home truths!"

She sat quite silent, while a few commonplaces were exchanged between Lady Elinor and Mr. Graham, who was, however, in more than usual admiration of the beautiful features and stately figure of Miss Gordon. Having done his duty to Lady Elinor, he was turning complacently to Juliet, when she said abruptly, "A woman died in one of your cottages last night, Mr. Graham."

"You don't say so! Not small-pox, I

hope," asked Mr. Graham hastily, his broad, bright face clouding.

"No! you killed her."

"Miss Gordon! what do you mean?"

"I mean," answered Juliet slowly, "that, humanly speaking, she would not have died if she had had your kennel for her home. You gave her a hovel not fit for a dog, and the rain came in upon her bed, and the floor was damp with mildew, and the doctor said that it had brought on bronchitis, and so she died, and has left two little orphans."

"It was not I who gave her the house; it was my agent!"

"Ay! but you are God's agent, and He allows no middleman between Him and you."

"You take things very oddly, Miss Gordon," stammered Mr. Graham, whipping his boot, and feeling his admiration for the beautiful complexion before him rapidly decreasing. "I'll go and give them a guinea this minute."

"It isn't a golden guinea that will mend the matter," said Juliet; "guineas of life, and

time, and influence are what you must give; you are not *living*, you are only existing.

> 'Arouse thee, soul,
> Or sleep for evermore,
> And be what all nonentities have been;
> Crawl on till life is o'er;
> If to be aught but this thou e'er dost mean,
> Arouse thee, soul!'"

Mr. Graham's colour rose, and his eyes could not meet her flashing ones. "You have different ideas of life from mine. I keep up my position; I do my duty to society and to my country; I am a captain of Volunteers, and have the Hunt to dinner, and am to be captain of the Golf at St. Andrews this season; and I go to church, and give money to poor people whenever they ask it. I don't know what living is, if that isn't," added he, rather sulkily.

"Those will be miserable items in your account, when you stand face to face with God the Judge, who made you the keeper of many souls and bodies. Did you ever hear the motto placed over a picture of the Crucifixion in the study of a German divine, 'I did this for thee, what hast thou done for me?'"

Lady Helen, who had been called from the room, now re-entered, and guessed something of what had happened, from her daughter's ushed cheek and sparkling eyes, and Mr. Graham's disconcerted appearance, while Lady Elinor was looking on in some dismay at her friend's temerity. As soon as he could make his escape, after Lady Helen's return, he said good-bye to her and Lady Elinor; but, as he took Juliet's hand, he whispered, "Thank you, God bless you! you have spoken true words."

CHAPTER XIX.

RESULTS.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—GAL. vi. 9.

"A sower has gone forth to sow
The weak but living seed,
And as he casts it to and fro,
Its future he doth read.

"The sun will shine, the rain will fall,
Begrudging not their toil;
The grain at their united call
Will leap forth from the soil.

"And he whose sturdy hand did hold,
And guided well the share;
And he who sow'd—will both behold
A harvest for their care.

"Toil on, thou patient, wearied one,
Who sows diviner grain;
Not now, but when thy work is done,
'Twill meet thee yet again.

"God's smile upon thy work doth shine,
His dew doth softly fall;
'Sow on,' He says; 'this field is mine;
This grain will hear my call.'

"Who in the morning of his work
Doth weep o'er hardened ground,
The golden sheaves before 'tis dark,
Will on his breast be found."

WM. BLACK.

LESLIE GOWER sat within the verandah of a tropical home, such as she had dreamed of for many years. The palm-trees were shoot-

ing up towards the deep blue sky, motionless in the still, breathless, evening air which had succeeded a day of great heat. Gorgeous coloured but silent birds flitted among the various trées which surrounded the little dwelling, only divided by them from a native village. Monkeys chattered among the branches, or peeped down mockingly into the verandah. Flowers and creepers, such as Leslie used to watch and admire in the spacious conservatories of Castle Mordaunt and Dunbarstown, were blazing in almost untended beauty on every side, while dusky faces and picturesque forms moved in and out of the scene, just as sometimes she had pictured in the old days of the western windows in the Corner House. It was the same Leslie, too. With the same bright face, the same eager impulsive temperament, she sat watching for her husband's return from a day of arduous work, with her lap full of home letters, and her head full of home news. She was so anxious for sympathy in her wonder and gladness, that she

could scarcely resist telling some important items of news to the monkeys or the little black babies who rolled in and out of the compound. "Not even Barney at home to tell it to," said she, half laughing at herself. "Oh, if Philip would come!" and then she betook herself again to her letters, and again exclamation after exclamation, mixed with glad smiles and pleasant little snatches of laughter. It was all very like our own old Leslie, but yet there were great changes, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, great developments in her character,—developments as great as in the circumstances which her fancy had often pictured. It was true that she had reached the palm trees and the coral strand at last; it was true that her life's work, with all its exciting and romantic features, lay before her; it was true that Philip Gower, the long absent and far distant, was now her husband—a far more precious gift than even she had dreamed. But deep and serious were the realities which had been developed out of these circumstances.

Discouragements, difficulties, hardships had sprung up, which made all that was merely fanciful and romantic vanish away — the time of separation from Philip was rapidly drawing near, and months of loneliness, anxiety, and difficult, solitary work, were before her. Yes, it was all very different, though essentially the same. If the circumstances of her external lot had thus grown into depth and reality, so had those of her mental and spiritual history. It is beautiful to see how God gives real strength for real need, teaching, widening, deepening the souls who, amid much weakness and infirmity, still sit at His feet receiving all education and guidance from Him. Of the growth and development of her spiritual life, Leslie could say with a gifted poetess—

> "And as the soul
> Which grows within a child makes the child grow;
> Or as the fiery sap, the touch from God,
> Careering through a tree, dilates the bark,
> And roughs with scale and knob before it strikes
> The summer foliage out in a green flame,
> So life in deepening with me, deepened all
> The course I took, the work I did."[1]

[1] Elizabeth Barret Browning.

once in my life! Lady Elinor *is* going to be married, but to somebody I never heard of—General Vernon, a distinguished officer, and twice her own age; but he must be worth something, for Uncle George calls him 'a prince of a man, only second to Philip Gower.' Think of that, Philip! I do believe that nobody marries anybody that everybody expects them to marry except in novels!"

Philip smiled, and shook his head at her, and she went on—

"But now for the other,—oh, how stupid of you not to guess,—the very thing I often wished, Lord Mordaunt and Juliet Gordon! they will suit each other admirably; his bright, genial character will soften hers, and her decision and strength of mind will help him in his work. I am *so* glad; here are all the letters."

And so the husband and wife read and enjoyed together the good news from a far country, which is as cold water to a thirsty soul. Barney, too, growing already into a help and comfort to them, and looking for-

ward to being Mrs. Gower's protector and assistant during his master's absence, was called in, and so great was his delight, that it was only regard for his own dignity in the presence of the black babies, that kept him from rushing into the verandah, and expressing it by a variety of those antics which used so grievously to distress Flora's weak nerves.

Much news had come in that precious budget from labourers at home; news of great things in different parts of their own country; —many careless souls brought into the way of peace; many long professing to hold these solemn truths, aroused to see that they were but trees covered with green leaves, without flowers or fruit; many whose hearts had kept these precious treasures in truth and sincerity, stirred up to be more like Him whose disciples they were,—following Him with closer steps and more single vision. Leslie and Philip sighed for some of those reviving showers of blessing upon the parched wilderness in which they laboured; and not only did they sigh, they asked, hoped, believed,

expected, broad-casting all the while living seed through famished regions, the harvest of which might, perhaps, never gladden their eyes on the earth, but surely would in heaven.

Good news of Aunt Hester's bodily and spiritual health there had been during the whole of the two years that had elapsed since Leslie's marriage and departure from England; strange news to those who had known her in old days. Hester was, apparently, a strong woman again, and the long time of helpless invalidism was only remembered as a dream, or "as waters that pass away." Colton knew her kind face once more, and its lanes and alleys and steep stairs recognised the sound of her welcome step, though it was slower and heavier than of yore, and there was with it the sound of a staff. Again she was found wherever there was hunger and thirst, and sickness and tears and death—having long known that it is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of mirth. But these outer-world duties were not so frequent as they used to be, for Hester was not one

who left the inner circle for the outer, till she had performed every duty and claim at home, and these had wonderfully increased of late years. Great changes had come to her and to the Corner House, and Leslie and Philip mourned over them for her at first, though in course of time they came to see that all formed part of the "all things" working for good to her as well as to those around her. Mrs. Leeson, her married sister, was left a widow with a large family and small means. Hester's heart and house were both large,—she hesitated not a moment, though it was a complete break-up of her long-established invalid and secluded habits, and so the Corner House was full of voices, and hoops, and dolls, and wails, and laughter, as it had been forty years before. Mrs. Leeson was weak in health and fretful in temper; one of the children had spine-complaint, the eldest was consumptive, another had an unmanageable temper, and they all took measles, hooping-cough, and small-pox successively, so it was not an easy life for Hester. Sally

gave up her place upon an average three times a week, but though she was always going she never went,—Flora's nerves were so upset, however, that she had to retire very speedily from the scene, and take another place where there were neither children nor "tigers." The worst news in those happy letters was "that those tiresome children had all taken scarlet fever next," as Leslie expressed it; she was very apt to be faithless about Aunt Hester, now that she was so far away, but she scolded herself and was scolded by Philip, who said—"Think rather of the blessed work she is doing for her Lord among all those children; depend upon it she is as happy as the day is long."

There was, also, a letter from Mrs. Weston, who wrote very cheeringly about the little Home in the south of England, for which Leslie cherished a warm and lively interest, sending home occasionally letters containing missionary news to be read to the girls. Mrs. Howard had met with great encouragement, and many of the orphans

were in situations where they were rendering intelligent because well-educated service.

Dr. Brown's letter was as follows :—

"WOODLEIGH MORDAUNT, *Oct*: 15, 1859.

"DEAR LESLIE,—I have been in bonnie Scotland seeing great things and good things, and so here is a screed about them, for it is as well that you and Philip shouldn't have it all your own way, and think of nothing but African gibberish and nigger princes—though God bless ye both in it, prays the old man at home, night and morning. Nothing would serve Lady Elinor but that I must go off to Langcroft, and see this grand General of hers —so away I went last month. Now, I'm not going to write any woman's stuff about brides and bridegrooms, but I'll just say this, he 's a prince of a man, and there 's nobody comes up to him but one Philip Gower, who goes a bit beyond; and then there 's the other couple that they tell me you are to hear about. Well, she is just the thing for him, and she will be a much better countess than somebody else I wot. Your brother-in-law

looks rather amazed at all the matrimonials, and folks say he has had a disappointment, but I don't believe it.

"I always thought that Langcroft was a new toy, and that all the grand plans were a bit moonshiny, but that lad has had the real stuff in him ; God be praised for him and the like of him in our land ! I once saw Langcroft in its old, miserable state, and the change is wonderful. I don't mean it is a done work, but it is a work well begun, which is better worth. To see Lord Mordaunt among his people—and some bothie lads in particular —gave me a queer turn in my throat and eyes. He wanted me to give them a word at a reading meeting he has with them, but I made an old fool of myself, as I thought upon his mother, and the baby I had held on my knee. I always knew there was metal in Lady Elinor, but I little thought to see it come out so bright and true. He tells me she has helped him so much by her advice and sympathy, and that she has struggled on in the work herself with a great many

difficulties, but that it is wonderful how she has come to be understood and loved by the people. Lord Mordaunt's example is not lost in the neighbourhood. There is a young proprietor, Mr. Graham of Bonniestone, who seems stirred up to a sense of better things: he is much more thoughtful about his people, at all events, and more will come, I have not a doubt.

"Then there was the teetotal business that I thought a great humbug, and Hester Morris and I shook our wise heads over it, but I am not so sure about it now, and she is wavering too; in fact, I am thinking the matter over, and if I see my way to it, who knows but you'll hear of my taking the pledge some day, for example's sake, like the rest of you? Alcohol is capital stuff for picking people up after an illness, but poison is better for physic than for daily food, as Professor Miller tells us. There is a man at Woodleigh, old James, as they call him, though he is a younger man than I, and they say that his house was just a drunkard's home, and many 's the one I have

seen ; well, it's like a new pin now, and his wife's like another. He got up in a meeting I went to in the next village, full of wild disorderly fellows who had got drunk with him many a time, and so says he, 'I've just one trouble now, a lump in my side,' and he thumped his pocket with a will, and the people began to whisper, 'Ay, it's just leaving off the drink;' 'it's a dangerous thing,' and so out he pulls a great bundle of pound-notes, 'and there's the lump,' says he again ; 'that's what I saved by giving up the whisky.' There was such a cheering, and I could have taken the man in my arms, and he has got more than pound notes, he has got the pearl of great price now, which he says he never had sense enough to hear about, when he was making a beast of himself with whisky. And then they have had revival meetings in all the fishing villages, and though sometimes there may be a want of sense in them that's at the head of them, yet good is done, and let us be thankful, for the best of God's workers are nothing but earthen vessels, and God's

thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways like our ways. It was a pleasant sight I saw one day; thirty-eight boats going out to the herring fishing without a drop of whisky among them, because they had changed the usual allowance of five gallons a boat, to nets, or money, or meal for their wives and children, and this is the result of their attendance on prayer-meetings, and cottage readings held among them by a lady.

"I must stop my yarn now, and draw an old woman's tooth. There's a deal of sickness everywhere—all the little Leesons have scarlet fever, and Aunt Hester bids me say with her love, that she is too busy to write. She is fat and eats her dinner, but she isn't so strong as she thinks. That woman is a trump, only she is still a goose about beggars. She believes every word they say.

"What do you think I brought home to Sally, as a present from Scotland? A poorhouse girl to make a housemaid of; old Lady Helen Gordon has been teaching her to

stitch, and scrub, and stew in a grand school of hers for servant-girls, which she says some letters of yours put her up to. Phemy Walker is the girl's name, and, as Sally says nothing ill about her, I think she 'll do, and leave my skeletons alone. God bless you both !—Your affect. old uncle,

"GEORGE BROWN."

It is a solemn thing to send letters to a far country, when we remember that the hands which penned, and the hearts that prompted them may be cold and still before the little messengers of love, hope, and joy reach the far-distant and expecting hearts to whom they are so precious; that joy may ere then be turned to sorrow, smiles to tears, wedding peals to funeral tolls. It was partially so at this time.

While Leslie and Philip were devouring those gladsome letters, the events they had predicted were being fulfilled with as much of hope and gladness as even the warmest friends of brides and bridegrooms could have wished.

Lady Elinor and her husband General Vernon were spending their honeymoon among the glorious scenery of the Tyrol, both gathering stores of beautiful thoughts and ideas, and strength and happiness, which they hoped not to expend on themselves alone, but to go back to a new home and new field of work, refreshed in soul and spirit, as united labourers in their portion of the Master's vineyard. Lord Mordaunt and his beautiful bride, after a long visit to Castle Mordaunt, had just come back to Langcroft, which was always their favourite residence; as Dr. Brown had written to Leslie, the good work there had indeed had a prospering blessing upon it. It was a work only begun; for social reforms, even of one estate or a single village, cannot be done at once. "Patient continuance in well-doing" is the most difficult lesson to be learned, but it carries with it a very special blessing to the worker as well as to those worked for; a wise and merciful provision which, in these days of bustle and external work, is too apt to be forgotten or not appreciated by the Church.

New houses, reading-rooms, coffee-rooms, Sunday-schools, cottage meetings, were begun and prospering, and proved good levers for the elevation of the masses; but much remained to be done, much patience and forbearance were needed, and the frequent need of recommencing what had apparently succeeded presented ample ground for a good and wholesome struggle against difficulties and discouragements. Lord Mordaunt and his wife were, moreover, fully aware that, though as faithful stewards of what God had confided to their care, they were to raise levers and sow seed, yet that God's Spirit alone could wield the one or ripen the other.

While these joyful marriages were taking place, and while Leslie and Philip were reading of them in the far tropics as things to be, and speaking tenderly and hopefully of the many dear ones left in the old country, another event far more joyful,—though bringing tears to many, and a deep shadow to those two missionary exiles,—was drawing near; Hester Morris lay dying. Dr. Brown

had been right. The taper of fragile life had flickered up again, and gave warmth and radiance beyond its feeble powers, and now it was suddenly quenched. One day of apparently slight illness, and the next she was lying on a couch in the favourite Roundel, with her eyes fixed on the evening sunshine, and long shadows and gorgeous sky, and she and all around knew, that ere its glories re-ascended to the upper world, Hester Morris would be numbered among the living who are alive for evermore. She had asked for a quiet hour with her old friend and physician, and as he sat with her cold hand in his, he almost wondered at the desolation which he felt in what was to be such great gain to her; nor was his heart unlike many other hearts—the poor, sickly, old maid, with a life full of pain and disappointment, had lived "so as to be MISSED."

Dr. Brown had been reading that sublime prayer[1] of Him who so soon after passed

[1] John xvii.

through the "darkest room" of death, and Hester listened voiceless, with clasped hands and parted smiling lips, only gazing upward into the beautiful depths of the sunset clouds. Then he read some old favourite lines—

> "Happy the company that's gone
> From cross to crown, from thrall to throne;
> How loud they sing upon the shore,
> To which they sailed in heart before!
> 'Death is to us a sweet repose,—
> The bud was oped to show the rose;—
> The cage was broke to let us fly,
> And build our happy nest on high.
> We walk in white without annoy,
> In glorious galleries of joy,
> And crowned with everlasting bays,
> We rival cherubs in their praise.'"

Then he stopped, and whispered, "Give me a word or sign, Hester; how is it with you? what makes you look so happy?" "Glory past, and glory to come," she spoke in broken accents—"all is and has been beautiful—joy and sorrow alike." And then words came which were too faint to be caught, even by the keenly listening ear; a pause,—then something about "the children among

the palms, Leslie and Philip," and—another name; it sounded like "Walter."

"Ay," said the old man, and there was something almost jealous in the pang which seized his heart. "You'll see *him* soon now."

Hester sat up, and her voice grew strong and firm—

"Yes, but I'll not have time to look for him yet. There's Another first, first, first for evermore."[1] And as she sank slowly back, it seemed as if Heaven opened to her vision. "Lord Jesus, come quickly!" and the spirit passed upwards. Dr. Brown closed her eyes, and then, in the sorrow of his spirit, he said, almost murmuringly, "There never was, or will be, a woman like Hester Morris."

But the old man was wrong. There have been, there are, and there will be, many such, for she was only a sinner saved and sanctified by a Saviour who is "rich unto ALL who call upon Him" in sincerity and truth.

[1] Appendix D.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

"Therefore many of them believed; also of honourable women not a few."—ACTS xvii. 12.

"How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?—JOHN v. 44.

"And so came worshippers; and rank bow'd down
And breathed upon her heart-strings with the breath
Of pride, and bound her forehead gorgeously
With dazzling scorn, and gave unto her step
A majesty—as if she trod the sea,
And the proud waves, unbidden, lifted her!
And so she grew to woman.
. . . . . From all this
Turn'd her high heart away! She had a mind,
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. So, presently, it turn'd
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for undying waters. Then she came
To the pure fount of God, and is athirst
No more—save when the fever of the world
Falleth upon her, she will go, oftentimes
Out in the starlight quietness, and breathe
Deep aspirations for the Spirit's power;
Then goes forth meekly to the working world,
Begirt with panoply of strength from Heaven."
N. P. WILLIS.—(*Slightly altered.*)

"There are distinctions that will live in Heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance!
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free
Beside the crystal waters; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more."—*Ibid.*

BEFORE sending forth this little messenger of thought, trite, crude, or inexperienced as

it may be considered, I wish to say a few words as a more direct appeal to "the honourable women not a few" to whom this volume has been principally, though not altogether addressed. In these days, as in those of the cross and the sepulchre, or the succeeding ones of martyrs, stakes, and dungeons, there are many "chief women," some of whom follow, others, perchance, only profess to follow, the meek and lowly LAMB. I have addressed to such these few sketches of character, and indications of many social needs and failures, because among them are found those who must bear part of the blame, and with whom rests part of the cure. To whom much is given, of them much shall be required; and to whom has God given such tenures of wealth, beauty, education, and refinement as to the "honourable women" of England? That great Creator, that wonderful Economist (to use the word with reverence) of time, strength, and material, could not mean this wealth of gifts to be folded in a thick napkin, either of exclusive pride or

fancied humility. He gave them to be expanded abroad for the good and the joy of others, even as He gave rays to the sun, and song to the bird, and scent and colour to the flower. The sun lights up the gloomy place, and the bird sings in the wilderness, and the flower blossoms by the way-side, so must these choice social powers be expanded not only among those who have their like, but very specially where they have been withheld.

Let those women, therefore, who have freely received the abundant gifts of God, crowned by the one most precious and freest gift of all,—a full salvation, ponder well how they may freely give, not only of their gold and their silver, but of the precious things of their time, their influence, and their hearts. Let such bear with me, while I direct their attention to one particular phase of evil which needs remedial measures, only to be fully applied by themselves.

It is evident to every thinking mind that there is a link wanting in the social chain.

Poets have sung that one of the seven "sweet influences" of Pleiades has fallen from the heavens, but the chain of the universe is strong and united as before; and if the bright sphere be lost, it is yet not missing. It cannot, however, be thus on our planet. No link can be torn from the living, loving chain, without injury. Nothing can be broken or lost from the social system, without causing social confusion and social misery. We feel the fracture and the blank at every turn. If we look above us and beneath us—to the right hand and the left—we find classes between whom there is no friendship, no sympathy, no mutual exchange of love, and honour, and helpfulness. If we turn to the numerous class of employers and employed, be they masters and "hands," mistresses and servants, dressmakers and fine ladies, buyers and sellers, we too frequently find insubordination, oppression, haughtiness, discontent, mutual dislike, or mutual indifference and mutual ignorance, existing between those who, in spite of adventitious differences, are

in reality bone of the same bone, and flesh of the same flesh. If we advance a little further in social life, we find between those, not thus dependent on each other, distinctions and shades of difference which must appear strange indeed to the listening and onlooking dignities of heaven. If the various "circles" of Great Britain had each had a separate "centre of creation," instead of a common Fatherhood and a common Brotherhood, there could not be a more complete isolation than exists between many "sets" and classes in this our Christian land. This exclusiveness might be part and parcel of the reprobated "caste" of heathendom, were it not for one essential difference and superiority in the land of Juggernaut. Caste is there identical with the religion taught by their priests and their books;—caste is here in direct opposition to the law of revealed love—to the precepts of Him who saith, "Have no respect of persons."

The effects of the missing link are never seen more clearly than when spasmodic efforts

are made, not to bring it back in its strength and its beauty, but to cement the broken ends of the chain. Thus many occupying the high places of society, are found stooping frankly and gracefully to those of the lower or lowest rank. They can penetrate into the dens of Westminster or the Canongate with no risk of "confusion of ranks." They can make friends of the pauper or the pensioner with no danger of "losing caste." They can stretch down helping hands from their pedestals, and enjoy the while the fullest sense of their own superiority of clay. But when it comes to the classes near or nearer their own, they pause—there is danger—they draw back, —for "people must be kept in their proper places." There might be a forgetfulness of the difference between, and thus the exclusiveness of the "upper ranks" would be entrenched upon. There is no golden link between classes so near, and yet so far; or at best there is only the brassy link of patronage and condescension.

Were these class or "caste" errors found

exclusively among those of the earth earthy, and of the world worldly, they might be lamented over in the same category with many another grievous sin, as one of the "works of the flesh." But they cannot be thus dealt with, and the peculiarity consists in this, that they infest and cling to Christians, as well as worldlings, all the more obstinately that the sin is rarely acknowledged to be a sin at all, and still more rarely bewailed and forsaken.

There are many who profess a high standard of Christian zeal, activity and spirituality, who yet erect a marvellously lower and limited one of Christian love; many who create tests for themselves of their own and their friends' advancement or retardment in the Christian life, who quite forget the second great scriptural test, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," when that neighbour happens to be in a class with whom it is inconvenient, and unusual, and difficult to amalgamate; many who keep scrupulously all the great laws of love affecting visibly the welfare of society, who love their relations,

their Christian friends, and their enemies, because God commands it, who neglect altogether the mutual love, and sympathy, and wisdom, which God requires to be exercised between "classes," each made up of "neighbours." The sweet dew, and the sunshine, and the summer rain, fall not hither and thither as they list upon the grass or the flowers with which they have most affinity, or for which they feel most admiration, but they bestow their blessings according to the will of their Father in heaven, upon the evil and the good, upon the just and the unjust, upon the high and the low, upon all who need their gracious kindly influences.

Often is the answer made, "But we *do* love our neighbours of other classes; only the best way to show our love is to do them any good we can, and to keep them in their proper places." O haughty and exclusive man or woman, know thou that love at a distance is but another name for hatred. It was not thus that God *so* loved the world, with its varied classes of rich and poor, high and low. It

was not thus that the Son came down from the glorious ranks of heaven, to touch, to raise, to walk with, to love, to die for the unclean, the ignorant, the degraded. Love to our neighbour must be shown with a neighbour's nearness, and a neighbour's heart, and a neighbour's hand.

It is no light matter for any of God's created beings thus to shut themselves up in their own iron-barred reserve, or to choose for themselves the times and places for emerging from it. By so doing we disregard God's example, and disobey God's Word. God hath no respect of persons. He gives not honour to the rich because they are rich; neither does He give honour to the poor because they are poor. Now, as in the days of Jesse's seven goodly sons, He judges not by the stature or the countenance. He passes by the gold and the costly apparel, and judges the man by that which *is* the man. We *have* respect of persons. We pass by the heart and the spirit, and look principally to the outer man,—to that which shall be burned

up in the day when ermined robes and tattered rags will be equally as small dust in the balance. Neither do we act as God acts. We say to some, "Come up hither," who are already heady and high-minded; and to others, whose hearts are sunken and weary, we say negligently, "Sit thou here under my footstool." Christ received not honour from men, and emphatically declared it as a great fact in His history; but we, all unheeding of His example, claim, and grasp, and pay, and joyfully receive the honour which comes one of another, and we neglect the honour, both for ourselves and others, "which comes from God ONLY." Also do we transpose the order, and forget the value of God's creation. He created man in his own image; but neither the trappings of wealth, nor the devices of heraldry, nor the array of courts and castles were therein,—neither were the ragged garments of penury, nor the squalid huts of disease and misery. Man and sin created all these external things. Will it not, therefore, be an act of honour to God,

when we look past these things, into the actual work of His hands, and search out His likeness on every side, and let that be the rule of our judgment, and the check to our exclusiveness. Among the Jews, there was a custom that none trampled on a piece of paper for fear of the name of God being written upon it. Would it not be well to show a somewhat similar reverence to God the Creator, by fearing to speak slightingly, or judge harshly, or look down exclusively, upon any of His creatures upon whom may be stamped God's seal and signature of likeness more clearly than on ourselves? What a wide range of kindly and gracious feeling and influence might thus be opened up which is now closed or limited! There is a German national song, of which three lines run thus:—

> "Where'er is heard the German tongue,
> Where German hymn to heaven is sung,
> There is the German's Fatherland."

Something of this feeling might be spread amongst all bearing the human name, speak-

ing the human tongue, feeling with the human heart. Then would there be reverential sympathy and helpfulness to the beggar, because God hath fashioned all the inhabitants of the earth alike; and to the rich man, who may need it more in his saloon, than the poor man in his hovel; and to the shopkeeper, whose "heart answereth your heart, as in water face answereth face," though you may have hitherto passed him by on the other side; and to those who have sprung up like "mushrooms," and from whose familiarity and habits of life you shrink, but who have within them the same soul, the same heart, the same eternity of destiny. Were each thoughtful lover of his kind, each "chief woman" in our land, to contribute even a small mite towards this amalgamation of classes, it would wellnigh be as a beginning of millennial peace and love. This may sound Utopian, and it *is* Utopian if addressed to those who have no higher motive for the attempt than amiability, and a desire to be "popular;" but it is *not* so when addressed

to the Christian, who alone can go forth to such a work, with the help and blessing of the God of society, the Creator of each little grain of life that constitutes the great mass of "classes." Far deeper would be the work and obligation thus laid upon such workers. It would be theirs, not only to recognise the general though fallen likeness of God's image, but to help on the new creation into the likeness of Jesus, who is the "express image of the Father;" it would be theirs to teach the symphony of the new song of heaven—the rudiments of the new language of Canaan—instead of that which is merely human.

In these days Christians feel and acknowledge that dumbness does not become them,—out of the abundance of the heart, far more than formerly, the mouth is speaking, and the lips of the righteous are feeding many; too often, however, good words are spoken either to equals or to the poor; but there is a needs-be that this communicative and missionary principle be carried into all classes. Are you a Christian mistress living from day to

day in ignorance of your household servants, or only knowing and pronouncing upon their faults? Stop that wasted speech, and speak instead good words of reverence and kindliness and sympathy; speak to them of Him who took upon Him their rank—"the form of a servant," and not yours—and you will find the effect in their daily service, in their expanding hearts, and, with God's blessing, in their saved souls. Are you a railway traveller? Do not wrap yourself in your exclusiveness, looking askance upon the shabbily-dressed man, or vulgar-looking woman, but remember that there is the image of God,—if re-created, you can hold reverential fellowship and communion; if still marred and defaced, you may by God graciously putting good words into your mouth, be the means of restoring an immortal soul to the Divine likeness. Have you dealings with shops and shopkeepers? Do not be contented with buying the world's gear. The pearl of great price is offered by God to them exactly as it is to you; can you not help them to accept

of it? They have wives and children, brothers and sisters; are you to be ignorant of their welfare—their condition, spiritual and temporal—only because they are "shopkeepers" and shopkeepers' families? Is your foot to be withheld from their threshold, and pleasant words of inquiry and sympathy left unspoken, which might be blessed pioneers of a gospel message of gladness? Are you in frequent contact with dressmakers and milliners? Do you give your orders and retire superciliously and indifferently, without a thought of the trials and temptations which are paling the cheek and dimming the eye? Yet in the sight of God there is "no difference" between the maker and the wearer of that costly dress. Will you not take a message to her of mercy and comfort, so that you two may yet meet in "white robes" in the presence of the Lamb? On the other hand, do not forget that you may also be a missionary in your own circle, and amongst those of your own rank. Perhaps you find yourself daily in the society of those who would

look down upon and ridicule "Methodists" of other classes, but who might be arrested and struck by words of warning and acknowledgments of a different rule, and motive, and happiness, from one of their own "set." Let not these occasions slip,—forget not that while the poor and the middle class have their missionaries and scripture-readers, those in high places are left to their own self-complacency and fancied knowledge, and are seldom reached by anything more arousing than the inanities of fashionable and self-lulling sermons.

These things are not easy—nay, they are "impossible" in our own strength; for shyness, nervousness, barriers of class and education, fear of ridicule, and dislike to being peculiar, all come between; but all things are possible through Christ strengthening us. Let Christian women whom God has placed high in station combine, then, to do their part in casting down the idols of silver and gold—in dethroning the false worship of earthly rank—in removing the barriers out of

the way of social reform, and gospel progress, and extended mission work, which have long been erected, and are still kept up and renovated by materials cast on by those who ought to be assisting in building God's far different architecture.

Let none think that any of the preceding remarks would countenance the *levelling* principles of the Radical or the Chartist. Equality, in that sense, has no legitimate place in the visible or invisible universe, or in that which is to come. The sun which rules by day, and the moon which rules by night, the little flower and the great tree, leviathan in his deep ocean caves, and the microscopic dwellers in the coral and the tangle, have their varied and unequal ranks. The angels and archangel who depart on God's messages, or stand and wait around His throne,—the cherubim who know more, and the seraphim who love more,—have their diverse places. In the resurrection, as one star differeth from another star in glory, so shall the risen and redeemed shine, and reign

variously, some over "five cities," others over "ten," in the kingdom of their Father. God's ranks are, however, different from the world's ranks. The head that is couched within a palace upon earth, and the Lazarus at the palace gate, may both enter heaven; yet it may be that the beggar's head lies nearer the Saviour's bosom than that which bore the crown; or it may be that the coronet was laid with more humility at the Redeemer's feet than the beggar's rags,—and so that which was first on earth may also be first in heaven. A sure and certain occupation of "the right places" by the right men and the right women, might level hearts, but would never level ranks. None will so readily have a high place in society accorded to them as those who, forgetful of themselves, are constantly labouring to help others, not, indeed, *out* of their rank, but *in* their rank.

Nor is it only with those who assume the posture of looking down that the evil can be traced. Those who *are looked down upon* do their best to increase it. We find in

almost every class, every "set," every town, and every neighbourhood, some who are busily striving up the weary ladder of society, or eagerly claiming a hard and embittered place on its treadmill; others who are always trying to be something that they are not—competing with those above them in dress, entertainments, and habits of life; others who, toadying and tuft-hunting on the one hand, look down in their turn upon those occupying the place which, in fancy at least, they have vacated. Society such as this resembles the stormy sea, the waves whereof cannot rest, but which busily pursue each other, only to sink uselessly in the arid sand.

If we had a full, deep sense of the dignity of our own position, be it what it may, as a gift from God; if we remembered that He has appointed the bounds of our habitation, the amount of our worldly store, the precise spot in the scale of society in which He has work for us to do; if we acknowledged meekly that, just as we are, we have a true and appreciable value in God's glorious uni-

verse, that God's angels watch and guard us, that God's Spirit promises to "direct our work in truth," there can be no need to assert for ourselves what God has asserted for us, our souls would be filled with a great calm in the quiet and thankful recognition of our own "place," though it may be small as the single leaf of a huge western forest, or as one drop in the mighty waters of the Atlantic. There would then be no room for heart-burnings against those who equally occupy what is God's "place" for them above us; no striving to emulate or obtain their notice; no haunting fears of being or appearing their inferiors, for such we cannot be—God has no respect of persons, and, therefore, acknowledges no inferiority, save of love and service; no dread of "compromising" ourselves and our own dignity, knowing that we are not our own but bought with a price, and, therefore, that God's dignity never can be compromised. Then would our hearts be set "at leisure from themselves" to soothe and sympathize with those who are apparently

beneath us, and to welcome as "neighbours" those who, by differences of education, station, and habits of thought, are indifferent or even repugnant to our natural feelings; then would we be free to use every earnest and loving method to help them on to the same spiritual and intellectual platform upon which we ourselves may stand, and to teach the same lessons which we have been taught, of reverentially recognising our own position, and trusting to God for strength to fulfil the duties attached to it.[1]

If in no other country have women of the upper ranks so much influence for good, it is a necessary sequence that nowhere have they so much influence for evil. If, therefore, this volume should fall into the hands of "ungodly" women sitting in high places, I would ask them to pause in their "ungodly" career, and remember that all their choice gifts, their goodly presence, and the bravery of their costly attire and tinkling ornaments

[1] Part of this chapter is taken from an article originally contributed by me to Dr. Norman Macleod's periodical, *Good Words*.

will be burnt up, and nothing remain but the undying yet "ungodly" being. Like the beautiful cherub of Tyrus,[1] whose covering was of precious stones, and who was entrusted with precious gifts, if their hearts have been "lifted up because of their beauty," and they have trusted in their own "sealed sum of wisdom," and have been proud of "walking up and down on the high mountains," they shall be cast down to the ground with a deeper and more resounding fall than those upon whom they looked down in their "ungodly" pride. I have used this awful word four times, and that advisedly. Ungodly! Not to the infidel, or the profane, or the scoffer, or to the open criminal, does it alone apply, but very specially, as Matthew Henry translates, to "such as are unsettled, who aim at no certain end, and walk by no certain rule." Are not those honourable women, whose years are trifled away in London seasons, and country-house festivities, and watering-place frivolities, without

[1] Ezek. xxviii. 12-17.

thought of better things; or those who have no steadier rule of action than the opinion of a more distinguished neighbour or courtly critic, peculiarly to be thus characterized?

"Arise, ye who are at ease in Zion!" Arise from the dust of your pride, and littleness, and selfishness, and "ungodliness." For you there is the same blessed hope as for your brothers and sisters, of lower and lowest classes, even the Death and the Life and the Righteousness of Him who died for the "ungodly." Then will the light, which is yours from the Sun of righteousness, shine blessedly through the land, not only as Sunbeams *in* the Castle, but Sunbeams *from* the Castle.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

It is absurd to go on from year to year spending large sums of money in vain attempts *to deter by punishment,* or to *reform by prison discipline,* if we be persuaded that we can *prevent, by early care,* with much less trouble and at much less cost.

Reformation of prisoners is highly to be valued, but all experience proves it to be very costly, and it pre-supposes that the object of it shall have already spent a part of his life in active crime, or, in other words, in a course of conduct which produced constant annoyance to his neighbours, and neither peace nor happiness to himself.

The great object, then, is to prevent our hitherto neglected juveniles from ever entering on, or making decided progress in, a criminal career. . . .

The testimony of a most competent witness, the Rev. J. S. Brewer, chaplain for many years to St.

Giles' Workhouse, London, answers the question in very clear terms: "Turn to the police reports in our newspapers, or only watch for yourselves the boys and girls who join in the disorders of this metropolis, and fill our prisons—no longer prisons to them—and you will see how imperative it is that something should be done to rescue them. THEY ARE MAINLY THE PRODUCE OF THE WORKHOUSE AND THE WORKHOUSE SCHOOLS. Over them society has no hold, because society has cast them out from all that is humane. They have been taught to feel that they have nothing in common with their fellow-men. Their experience is not of a home or of parents, but of a workhouse and a governor, of a prison and a gaoler, as hard and rigid as either."

The evil lies partly in the management, but essentially in the principle on which such schools must of necessity be conducted; and it is the very same which greatly pervades the celebrated hospitals so profusely endowed in Scotland, and especially in Edinburgh. The erroneous principle is very obvious. The inmates of these schools, born in the lower ranks, and destined to support themselves by energetic labour, are there placed in circumstances only calculated to benumb their energies and unfit them for active industry. Their every want is supplied without a care or an exertion on their part; food, clothing, and lodging come to them, they know not how nor whence;

and that which is the mainspring of energy is withheld,—the practical experience that by industry comfort is procured, by idleness it is lost. The training of a poorhouse school, even where best managed, necessarily unfits for the battle of life; and though there may be abundance of excellent teaching, there is and can be no educating for the active business of the world.

The object here is not to save money, but to save the child. Happily, however, it is true economy to save the child. Viewed in the light of mere worldly advantage, a few children rescued from a long career of depredation and plunder, amply repay a large expenditure; viewed in the light of eternity, no money cost can be counted too great to save even one never-dying soul from perdition; and to this glorious end does God often and largely bless the judicious expenditure of earthly means. . . .

We know, then, at once, who of the rising generation are almost the inevitable future occupants of our prison cells. We know also the style and mode of education and training which they receive, to prepare them for their career. It is a complete mistake to suppose of any child that it is possible for him to grow up *uneducated.* He must be trained and educated some way or other; and we err when we speak of the uneducated classes. No human being possessed of faculties and intellect can escape from education in the

true sense of the word; and the distinction which exists in the world is not that of *educated* and *uneducated*, but of those who have been educated in sin and to sin, and those who have been educated in wisdom and to wisdom—of those who have been trained up neither to fear God nor regard man, and those who have been taught from their infancy to fear God and love their neighbour.

Men often talk as if reading, writing, and arithmetic were the whole of education. In truth, they are invaluable as means to an end; but real, true education consists not in these things, but in training up and moulding the immortal spirit which tenants the tabernacle of clay.—*From* ALEXANDER THOMSON *of Banchory.*

APPENDIX B.

IT is a favourite and long used simile to liken society to a pyramid, of which the bright and sparkling apex represents the throne and attendant court and nobles; the smooth and shining upper and middle portions represent the aristocracies of land and trade and commerce, of professions and skilled labour; while the rough and strong, but unpolished lower parts of the structure

represent the industrious classes—and below them the searching eye will discover yet another portion, of very different composition—an unstable agglomeration of mixed materials, often decaying and rotting away, whose corrupting influences are perpetually spreading upwards, and whose material is perpetually receiving increase by portions of the masses next above being crushed down into its bosom.

We are inclined to adopt the simile as a fair and just representation of society as it exists amongst ourselves,—and one from the consideration of which we may learn many useful lessons.

If society be a pyramid, it is very clear that its safety and stability must depend not on the beauty and polish of the apex, or even of the higher portions, but of those which lie nearest to the foundation. If they be well ordered, if there be no elements of destruction at work among them, then the upper portions may safely and wisely rejoice in their beauty and their exalted position; but if the lowest portion be unsound and unstable, then the upper cannot be safe and secure, and it is well for them if their exalted position do not prevent them from inquiring carefully and systematically into the state of the mass on which they repose.

Those in the highest ranks, have of late years begun to feel something of the obligations which lie upon them—of what they owe even to themselves, and to *their own order*, as well as to those

sections of society which lie far below them, almost out of their sight—but on whose well-being their own must ultimately depend.—*From* ALEXANDER THOMSON, *of Banchory.*

APPENDIX C.

Do not say that by drinking in moderation you give an unqualifiedly good example, for the example thus furnished is good only in a very qualified sense. If you only take a very little—if you invariably stop before you have exceeded the bounds of the strictest moderation, then we grant that if all were to do as you do there would be no drunkenness to mourn over. To say so is but to utter a truism. But we must not confound two things that in some respects are essentially different. There is *doing* as you do, and there is *attempting* to do as you do, and the great question is,—If all attempt to do as you do, how many may be expected to fail? But if in such a case as we have supposed this influence of drinking to excess be so potent, and so certain, what may not the influence of the moderate glass be on the habitual drunkard, who has by long practice made his physical nature morbidly susceptible? Or what may it not be in the case of multitudes of the

young, considering the endless variety of physical susceptibility that in the present state of society prevails among them ?

May not the operation of physical causes in many cases, make it certain that the mind will be so unhinged as that the individual who is led thus far on by your example, will go farther, and go to degradation? As respects the temperance of our country *this is the momentous question.* Look backward, and around you, reason, and ask yourself, what are the consequences likely to be, if all *attempt* to do as you do? The gospel, as the Apostle reasons in Romans x., must be believed ere one can be saved by it; and must of equal necessity be heard in order that it may be believed. But thousands are kept from hearing the gospel as the direct result of the drinking usages of respectable Christian society; and ruined by attempting to conform to these usages. Let us therefore, with one heart and mind, resolve to abolish the usages, and abandon the drink—inscribing on our banner the motto—"THIS WE DO FOR THE GOSPEL'S SAKE."*

* *A Word to Christians on the Temperance Movement.* Alexander Moir, Aberdeen.

APPENDIX D.

A SIMILAR thought is expressed in a well-known story of an old Scotch Christian, who, as he lay a-dying, was groaning from time to time. His wife, thinking she knew the cause, said soothingly, "Dinna greet, Jamie; I'll no be lang ahint ye." And the old man sat up with renewed energy, and said, with emphasis, "Hout, Jeanie, it's no that ava, woman. I'll no ha'e time to look at you thae twa hunder years; my ee'n will be for the King in His beauty!"

WORK ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY.

If you cannot on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet—
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
  When they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
  Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
  While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measures,
  As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
  They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
  Ever ready at command ;
If you cannot, toward the needy,
  Reach an ever open hand ;
You can visit the afflicted,
  O'er the erring you can weep ;
You can be a true disciple,
  Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot, in the conflict,
  Prove yourself a soldier true ;
If, where the fire and smoke are thickest,
  There's no work for you to do ;
When the battle-field is silent,
  You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
  You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot, in the harvest,
  Garner up the richest sheaves ;
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
  Which the careless reaper leaves ;
You can glean among the briars
  Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
  Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
  For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
  She will never come to you :
Go and toil in any vineyard,
  Do not fear to do or dare ;
If you want a field of labour,
  You can find it anywhere.

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